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vol. 2

THE VARIABLE FORTVNE AND VNHAPPIE FALLES OF SVCH PRINCES AS hath happened ſince the *Conqueſt*.

WHEREIN MAY BE SEENE THE
inſtabilitie and change of ſtate in great
Perſonages.

AT LONDON,
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To the Reader.

Hauing hitherto continued the ſtorie (gentle Reader) from the firſt entrance of Brute *into this Iland, with the falles of ſuch Princes, as were neuer before this time in one volume compriſed, I now proceed with the reſt, which take their beginning from the Conqueſt, whoſe pen-men being many and diuers, all diuerſlie affected in the method of this their Mirror, I purpoſe only to follow the intended ſcope of that moſt honorable perſonage, who, by how much he did ſurpaſſe the reſt in the eminence of his noble condition, by ſo much he hath exceeded them all in the excellencie of his heroicall ſtile, which with a golden pen he hath limmed out to poſteritie in that worthy obiect of his minde, the Tragedie of the Duke of* Buckingham, *and in his preface then intituled Maſter* Sackuils *induction. This worthie Preſident of learning, intending to perfect all this ſtorie himſelfe from the Conqueſt, being called to a more ſerious expence of his time in the great State-affaires of his moſt royall Ladie and Soueraigne, left the diſpoſe thereof to M.* Baldwine, *M.* Ferrers *and others, the compoſers of theſe Tragedies, who continuing their methode which was by way of dialogue or interlocution betwixt euery Tragedie, gaue it onely place before the Duke of* Buckinghams *complaint, which order I ſince hauing altered, haue placed the Induction in the beginning, with euery Tragedie following according to ſucceſſion and the iuſt computation of time, which before was not obſerued; and leſt any one thinke me enuious of others deſerts, I haue ſubſcribed*

ſcribed the names of all ſuch as I could heare of, vnder ſuch Tragedies as each one particularlie hath written; which at the requeſt of the Printer, I haue briefely peruſed as the former. In which (friendly Reader) if I haue done amiſſe, I craue pardon for my ouerſight, hoping if paines will in ſtead of penance pacifie thee, to yeeld thee ſatisfaction and content in my additions following, to which I refer thee.

R. N.

Mr. SACKVILS INDVCTION.

THe wrathfull winter haſtning on apace,
With bluſtring blaſts had all ybard the treene,
And old *Saturnus* with his froſty face
With chilling cold had pearſt the tender greene:
The mantles rent, wherein enwrapped beene
The gladſome groues that now lay ouerthrowne,
The tapets torne, and euery tree downe blowne.

The ſoile that erſt ſo ſeemly was to ſeene,
Was all deſpoyled of her beauties hew,
And ſoote freſh flowers (wherewith the ſummers Queene
Had clad the earth) now *Boreas* blaſts downe blew.
And ſmall fowles flocking, in their ſong did rew
The winters wrath, wherewith ech thing defaſte,
In woefull wiſe bewaild the ſummer paſt.

Hawthorne had loſt his motley liuery,
The naked twigs were ſhiuering all for cold;
And dropping downe the teares abundantly,
Ech thing (me thought) with weeping eye me told
The cruell ſeaſon, bidding mee withhold
My ſelfe within, for I was gotten out
Into the fields, whereas I walkt about.

When loe the night with miſtie mantels ſpred
Gan darke the day, and dim the azure skies,
And *Venus* in her meſſage *Hermes* ſped
To bloudy *Mars*, to will him not to riſe,
While ſhe her ſelfe approcht in ſpeedy wiſe:
And *Virgo* hiding her diſdainfull breſt,
With *Thetis* now had laid her downe to reſt.

Whiles *Scorpio* dreading *Sagittarius* dart,
Whoſe bowe preſt bent in fight, the ſtring had ſlipt,
Downe ſlide into the Ocean floud apart.
The Beare that in the Iriſh ſeas had dipt
His grizly feet, with ſpeed from thence he whipt:
For *Thetis* haſting from the Virgins bed,
Purſude the Beare, that ere ſhe came was fled.

And *Phaeton* now neere reaching to his race
With gliſtring beames, gold ſtreaming where they bent,
Was preſt to enter in his reſting place.
Erythius that in the cart firſt went,
Had euen now attain'd his iourneys ſtent:
And faſt declining hid away his head,
While *Titan* coucht him in his purple bed.

And pale-fac'd *Cinthea* with her borowed light,
Beginning to ſupplie her brothers place,
Was paſt the Nooneſteed ſixe degrees in ſight,
When ſparkling ſtarres amid the heauens face,
With twinkling light ſhone on the earth apace,
That while they brought about the nights black chare,
The darke had dim'd the day ere I was ware.

And ſorrowing I to ſee the ſummer flowers,
The liuely greene, the luſty leaſe forlorne:
The ſturdie trees ſo ſhattred with the ſhowers,
The fields ſo fade that floriſht ſo beforne,
It taught me well all earthly things be borne
To dye the death, for nought long time may laſt,
The ſummers beautie yeelds to winters blaſt.

Then looking vpward to the heauens leames
With nights bright ſtarres thick powdred euery where,
Which erſt ſo gliſtred with the golden ſtreames,
That chearfull *Phœbus* ſpred downe from his ſphere,
Beholding darke oppreſſing day ſo neere.
The ſudden ſight reduced to my mind,
The ſundry changes that in earth we find.

That muſing on this worldly wealth in thought,
Which coms and goes more faſter then we ſee
The flickering flame that with the fire is wrought,
My buſie minde preſented vnto me
Such fall of Peeres as in the realme had be:
  That oft I wiſht ſome would their woes deſcriue,
  To warne the reſt whom Fortune left aliue.

And ſtrait forth ſtalking with redoubled pace,
For that I ſaw the night drew on ſo faſt,
In black all clad there fell before my face
A piteous wight, whom woe had all forewaſt,
Forth on her eyes the cryſtall teares out braſt,
  And ſighing ſore her hands ſhe wrung and fold,
  Tare all her haire that ruth was to behold.

Her body ſmall forwithered and foreſpent,
As is the ſtalke that ſummers drought oppreſt,
Her wealked face with woeful teares be ſprent,
Her colour pale (at it ſeemed her beſt)
In woe and plaint repoſed was her reſt.
  And as the ſtone that drops of water weares,
  So dented were her cheekes with fall of teares.

Her eies full ſwollen with flowing ſtreames aflote,
Where with her lookes throwne vp full piteouſly,
Her forceleſſe hands together oft ſhe ſmote,
With dolefull ſhrikes, that eckoed in the skye:
Whoſe plaint ſuch ſighs did ſtraight accompany,
  That in my doome was neuer man did ſee
  A wight but halfe ſo woe begone as ſhee.

I ſtood agaſt, beholding all her plight,
Tweene dread and dolour ſo diſtraind in hart,
That while my haires vpſtarted with the ſight,
The teares outſtreamd for ſorow of her ſmart:
But when I ſaw no end that could appart
  The deadly dole, which ſhee ſo ſore did make,
  With dolefull voice then thus to her I ſpake:

Vnwrap thy woes what euer wight thou bee,
And ſtint in time to ſpill thy ſelfe with plaint,
Tell what thou art,and whence,for well I ſee
Thou canſt not dure with ſorrow thus attaint.
And with that word of ſorrow all forfaint,
She looked vp,and proſtrate as ſhe lay,
With piteous ſound, lo thus ſhe gan to ſay:

Alas, I wretch whom thus thou ſeeſt diſtrain'd
With waſting woes that neuer ſhall aſlake,
Sorrow I am, in endleſſe torments pain'd
Among the Furies in th'infernall lake:
Where *Pluto* God of Hell ſo grizly black
Doth hold his throne,and *Lætheus* deadly taſt
Doth reue remembrance of each thing forepaſt:

Whence come I am, the drery deſtiny
And luckleſſe lot for to bemone of thoſe,
Whom Fortune in this maze of miſery,
Of wretched chance, moſt wofull *Mirors* choſe,
That when thou ſeeſt how lightly they did loſe
Their pomp,their power, and that they thought moſt ſure,
Thou mayſt ſoone deeme no earthly ioy may dure.

Whoſe rufull voice no ſooner had out-brayed
Thoſe wofull words, wherewith ſhe ſorrowed ſo:
But out alas,ſhe ſhright and neuer ſtayed,
Fell downe, and all to daſht her ſelfe for wo.
The cold pale dread my limmes gan ouergo;
And I ſo ſorrowed at her ſorrowes eft,
That what with griefe and feare my wits were reft.

I ſtretcht my ſelfe,and ſtraight my heart reuiues,
That dread and dolour earſt did ſo appale,
Like him that with the feruent feuer ſtriues,
When ſickneſſe ſeekes his caſtell health to ſcale,
With gathred ſprites ſo forſt I feare t'auale.
And rearing her with anguiſh all foredone,
My ſprits return'd, and then I thus begon:

Sorrow, alas ſith *Sorrow* is thy name,
And that to thee this drere doth well pertaine,
In vaine it were to ſeeke to ceaſe the ſame:
But as a man himſelfe with ſorrow ſlaine,
So I alas doe comfort thee in paine,
 That here in ſorrow art foreſunke ſo deepe,
 That at thy ſight I can but ſigh and weepe.

I had no ſooner ſpoken of a ſtike,
But that the ſtorme ſo rumbled in her breſt,
As *Eolus* could neuer rore the like,
And ſhowres downe rain'd from her eyes ſo faſt,
That all bedreint the place, till at the laſt
 Well eaſed they the dolour of her mind,
 As rage of raine doth ſwage the ſtormie wind.

For forth ſhe paſed in her fearefull tale:
Come, come (quoth ſhe) and ſee what I ſhall ſhow:
Come heare the plaining, and the bitter bale
Of worthy men, by Fortunes ouerthrow:
Come thou and ſee them rewing all in row.
 They were but ſhades that erſt in mind thou rold:
 Come, come with me, thine eyes ſhall them behold.

What could theſe words but make me more agaſt,
To heare her tell whereon I muſ'd while ere?
So was I maz'd therewith: till at the laſt,
Muſing vpon her words, and what they were,
All ſuddainly well leſſoned was my feare:
 For to my mind returned how ſhe teld
 Both what ſhe was, and where her wun ſhe held.

Whereby I knew that ſhe a Goddeſſe was,
And therewithall reſorted to my mind
My thought, that late preſented me the glas
Of brittle ſtate, of cares that here we find,
Of thouſand woes to ſilly men aſſignd:
 And how ſhe now bid me come and behold,
 To ſee with eye that earſt in thought I rold.

Flat downe I fell, and with all reuerence
Adored her, perceiuing now that ſhee
A Goddeſſe ſent by godly prouidence,
In earthly ſhape thus ſhew'd her ſelfe to me,
To waile and rue this worlds vncertainty:
And while I honourd thus her Godheads might,
With plaining voice theſe words to me ſhe ſhright:

I ſhall thee guide firſt to the grieſly lake,
And thence vnto the bliſſull place of reſt,
Where thou ſhalt ſee and heare the plaint they make,
That whilome here bare ſwinge among the beſt.
This ſhalt thou ſee, but great is the vnreſt
That thou muſt bide, before thou canſt attaine
Vnto the dreadfull place where theſe remaine.

And with theſe words as I vpraiſed ſtood,
And gan to follow her that ſtraight forth paſte,
Ere I was ware, into a deſert wood
We now were come: where hand in hand imbraſte
She led the way, and through the thicke ſo traſte,
As but I had bene guided by her might,
It was no way for any mortall wight.

But loe, while thus amid the deſert darke,
We paſſed on with ſteps and pace vnmeete,
A rumbling rore confuſ'd with howle and barke
Of Dogs, ſhooke all the ground vnder our feete,
And ſtrooke the din within our eares ſo deepe,
As halfe diſtraught vnto the ground I fell,
Beſought returne, and not to viſit hell.

But ſhe forthwith vplifting mee apace
Remou'd my dread, and with a ſtedfaſt minde,
Bad me come on, for here was now the place,
The place where we our trauailes end ſhould finde.
Wherewith I roſe, and to the place aſſingde
Aſtond I ſtalkt, when ſtraight we approched neere
The dreadfull place, that you will dread to heare:

And hideous hole all vaſte, withouten ſhape,
Of endleſſe depth, orewhelm'd with ragged ſtone,
With ougly mouth, and grieſly iawes doth gape,
And to our ſight confounds it ſelfe in one.
Heere entred we, and yeeding forth, anone
  A dreadfull lothly lake we might diſcerne
  As blacke as pitch, that cleped is Auerne.

A deadly gulfe where nought but rubbiſh growes,
With foule black ſwelth in thickned lumps that lies,
Which vp in th'aire ſuch ſtinking vapors throwes
That ouer there, may flie no fowle but dies,
Choakt with the noyſome ſauours that ariſe.
  Hither we come, whence forth we ſtill did pace,
  In dreadfull feare amid the dreadfull place:

And firſt within the porch and iawes of hell
Sate deepe Remorſe of conſcience, all beſprent
With teares: and to her ſelfe oft would ſhe tell
Her wretchedneſſe, and curſing neuer ſtent
To ſob and ſigh: but euer thus lament,
  With thoughtfull care, as ſhe that all in vaine
  Would weare and waſte continually in paine.

Her eyes vnſtedfaſt rolling here and there,
Whurl'd on each place, as place that vengeance brought,
So was her mind continually in feare,
Toſſed and tormented with tedious thought
Of thoſe deteſted crimes which ſhe had wrought:
  With dreadfull cheere and lookes throwne to the skie,
  Wiſhing for death, and yet ſhe could not die.

Next ſaw we Dread, all trembling how he ſhooke,
With foote vncertaine profered here and there,
Benum'd of ſpeech, and with a ghaſtly looke
Searcht euery place all pale and dead for feare,
His cap borne vp with ſtaring of his heare,
  Soyn'd and amaz'd at his owne ſhade for dreed,
  And fearing greater dangers then was need.

And next within the entrie of this lake
Sate fell Reuenge gnaſhing her teeth for ire,
Deuiſing meanes how ſhe may vengeance take,
Neuer in reſt till ſhe haue her deſire:
But frets within ſo farforth with the fire
  Of wreaking flames, that now determines ſhe
  To die by death, or veng'd by death to be.

When fell Reuenge with bloudie foule pretence
Had ſhew'd her ſelfe as next in order ſet,
With trembling limbes we ſoftly parted thence,
Till in our eyes another ſight we met:
When from my heart a ſigh forthwith I fet,
  Ruing alas vpon the woſull plight
  Of Miſerie, that next appear'd in ſight.

His face was leane, and ſomedeale pin'd away,
And eke his hands conſumed to the bone,
But what his bodie was I cannot ſay,
For on his carkas rayment had he none,
Saue clouts and patches pieced one by one,
  With ſtaffe in hand, and ſcrip on ſhoulder caſt,
  His chiefe defence againſt the winters blaſt.

His food for moſt, was wilde fruits of the tree,
Vnleſſe ſometime ſome crums fell to his ſhare,
Which in his wallet long God wot kept he,
As one the which full daintily would faire.
His drinke the running ſtreame: his cup the bare
  Of his palme cloſde, his bed the hard cold ground.
  To this poore life was Miſerie ybound.

Whoſe wretched ſtate when we had well beheld,
With tender ruth on him and on his feeres,
In thoughtfull cares, forth then our pace we held:
And by and by, another ſhape appeeres
Of greedie Care, ſtill bruſhing vp the breers,
  His knuckles knob'd, his fleſh deepe dented in,
  With tawed hands, and hard ytanned skin.

The morrow gray no ſooner hath begun
To ſpread his light euen peeping in our eyes,
When he is vp and to his worke yrun.
But let the nights blacke miſtie mantles riſe,
And with foule darke neuer ſo much diſguiſe
  The faire bright day, yet ceaſeth he no while,
  But hath his candles to prolong his toile.

By him lay heauie Sleepe coſin of Death
Flat on the ground, and ſtill as any ſtone,
A very corps, ſaue yeelding forth a breath.
Small keepe tooke he whom Fortune frowned on,
Or whom ſhe lifted vp into the throne
  Of high renowne, but as a liuing death,
  So dead aliue, of life he drew the breath.

The bodies reſt, the quiet of the hart,
The trauailes eaſe, the ſtill nights feere was he.
And of our life in earth the better part,
Reuer of ſight, and yet in whom we ſee
Things oft that tide, and oft that neuer bee.
  Without reſpect eſteeming equally
  King *Crœſus* pompe, and *Irus* pouertie.

And next in order ſad Old Age we found,
His beard all hoare, his eyes hollow and blind,
With drouping cheere ſtill poring on the ground,
As on the place where nature him aſſign'd
To reſt, when that the ſiſters had vntwin'd
  His vitall thred, and ended with their knife
  The fleeting courſe of faſt declining life.

There heard we him with broke and hollow plaint
Rew with himſelfe his end approching faſt,
And all for nought his wretched mind torment,
With ſweete remembrance of his pleaſures paſt,
And freſh delites of luſtie youth forewaſt.
  Recounting which, how would he ſob and ſhreek?
  And to be yong againe of *Ioue* beſeeke.

But and the cruell fates ſo fixed be,
That time forepaſt cannot returne againe,
This one requeſt of *Ioue* yet prayed he:
That in ſuch withred plight, and wretched paine,
As *eld* (accompanied with lothſome traine)
 Had brought on him, all were it woe and griefe,
 He might a while yet linger forth his life,

And not ſo ſoone deſcend into the pit:
Where Death, when he the mortall corps hath ſlaine,
With wretchleſſe hand in graue doth couer it,
Thereafter neuer to enioy againe
The gladſome light, but in the ground ylaine,
 In depth of darkneſſe waſte and weare to nought,
 As he had nere into the world been brought.

But who had ſeene him, ſobbing how he ſtood
Vnto himſelfe, and how he would bemone
His youth forepaſt, as though it wrought him good
To talke of youth, all were his youth foregone,
He would haue muſde and maruail'd much whereon
 This wretched Age ſhould life deſire ſo faine:
 And knowes ful wel life doth but length his paine.

Crookebackt he was, toothſhaken, and blere eyde,
Went on three feete, and ſometime crept on foure,
With old lame bones, that ratled by his ſide,
His ſcalpe all pil'd, and he with eld forlore:
His withred fiſt ſtill knocking at Deaths dore,
 Fumbling and driueling as he drawes his breath,
 For briefe, the ſhape and meſſenger of Death.

And faſt by him pale Maladie was plaſte,
Sore ſicke in bed, her colour all foregone,
Bereft of ſtomacke, ſauour, and of taſte,
Ne could ſhe brooke no meate but broths alone.
Her breath corrupt, her keepers euery one
 Abhorring her, her ſickneſſe paſt recure,
 Deteſting phyſicke, and all phyſickes cure.

But oh the dolefull ſight that then we ſee,
We turn'd our looke, and on the other ſide
A grieſly ſhape of Famine mought we ſee,
With greedie lookes, and gaping mouth that cried,
And roar'd for meate as ſhe ſhould there haue died,
Her bodie thin, and bare as any bone,
Whereto was left nought but the caſe alone.

And that alas was gnawne on euery where,
All full of holes, that I ne mought refraine
From teares, to ſee how ſhe her armes could teare,
And with her teeth gnaſh on the bones in vaine:
When all for nought ſhe faine would ſo ſuſtaine
Her ſtaruen corps, that rather ſeem'd a ſhade,
Then any ſubſtance of a creature made.

Great was her force, whom ſtonewall could not ſtay,
Her tearing nailes ſnatching at all ſhe ſaw:
With gaping iawes, that by no meanes ymay
Be ſatisfi'd from hunger of her mawe,
But eates her ſelfe as ſhe that hath no law:
Gnawing, alas, her carcaſe all in vaine,
Where you may count each ſinew, bone, and vaine.

On her while we thus firmely fixt our eyes,
That bled for ruth of ſuch a driery ſight,
Loe ſuddenly ſhe ſhrinkt in ſo huge wiſe,
As made hell gates to ſhiuer with the might.
Wherewith a dart we ſaw how it did light
Right on her breſt, and therewithall pale Death
Enthrilling it to reaue her of her breath.

And by and by a dumbe dead corps we ſaw,
Heauie and cold, the ſhape of death aright,
That dants all earthly creatures to his law:
Againſt whoſe force in vaine it is to fight;
Ne Peeres, ne Princes, nor no mortall wight,
No Towne, ne Realmes, Cities, ne ſtrongeſt Tower,
But all perforce muſt yeeld vnto his power.

His dart anon out of the corps he tooke,
And in his hand (a dreadfull ſight to ſee)
With great triumph eftſoones the ſame he ſhooke,
That moſt of all my feares affrayed mee.
His bodie dight with nought but bones perdie,
The naked ſhape of man there ſaw I plaine,
All ſaue the fleſh, the ſinow, and the vaine.

Laſtly ſtood Warre in glittering armes yclad,
With viſage grim, ſterne looks, and blackely hewed,
In his right hand a naked ſword he had,
That to the hilts was all with blood embrued:
And in his left (that King and kingdomes rued)
Famine and fire he held, and therewithall
He raced townes, and threw downe towers and all.

Cities he ſackt, and Realmes that whilome flowred
In honor, glorie, and rule aboue the beſt
He ouerwhelm'd, and all their fame deuoured,
Conſum'd, deſtroy'd, waſted and neuer ceaſt,
Till he their wealth, their name and all oppreſt.
His face forehew'd with wounds, and by his ſide
There hung his targ, with gaſhes deepe and wide.

In midſt of which, depainted there we found
Deadly Debate, all full of ſnakie heare,
That with a bloodie fillet was ybound,
Out breathing nought but diſcord euery where.
And round about were portrai'd heere and there
The hugie hoſts, *Darius* and his power,
His Kings, Princes, his Peeres, and all his flower;

Whom great *Macedo* vanquiſht there in fight,
With deepe ſlaughter, deſpoiling all his pride,
Pierſt through his Realmes, and danted all his might.
Duke *Hannibal* beheld I there beſide,
In *Cannas* field, victor how he did ride,
And woſull Romans that in vaine withſtood,
And Conſul *Paulus* couered all in blood.

Yet ſaw I more the fight at Traſimene,
And Treberie field, and eke when *Hannibal*
And worthie *Scipio*, laſt in armes were ſene
Before Carthago gate, to trie for all
The worlds Empire, to whom it ſhould befall.
There ſaw I *Pompey*, and *Cæſar* clad in armes,
Their hoſts allied and all their ciuill harmes,

With Conquerers hands forbath'd in their owne blood,
And *Cæſar* weeping ouer *Pompeyes* head.
Yet ſaw I *Scilla* and *Marius* where they ſtood,
Their great crueltie, and the deepe bloodſhead
Of friends: *Cyrus* I ſaw and his hoſt dead,
And how the Queene with great deſpite hath flong
His head in blood of them ſhe ouercome.

Xerxes the Perſian King yet ſaw I there,
With his huge hoſt that dranke the riuers drie,
Diſmounted hilles, and made the vales vprere,
His hoſt and all yet ſaw I ſlaine perdie.
Thebes I ſaw all rac'd how it did lie
In heapes of ſtones, and Tyrus put to ſpoile,
With walles and towers flat euened with the ſoile.

But Troy alas (me thought) aboue them all,
It made mine eyes in very teares conſume:
When I beheld the wofull werd befall,
That by the wrathfull will of God was come:
And *Ioues* vnmoued ſentence and foredoome
On *Priam* King, and on his towne ſo bent,
I could not lin, but I muſt there lament.

And that the more, ſith deſt'ny was ſo ſterne
As force perforce, there might no force auaile,
But ſhe muſt fall: and by her fall we learne,
That cities,towers,wealth,world,and all ſhall quaile.
No manhood,might,nor nothing mought preuaile,
All were there preſt full many a Prince and Peere,
And many a Knight that ſold his death full deere.

Not worthie *Hector* worthieſt of them all,
Her hope, her ioy, his force is now for nought:
O Troy, Troy, there is no boote but bale,
The hugie horſe within thy walles is brought:
Thy turrets fall, thy Knights that whilome fought
  In armes amid the field, are ſlaine in bed,
  Thy gods defil'd, and all thy honor dead.

The flames vpriſing, and cruelly they creepe
From wall to roofe, till all to cinders waſt,
Some fire the houſes where the wretches ſleepe,
Some ruſh in heere, ſome run in there as faſt.
In euery where or ſword or fire they taſt.
  The wals are torne, the towers whurl'd to the ground,
  There is no miſchiefe but may there be found.

Caſſandra yet there ſaw I how they haled
From *Pallis* houſe, with ſpercled treſſe vndone,
Her wriſts faſt bound, and with Greekes rout empaled:
And *Priam* eke in vaine how he did runne
To armes, whom *Pyrrhus* with deſpite hath done
  To cruel death, and bath'd him in the baine
  Of his ſonnes blood before the altar ſlaine.

But how can I deſcribe the dolefull ſight,
That in the ſhield ſo liuely faire did ſhine?
Sith in this world I thinke was neuer wight
Could haue ſet forth the halfe, not halfe ſo fine.
I can no more but tell how there is ſeene
  Faire *Ilium* fall in burning red gledes downe,
  And from the ſoile great Troy *Neptunus* towne.

Here from when ſcarce I could mine eyes withdraw
That fil'd with teares as doth the ſpringing well,
We paſſed on ſo far forth till we ſaw
Rude *Acheron*, a lothſome lake to tell,
That boyles and bubs vp ſwelth as blacke as hell,
  Where grieſlie *Charon* at their fixed tide
  Still ferries ghoſts vnto the farther ſide.

The aged God no ſooner Sorrow ſpied,
But haſting ſtraight vnto the bancke apace,
With hollow call vnto the rout he cried,
To ſwarue apart, and giue the Goddeſſe place.
Straight it was done, when to the ſhoare we pace,
  Where hand in hand as wee then linked faſt,
  Within the boate wee are together plaſte.

And forth we lanch full fraughted to the brinke,
When with th'vnwonted waight, the ruſty keele
Began to cracke as if the ſame ſhould ſinke.
We hoiſe vp maſt and ſaile, that in a while
We fet the ſhoare, where ſcarſely we had while
  For to arriue, but that we heard anone
  A three ſound barke confounded all in one.

We had not long forth paſt, but that we ſaw
Blacke *Cerberus* the hideous hound of hell,
With briſtles reard, and with a three mouth'd Iaw,
Foredinning th'aire with his horrible yell.
Out of the deepe darke caue where he did dwell,
  The Goddeſſe ſtraight he knew, and by and by
  He peaſt and couched, while that we paſt by.

Thence come we to the horrour and the hell,
The large greate Kingdomes, and the dreadful raigne
Of *Pluto* in his throne where he did dwell,
The wide waſte places, and the hugie plaine:
The wailings, ſhrikes, and ſundry ſorts of paine:
  The ſighs, the ſobs, the deepe and deadly groane,
  Earth, aire, and all reſounding plaint and moane.

Thence did we paſſe the three-fold emperie
To th'vtmoſt bounds, where *Radamanthus* raignes,
Where proud folke waile there woefull miſerie,
Where dreadfull din of thouſand dragging chaines,
And balefull ſhriekes of ghoſts in deadly paines
  Tortur'd eternally are heard moſt brim
  Through ſilent ſhades of night ſo darke and dim.

From hence vpon our way we forward paſſe,
And through the groues and vncoth paths we goe,
Which leade vnto the *Cyclops* walles of braſſe:
And where that maine-broad flood for aye doth floe,
Which parts the gladſome fields from place of woe,
   Whence none ſhall euer paſſe t'*Elizium* plaine,
   Or from *Elizium* euer turne againe.

With *Sorrow* for my guide, as there I ſtood,
A troope of men the moſt in armes bedight,
In tumult cluſterd 'bout both ſides the flood:
'Mongſt whom, who were ordaind t'eternall night,
Or who to bliſſefull peace and ſweet delight
   I wot not well, it ſeem'd that they were all
   Such as by deaths vntimely ſtroke did fall.

Some headleſſe were, ſome body, face and hands,
With ſhamefull wounds deſpoil'd in euery part:
Some ſtrangled, ſome that dide in captiue bands,
Some ſmothred, drown'd, ſome ſtricken through the hart
With fatall ſteele, all drown'd in deadly ſmart:
   Of haſtned death, with ſhrikes, ſobs, ſighs and teares,
   Did tell the woes of their forepaſſed yeares.

We ſtaid vs ſtraight, and with a rufull feare,
Beheld this heauie ſight, while from mine eies
The vapored teares downe ſtilled here and there,
And *Sorrow* eke in far more wofull wiſe,
Tooke on with plaint, vp heauing to the skies
   Her wretched hands, that with her cry the rout
   Gan all in heapes to ſwarme vs round about.

Loe here (quoth *Sorrow*) Princes of renowne,
That whilome ſate on top of Fortunes wheele,
Now laid full low, like wretches whurled downe
Euen with one frowne, that ſtaid but with a ſmile.
And now behold the thing that thou erewhile
   Saw only in thought, and what thou now ſhalt heare,
   Recount the ſame to Keſar, King, and Peere.

Then firſt came *Henry* Duke of *Buckingham,*
His cloake of blacke all pild and quite forworne,
Wringing his hands, and Fortune oft doth blame,
Which of a Duke hath made him now her skorne.
With gaſtly lookes as one in maner lorne:
  Oft ſpred his armes, ſtretcht hands he ioines as faſt
  With rufull cheare, and vapored eyes vpcaſt.

His cloake he rent, his manly breſt he beat,
His haire all torne about the place it lay,
My heart ſo molt to ſee his griefe ſo great,
As feelingly me thought it dropt away:
His eyes they whurld about withouten ſtay.
  With ſtormy ſighes the place did ſo complaine,
  As if his heart at each had burſt in twaine.

Thrice he began to tell his dolefull tale,
And thrice the ſighs did ſwallow vp his voice:
At each of which he ſhriked ſo withall,
As though the heauens riued with the noiſe:
Till at the laſt recouering his voice,
  Supping the teares that all his breſt beraind,
  On cruell Fortune weeping thus he plaind.

FINIS.

HOW THE TWO ROgers, *ſurnamed* Mortimers, *for their ſundry vices,* ended their liues vnfortunately, the one, *An.*1329. the other, 1387.

AMong the riders of the rolling wheele
That loſt their holds, *Baldwine* forget not mee,
Whoſe fatall thred falſe Fortune needs would reele,
Ere it were twiſted by the ſiſters three:
All folke be fraile, their bliſſes brittle bee:
  For proofe whereof, although none other were,
  Suffice may I, Sir *Roger Mortimer.*

Not he that was in *Edwards* dayes the third,
Whom Fortune brought to boote and eft to bale,
With loue of whom, the king ſo much ſhe ſturd,
That none but he was heard in any tale:
And whiles ſhe ſmooth blew on this pleaſant gale,
He was created Earle of March, alas,
Whence enuy ſprang which his deſtruction was.

For wealth breeds wrath, in ſuch as wealth doe want,
Pride folly breeds in ſuch as it poſſeſſe,
Among a thouſand ſhall you find one skant,
That can in wealth his lofty heart repreſſe,
Which in this Earle due proofe did plaine expreſſe:
For whereas he was ſomewhat haut before,
His high degree hath made him now much more.

For now alone he ruleth as him luſt,
Ne recks for reade, ſaue of king *Edwards* mother:
Which forced enuy ſoulder out the ruſt,
That in mens hearts before did lie and ſmother.
The Peeres, the people, th'one as well as th'other,
Againſt him made ſo hainous a complaint,
That for a traytour he was ſoone attaint.

Then all ſuch faults as were forgot afore,
They skowre afreſh, and ſomwhat to them adde:
For enuy ſtill hath eloquence in ſtore,
When Fortune bids to worſe things meanly bad.
Fiue hainous crimes againſt him ſoone were had,
Firſt that he caus'd the King to yeeld the Scot,
To make a peace, townes that were from him got:

And therewithall the Charter call'd *Ragman*,
That of the Scots he bribed priuy gaine,
That through his meanes ſir *Edward* of Carnaruan
In Barkely Caſtle traiterouſly was ſlaine:
That with his Princes mother he had laine,
And finally, with polling at his pleaſure,
Had rob'd the King and Commons of their treaſure.

For theſe things loe which erſt were out of mind
He was condemn'd, and hanged at the laſt,
In whom Dame Fortune fully ſhewed her kind,
For whom ſhe heaues ſhe hurleth downe as faſt.
If men to come, would learne by other paſt,
My coſin then might cauſe them ſet aſide
High climing, bribing, murdering, luſt, and pride.

The finall cauſe why I this proceſſe tell,
Is that I may be knowen from this the other,
My like in name, vnlike mee though he fell,
Which was I thinke my grandſire or his brother:
To count my kin, dame *Philip* was my mother,
Daughter and heire of douty *Lionell*,
The third King *Edwards* ſonne, as ſtories tell.

My father hight ſir *Edmund Mortimer*,
True Earle of March, whence I was after Earle,
By iuſt deſcent theſe two my parents were,
Of which the one of Knighthood bare the fearle,
Of womanhood the other was the pearle:
Through their deſert ſo cal'd of euery wight,
Till death them tooke, and left mee in their right.

For why th'attainter of the elder *Roger*,
(Whoſe ſhamefull death I told you but of late)
Was found to bee vniuſt, and paſſed ouer,
Againſt the law, by thoſe that bare him hate:
For where by law each one of free eſtate
Should perſonally be heard ere iudgement paſſe,
They bard him this, where through deſtroid he was.

Wherefore by doome of court in Parliament,
When we had prou'd our Coſin ordered thus,
The King, the Lords, and Commons of aſſent
His lawleſſe death vnlawfull did diſcuſſe:
And both to bloud and good reſtored vs.
A preſident moſt worthy, ſhewed, and left,
Lords liues to ſaue, that lawleſſe might bee reft.

While Fortune vnto me her grace did deigne,
King *Richards* grace the ſecond of that name,
(Whoſe looſer life did ſoone abridge his reigne,)
Made me his mate in earneſt and in game:
The Lords themſelues ſo well allow'd the ſame,
That through my titles duely comming downe,
I was made heire apparent to the Crowne.

Who then but I was euery where eſteemd,
Well was the man that might with me acquaint,
Whom I allow'd,as Lords the people deemd,
To whatſoeuer folly had me bent,
To like it well the people did aſſent:
To mee as Prince attended great and ſmall,
I hopte a day would come to pay for all.

But ſeldome ioy continueth trouble void,
In greateſt charge cares greateſt doe enſue,
The moſt poſſeſt are euer moſt annoid,
In largeſt ſeas ſore tempeſts lightly brue,
The freſheſt colours ſooneſt fade the hue,
In thickeſt place is made the deepeſt wound,
True proofe whereof my ſelf too ſoone haue found.

For whilſt faire Fortune luld mee in her lap,
And gaue me gifts more then I did require,
The ſubtile dame behind mee ſet a trap,
Whereby to daſh and lay all in the mire:
The Iriſh men againſt mee did conſpire,
My lands of Vlſter from me to haue reft,
Which heritage my mother had mee left.

And whiles I there, to ſet all things in ſtay,
(Omit my toiles and trouble thitherward)
Among mine owne with my retinue lay,
The wilder men whom I did not regard,
(And had therefore the reckles mans reward)
When leaſt I thought, ſet on mee in ſuch number,
That from my corps my life they rent aſunder.

Nought might auaile my courage nor my force,
Nor ſtrength of men which were (alas) too few:
The cruell folke aſſaulted ſo my horſe,
That all my helps in peeces they to hew.
Our bloud diſtaines the ground as drops of dew,
Nought might preuaile to flie nor yet to yeeld,
For whom they take they murder in the field.

They know no law of Armes, nor none will learne,
They make not warre (as other doe) a play:
The Lord, the boy, the Gallowglas, the Kerne,
Yeeld or not yeeld, whom ſo they take they ſlay.
They ſaue no foes for ranſome nor for pay:
Their chiefeſt boote is th'aduerſaries head,
They end not warre till th'enemie be dead.

Amongſt theſe men or rather ſauage beaſts
I loſt my life, by cruell murder ſlaine:
And therefore *Baldwine* note thou well my geaſts,
And warne all Princes raſhnes to refraine:
Bid them beware their foes when they doe faine,
Nor yet preſume vnequally to ſtriue:
Had I thus done, I had been left aliue.

But I deſpis'd the naked Iriſh men,
And, for they flew, I feared them the leſſe:
I thought one man enough to match with ten,
And through this careleſſe vnadulſednes
I was deſtroid, and all my men I geſſe,
At vnawares aſſaulted by our fone,
Which were in number forty to vs one.

See here the ſtay of fortunate eſtate,
The vaine aſſurance of this brittle life:
For I but yong-proclamed Prince of late,
Right fortunate in children and in wife,
Loſt all at once by ſtroke of bloudy knife:
Whereby aſſur'd let men themſelues aſſure,
That wealth and life are doubtfull to endure.

FINIS. Ca.

THE FALL OF ROBERT *Treſilian* chiefe Iuſtice of England, and other his fellowes, for miſconſtruing the *Lawes, and expounding them to ſerue the Princes affections, Anno* 1388.

IN the ſad regiſter of miſchiefe and miſhap,
Baldwine we beſeech thee with our names to begin,
Whom vnfriendly Fortune did train vnto a trap,
When as wee thought our ſtate moſt ſtable to haue bin.
So lightly leeſe they all, which all do weene to win.
Learne by vs ye Lawyers and Iudges of this Land,
Vpright and vncorrupt in doome alway to ſtand.

And print ye this preſident to remaine for euer,
Enroll and record it in Tables made of Braſſe,
Engraue it in Marble that may be raced neuer,
Where Iudges of the Law may ſee, as in a Glaſſe,
What guerdon is for guile, and what our wages was,
Who for our Princes will, corrupt with meed and awe,
Gainſt Iuſtice wretchedly did wreſt the ſenſe of Lawe.

A change more new or ſtrange when was there euer ſeene,
Then Iudges from the Bench to come downe to the Barre,
And Counſellours that were moſt nigh to King and Queene
Exiled their Countrie, from Court and Counſell farre?
But ſuch is Fortunes play, which can both make and marre,
Exalting to moſt high that was before moſt low,
And turning taile againe, the loftie downe to throw.

And ſuch as late afore, could ſtoutly ſpeake and plead
Both in Court and Countrey, careleſſe of the triall,
As mummers mute do ſtand without aduice or read,
All to ſeeke of ſhifting, by trauerſe or deniall,
Which haue ſeene the day, when, for a golden Ryall,
By finenes and cunning, could haue made blacke ſeeme white,
And moſt extorted wrong to haue appeared right.

Whilſt thus on bench aboue we had the higheſt place,
Our reaſons were too ſtrong, for any to confute:
But when at barre beneath, we came to plead our caſe,
Our wits were in the wane, our pleading very brute.
Hard it is for priſoners with Iudges to diſpute:
 When all men againſt one, and none for one ſhall ſpeake,
 Who weenes himſelf moſt wiſe, may chance be too too weake.

To you therefore that ſit, theſe few words will I ſay,
That no man ſits ſo ſure, but he may haply ſtand:
Wherefore whilſt you haue place, and beare the ſwing and ſway,
By fauour without force, let points of Law be skand.
Pity the poore priſoner that holdeth vp his hand,
 Ne lade him not with law, who leaſt of law hath knowne,
 Remember ere ye die, the caſe may be your owne.

Behold me one vnfortunate amongſt this flocke,
Treſilian cald ſometime chiefe Iuſtice of this Land,
A gentleman by birth, no ſtaine was in my ſtocke,
Locketon, *Holte*, *Belknap*, with other of my band,
Which the Law and Iuſtice had wholly in our hand,
 Vnder the ſecond *Richard* a Prince of greate ſtate,
 To whom and vs alſo, blind Fortune gaue the mate.

In all our Common Lawes our skill was ſo profound,
Our credit and autority ſuch and ſo high eſteemd,
That what wee did conclude, was taken for a ground,
Allowed was for Law what ſo to vs beſt ſeemd,
Both life, death, lands, and goods, and all by vs was deemd:
 Whereby with eaſie paine, great gaine we did in fet,
 And euery thing was fiſh, that came vnto our net.

At Seſſions and Siſes, we bare the ſtroke and ſway,
In patents and commiſſion, of *Quorum* ſtill chiefe:
So that to whether ſide ſoeuer we did way,
Were it by right or wrong, it paſt without repriefe.
The true man we let hang ſomewhiles to ſaue a thiefe,
 Of Gold, and of Siluer, our hands were neuer empty,
 Offices, Farmes, and Fees, fell to vs in great plenty.

But what thing may ſuffice vnto the greedie man?
The more he hath in hold, the more he doth deſire:
Happie and twice happie is he, that wiſely can
Content himſelfe with that, which reaſon doth require,
And moileth for no more then for his needfull hire:
   But greedineſſe of mind doth ſeldome keepe the ſiſe,
   To whom enough and more doth neuer well ſuffice.

For like as dropſie patients drinke and ſtill be drie,
Whoſe vnſtanch'ſt greedie thirſt no liquor can allay,
And drinke they nere ſo much, yet thirſt they by and by;
So catchers and ſnatchers do toile both night and day,
Not needie, but greedie, ſtill prolling for their pray.
   O endleſſe thirſt of gold, corrupter of all lawes,
   What miſchiefe is on mould whereof thou art not cauſe?

Thou madeſt vs forget the faith of our profeſſion,
When Sergeants we were ſworne to ſerue the common law,
Which was, that in no point we ſhould make digreſſion
From approued principles, in ſencence nor in ſawe:
But we vnhappie wights without all dread and awe
   Of the Iudge eternall, for worlds vaine promotion,
   More to man then God did beare our whole deuotion.

The Lawes we did interpret and ſtatutes of the Land,
Not truly by the text, but newly by a gloſe:
And words that were moſt plaine, when they by vs were skand,
We turned by conſtruction to a Welchmans hoſe,
Whereby many a one both life and land did loſe:
   Yet this we made our meane to mount aloft on mules,
   And ſeruing times and turnes, peruerted lawes and rules.

Thus climing and contending alway to the top,
From high vnto higher, and then to be moſt hie,
The hony dew of Fortune ſo faſt on vs did drop,
That of King *Richards* counſell we came to be moſt nie:
Whoſe fauour to attaine we were full fine and ſlie.
   Alway to his profit where any thing might ſound,
   That way (all were it wrong) the lawes we did expound.

So working Law like waxe, the ſubiect was not ſure
Of life, of land, nor goods, but at the Princes will,
Which cauſed his kingdome the ſhorter time to dure:
For claiming power abſolute both to ſaue and ſpill,
The Prince thereby preſumed his people for to pill,
And ſet his luſts for Law, and will had reaſons place,
No more but hang and draw, there was no better grace.

Thus the King outleaping the limits of his Law,
Not raigning but raging, as youth did him entice,
Wiſe and worthie perſons from Court did daily draw,
Sage counſell ſet at naught, proud vanters were in price,
And royſters bare the rule, which waſted all in vice:
Of riot and exceſſe, grew ſcarcitie and lacke,
Of lacking came taxing, and ſo went wealth to wracke.

The Barons of the Land not bearing this abuſe,
Conſpiring with the Commons aſſembled by aſſent,
And ſeeing neither reaſon nor treatie could induce
The King in any thing his rigour to relent,
Maugre his Kingly might they call'd a Parlament,
Franke and free for all men without checke to debate
As well for weale publique, as for the Princes ſtate.

In this high aſſemblie, great things were proponed
Touching the Princes ſtate, his regaltie and crowne,
By reaſon that the King (which much was to be moned)
Without regard at all of honor or renowne,
Miſled by ill aduice, had turn'd all vpſide downe,
For ſuretie of whoſe ſtate, them thought it did behoue
His Counſellours corrupt by reaſon to remoue:

Among whom, *Robert Veer*, call'd Duke of Ireland,
With *Michael Delapole* of Suffolke new made Earle,
Of Yorke alſo then Archbiſhop, diſpatcht out of hand,
With *Brembre* of London a full vncurteous churle:
Some learned in the Law in exile they did hurle:
But I poore *Treſilian* (becauſe I was the chiefe)
Was damned to the gallowes moſt vilely as a thiefe.

Lo the fine of falſhood, ſtipend of corruption,
The fee of double fraud, the fruits it doth procure:
Yee Iudges vpon earth, let our iuſt punition
Teach you to ſhake off bribes, and keepe your hands ſtill pure.
Riches and promotion be vaine things and vnſure,
  The fauour of a Prince is an vntruſtie ſtay,
  But Iuſtice hath a fee that ſhall remaine alway.

What glorie can be greater before God or man,
Then by paths of Iuſtice in iudgement to proceed?
So duely and ſo truly the Lawes for to ſcan,
That right may take his place without regard or meed.
Set apart all flatterie and vaine worldly dreed,
  Set God before your eyes, the moſt iuſt Iudge ſupreme,
  Remember well your reckoning at the day extreme.

Abandon all affray, be ſoothfaſt in your ſawes,
Be conſtant and careleſſe of mortals diſpleaſure,
With eyes ſhut and hands cloſe you ſhould pronounce the lawes.
Eſteeme not worldly goods, thinke there is a treaſure
More worth then gold a thouſand times in valure,
  Repoſed for all ſuch as righteouſneſſe enſue,
  Whereof you cannot faile, the promiſe made is true.

If Iudges in our daies would ponder well in mind
The fatall fall of vs, for wreſting Law and right,
Such ſtatutes as touch life ſhould not be thus defin'd
By ſenſes conſtrained, againſt true meaning quite,
As well they might affirme the blacke for to be white:
  Wherefore we wiſh they would our act and end compare,
  And weighing well the caſe, they will we truſt beware.

G. Ferrers.

HOVV

HOVV SIR THOMAS OF WOODSTOCKE DVKE OF Gloceſter, vncle to King *Richard* the ſecond, *was vnlawfully murdered, An. Dom.* 1397.

WHoſe ſtate ſtabliſht is, in ſeeming moſt ſure,
And ſo far from danger of Fortunes blaſts,
As by the compaſſe of mans coniecture,
No braſen piller may be fixt more faſt:
Yet wanting the ſtay of prudent forecaſt,
When froward Fortune liſt for to frowne,
May in a moment turne vpſide downe.

In proofe whereof, O *Baldwine*, take paine,
To hearken a while to *Thomas* of Woodſtocke,
Addreſſe in preſence his fate to complaine,
In the forlorne hope of Engliſh flocke:
Extract by deſcent from the royall ſtocke,
Sonne to King *Edward*, third of that name,
And ſecond to none in glorie and fame.

This noble father to maintaine my ſtate,
With Buckingham Earledome did me indow,
Both Nature and Fortune to me were great,
Denying me nought which they might allow:
Their ſundrie graces in me did ſo flow,
As beautie, ſtrength, high fauour and fame,
Who may of God more wiſh then the ſame?

Brothers we were to the number of ſeuen,
I being the ſixt, and yongeſt but one:
A more royall race was not vnder heauen,
More ſtout or more ſtately of ſtomacke and perſon,
Princes all peereleſſe in each condition:
Namely Sir *Edward*, call'd the blacke Prince,
When had England the like before or ſince?

But what of all this, any man t'aſſure,
In ſtate vncarefull of Fortunes variance?
Sith daily and hourely we ſee it in vre,
That where moſt cauſe is of affiance,
Euen there is found moſt weake aſſurance.
Let none truſt Fortune, but follow reaſon:
For often we ſee in truſt is treaſon.

This prouerbe in proofe ouer true I tried,
Finding high treaſon in place of high truſt:
And moſt fault of faith where I moſt affied,
Being, by them that ſhould haue been iuſt,
Trayterouſly entrapt, ere I could miſtruſt.
Ah wretched world what it is to truſt thee,
Let them that will learne now hearken to mee.

After King *Edward* the thirds deceaſe,
Succeeded my nephew *Richard* to raigne,
Who for his glorie and honors encreaſe,
With princely wages did me entertaine,
Againſt the *Frenchmen* to be his Chieftaine.
So paſſing the ſeas with royall puiſſance,
With God and S. *George* I inuaded France.

Waſting the countrie with ſword and with fire,
Ouerturning townes, high caſtles and towers,
Like *Mars* god of warre enflamed with ire
I forced the Frenchmen t'abandon their bowers:
Where euer we marcht I wan at all howers,
In ſuch wiſe viſiting both citie and village,
That alway my ſouldiers were laden with pillage.

With honor and triumph was my returne,
Was none more ioyous then yong King *Richard:*
Who minding more highly my ſtate to adorne,
With Glocester Dukedome did me reward:
And after in mariage I was prefer'd
To a daughter of *Bohun* an Earle honorable,
By whom I was of England high Conſtable.

Thus hoyſed high on Fortunes wheele,
As one on a ſtage attending a play,
See'th not on which ſide the ſcaffold doth reele,
Till timber and poles and all flie away:
So fared it by me: for day by day,
  As honor encreaſed I looked ſtill higher,
  Not ſeeing the danger of my fond deſier.

For Fortunes floud thus running with full ſtreame,
And I a Duke deſcended of great Kings,
Conſtable of England, chiefe officer of the Realme,
Abuſed with deſperance in theſe vaine things,
I went without feete, and flew without wings,
  Preſuming ſo far vpon my high ſtate,
  That dread ſet apart, my Prince I would mate.

For whereas Kings haue counſell of their choice,
To whom they referre the rule of their Land,
With certaine familiars in whom to reioyce,
For pleaſure or profit, as the caſe ſhall ſtand,
I not bearing this, would needs take in hand,
  Maugre his will, thoſe perſons to diſgrace,
  And for to ſettle others in their place.

But as an old booke ſaith, who will aſſay
About the Cats necke to hang on a bell,
Had firſt need to cut the Cats clawes away,
Leſt if the Cat be curſt, and not tam'd well,
She with her nailes may claw him to the fell:
  So putting the bell about the Cats necke,
  I vnaduiſed caught a cruell checke.

Reade well the ſentence of the Rat renown'd,
Which *Pierce* the plowman deſcribes in his dreame,
And whoſo hath wit the ſenſe to expound,
Shall find that to curbe the Prince of a Reame,
Is euen (as who ſaith) to ſtriue with the ſtreame:
  Note this all ſubiects, and conſtrue it well,
  And buſie not your braines 'bout the Cats bell.

But in that yee be Lieges learne t'obay,
Submitting your willes to your Princes Lawes:
It fits not a ſubiect t'haue his owne way,
Remember this prouerbe of the Cats clawes:
For Princes like Lions haue long large pawes
That reach at randon, and whom they once twitch,
They claw to the bone before the skin itch.

But to my purpoſe, I being once bent,
Towards the atchieuing of my attemptate,
Foure bould Barons were of mine aſſent,
By oath and alliance faſtly confederate:
Firſt *Henrie* of Derby an Earle of eſtate,
Richard of Arundell, and *Thomas* of Warwicke,
With *Mowbray* the Marſhall, a man moſt warlike.

At Ratecote Bridge aſſembled our band,
The Commons in cluſters came to vs that day
To dant *Robert Veere*, then Duke of Ireland,
By whom King *Richard* was ruled alway:
We put him to flight, and brake his array,
Then maugre the King, his leaue or aſſent,
We by our power did call a Parlament.

Where not in Robes, but with our Baſtards bright,
We came to parle of the publique weale,
Confirming our quarell with maine and might,
With ſwords and no words we tried our appeale,
In ſtead of reaſon declaring our zeale,
And whom ſo we knew, with the King in grace,
We plainly depriued of power and place.

Some with ſhort proceſſe were baniſht the Land,
Some executed with capitall paine,
Whereof whoſo liſt, the whole t'vnderſtand,
In the Parlament roll it appeareth plaine,
And further how ſtoutly we did the King ſtraine,
The rule of his Realme wholly to reſigne,
To the order of thoſe, whom we did aſſigne.

But note the ſequele of ſuch preſumption,
After we had theſe miracles wrought,
The King inflamed with indignation,
That to ſuch bondage he ſhould be brought,
Suppreſſing the ire of his inward thought,
  Studied nought elſe but how that he might
  Be highly reuenged of this high deſpite.

Aggreeu'd was alſo this latter offence,
With former matter his ire to renue:
For once at Windſore I brought to his preſence
The Maior of London with all his retinue,
To aske a reckoning of the Realmes reuenue:
  And the ſouldiers of Breſt by me were made bold,
  Their wages to claime when the towne was ſold.

Theſe griefes remembred with all the remnant,
Hourded in his hart hate out of meaſure,
Yet openly in ſhew made he no ſemblant,
By word or by deed to beare diſpleaſure:
But loue dayes diſſembled do neuer indure,
  And whoſo truſteth a foe reconcild,
  Is for the moſt part alwaies beguild.

For as fire ill quencht will vp at a ſtart,
And ſores not well ſalued doe breake out of new,
So hatred hidden in an irefull hart,
Where it hath had long ſeaſon to brew,
Vpon euery occaſion doth eaſily renew:
  Not failing at laſt, if it be not let,
  To pay large vſury beſides the due det.

Euen ſo it fared by this friendſhip fained,
Outwardly ſound, and inwardly rotten:
For when the Kings fauour in ſeeming was gained,
All old diſpleaſures forgiuen and forgotten,
Euen then at a ſuddaine the ſhafte was ſhotten,
  Which pierced my heart void of miſtruſt;
  Alas that a Prince ſhould be ſo vniuſt,

For lying at Plaſhey my ſelfe to repoſe,
By reaſon of ſickneſſe which held me full ſore,
The King eſpying me apart from thoſe,
With whom I confedered in band before,
Thought it not meete to tract the time more,
But glad to take me at ſuch auantage,
Came to ſalute me with friendly viſage.

Who hauing a band bound to his bent,
By colour of kindneſſe to viſite his Eame,
Tooke time to accompliſh his cruell intent:
And in a ſmall veſſell downe by the ſtreame,
Conueid me to Calis out of the Realme,
Where without proceſſe or doome of my Peeres,
Not nature but murder abridged my yeeres.

This act was odious to God and to man,
Yet rigour to cloake in habit of reaſon,
By craftie compaſſe deuiſe they can,
Articles nine of right hainous treaſon:
But doome after death is ſure out of ſeaſon,
For who euer ſaw ſo ſtrange a preſident,
As execution done before iudgement.

Thus hate harboured in depth of minde,
By ſought occaſion burſt out of new,
And cruelty abuſed the law of kinde,
When that the Nephue the Vncle ſlew.
Alas King *Richard*, ſore mayſt thou rue,
Which by this fact preparedſt the way
Of thy hard deſtiny to haſten the day.

For bloud axeth bloud as guerdon due,
And vengeance for vengeance is iuſt reward:
O righteous God thy iudgements are true:
For looke what meaſure we other award,
The ſame for vs againe is prepar'd.
Take heed ye Princes by examples paſt,
Bloud will haue bloud, either firſt or laſt.

G. Ferrers.

HOW

HOVV THE LORD MOVVbrey, promoted by King *Richard* the ſecond to the ſtate of a Duke, was by him baniſhed the Realme the yeare of Chriſt, 1398. *and after died miſerablie in exile.*

THough ſorrow and ſhame abaſh me to rehearſe
My lothſome life, and death of due deſerued,
Yet that the paines thereof may other pearce
To leaue the like, leſt they be likewiſe ſerued:
Ah *Baldwine* marke, and ſee how that I ſwerued.
Diſſembling, enuy, and flattery, bane that bee,
Of all their hoſtes, haue ſhew'd their power on mee.

I blame not Fortune, though ſhe did her part,
And true it is ſhe can do little harme:
She guideth goods, ſhe hampreth not the heart,
A minde well bent, is ſafe from euery charme.
Vice, only vice, with her ſtout ſtrengthleſſe arme,
Doth cauſe the heart from good to ill encline,
Which I, alas, doe finde too true by mine.

For where by birth I came of noble race,
The *Mowbreys* heire, a famous houſe and old,
Fortune I thanke, gaue me ſo good a grace,
That of my Prince I had what ſo I would:
Yet neither was to other greatly hold.
For I thought flattery wrong'd his wanton youth,
And his fond truſt augmented my vntruth.

He made me firſt the Earle of Notingham,
And Marſhall of the Realme, in which eſtate
The Peeres and people iointly to me came,
With ſore complaint, againſt them that of late
Bad officers had brought the King in hate,
By making ſale of Iuſtice, right, and Lawe,
And liuing naught, without all dread or awe.

I gaue them aid theſe euils to redreſſe,
And went to London with an army ſtrong,
And cauſ'd the King, againſt his will oppreſſe
By cruell death, all ſuch as led him wrong:
The Lord chiefe Iuſtice ſuffered theſe among,
  So did the Steward of his houſehold head,
  The Chancellor ſcapte, for he afore had fled.

Theſe wicked men thus from the King remou'd,
Who beſt vs pleaſ'd ſucceeded in their place:
For which both King and Commons much vs lou'd,
But chiefly I with all ſtood high in grace.
The King enſu'd my rede in euery caſe,
  Whence ſelfe-loue bred: for glory maketh prowd,
  And pride aye ſeeks alone to be allow'd.

Wherefore to th'end I might alone inioy
The Kings good will, I made his luſt my lawe:
And where of late I labour'd to deſtroy
Such flattering folke, as thereto ſtood in awe,
Now learned I among the reſt to clawe:
  For pride is ſuch, if it be kindly caught,
  As ſtroyeth good, and ſtirres vp euery naught.

Pride pricketh men to flatter for the pray,
T'oppreſſe and poll for maint'nance of the ſame,
To malice ſuch as match vneths it may:
And to be briefe, pride doth the heart inflame,
To fire what miſchiefe any fraud may frame,
  And ſtill at length the euils by it wrought
  Confound the worker, and bring him to nought.

Behold in me due proofe of euery part:
For pride firſt forced me my Prince to flatter
So much, that whatſoeuer pleaſ'd his heart
Were't nere ſo ill, I thought a lawfull matter,
Which cauſd the Lords afreſh againſt him clatter:
  Becauſe he had his holds beyond ſea ſold,
  And ſeene his ſouldiers of their wages pold.

Though vnto all theſe ils I were a frend,
Yet ſuch was luck that each man deemed no:
The Duke of Glouceſter for me did ſend,
With other Lords, whoſe hearts did bleede for woe,
To ſee the Realme ſo faſt to ruine goe.
  In fault whereof, they ſaid the two Dukes were,
  The one of Yorke, the other Lancaſter,

On whoſe remoue from being about the King
We all agreed, and ſware a ſolemne oth,
And whilſt the reſt prouided for this thing,
I flatterer I, to win the praiſe of troth,
Wretch that I was, brake faith and promiſe both:
  For I bewraied to th'King their whole intent,
  For which vnwares they all were tane and ſhent.

Thus was the warder of the Common weale,
The Duke of Gloſter guiltleſſe made away,
With other moe, more wretch I ſo to deale,
Who through vntruth their truſt did ill betray:
Yet by this meanes obtained I may pray,
  Of King and Dukes I found for this ſuch fauour,
  As made me Duke of Northfolke for my labour.

But ſee how pride and enuy iointly runne,
Becauſe my Prince did more than me prefer,
Sir *Henry Bolenbroke*, the eldeſt ſonne
Of *Iohn* of *Gaunt*, the Duke of Lancaſter,
Proud I that would alone be blaſing ſtarre,
  Enuide this Duke, for nought ſaue that the ſhine
  Of his deſerts did gliſter more then mine.

To th'end therefore his light ſhould be the leſſe,
I ſlily ſought all ſhifts to put him out:
But as the poize that would the palme repreſſe,
Doth cauſe the bowes ſpred larger round about;
So ſpite and enuy cauſeth glory ſprout,
  And aye the more the top is ouertrod,
  The deeper doth the ſound roote ſpred abrode.

For when this *Henry* Duke of Herford ſaw,
What ſpoile the King made of the noble bloud,
And that without all Iuſtice, cauſe, or lawe,
To ſuffer him, he thought not ſure nor good:
Wherefore to me twofaced in one hood,
As touching this, he fully brake his minde,
As to his friend that ſhould remedy finde.

But I, although I knew my Prince did ill,
So that my harte abhorred ſore the ſame,
Yet miſchiefe ſo through malice led my will,
To bring this Duke from honour vnto ſhame,
And toward my ſelfe, my ſoueraigne to enflame,
That I bewraied his word vnto the King,
Not as a read, but as a hainous thing.

Thus where my duty bound me to haue told
My Prince his fault, and wild him to refraine,
Through flattery loe, I did his ill vphold,
Which turnd at length both him and me to paine:
Woe, woe to Kings whoſe counſailours doe faine,
Woe, woe to Realmes where ſuch are put in truſt,
As leaue the Law, to ſerue the Princes luſt.

And woe to him that by his flattering reed,
Maintaines a Prince in any kind of vice:
Woe worth him eke for enuy, pride or meed,
That miſreports an honeſt enterpriſe.
Becauſe I beaſt in all theſe points was nice,
The plagues of all together on me light,
And due for ill, ill doers doth acquite.

For when the Duke was charged with my plaint,
He flat denied that any part was true,
And claimd by armes to anſwere his attaint,
And I by vſe that warlike feates well knew,
To his deſire incontinently drew:
Wherewith the King did ſeeme right well content,
As one that paſt not much with whom it went.

At time and place appointed we appeard,
At all points armd to proue our quarels iuſt,
And when our friends on each part had vs cheard,
And that the Heralds bad vs doe our luſt,
With ſpeare in reſt we tooke a courſe to iuſt:
  But ere our horſes had run halfe their way,
  A ſhout was made, the King commanded ſtay.

And for t'auoid the ſheading of our bloud
With ſhame and death, which one muſt needes haue had,
The King through counſaile of the Lords thought good
To baniſh both, which iudgment ſtraight was rad;
No maruell then though both were wroth and ſad,
  But chiefly I that was exilde for aye,
  My enmie ſtrang'd but for a ten yeares day.

The date expir'd, when by this dolefull dome
I ſhould depart, to liue in baniſht band,
On paine of death to England not to come,
I went my way: the King ſeaſde in his hand
Mine offices, my honours, goods and land,
  To pay the due (as openly he told)
  Of mighty ſummes, which I had from him pol'd.

See, *Baldwine*, ſee, the ſolary of ſinne,
Marke with that meed vile vices are rewarded:
Through enuy I did loſe both kith and kinne,
And for my flattering plaint ſo well regarded,
Exile and ſhame are iuſtly me awarded:
  My wife and heire lacke lands and lawfull right,
  And me their Lord made Dame *Dianaes* Knight.

If theſe miſhaps at home bee not enough,
Adioine to them my ſorowes in exile:
I went to Almaine firſt, a Land right rough,
In which I found ſuch churliſh folke and vile,
As made me lothe my life ech other while:
  There lo I learnd what is to be a geſt
  Abroad, and what to liue at home in reſt.

For they eſteeme no one man more then each,
They vſe as well the lackey as the Lord,
And like their maners churliſh in their ſpeech,
Their lodging hard, their boord to be abhor'd:
Their pleyted garments therewith well accord,
All iag'd and frounſt, with diuers colours deckt,
They ſweare, they curſe, and drinke till they be fleckt.

They hate all ſuch as theſe their manners hate,
Which reaſon would no wiſe man ſhould allow:
With theſe I dwelt, lamenting mine eſtate,
Till at the length they had got knowledge, how
I was exil'd, becauſe I did auow
A falſe complaint againſt my truſtie friend,
For which they nam'd me traytour ſtill vnhend:

That what for ſhame and what for wearines
I ſtole from thence, and went to Venice towne,
Whereas I found more eaſe and friendlines,
But greater griefe: for now the great renowne
Of *Bolenbroke* whom I would haue put downe,
Was waxt ſo great in Britaine and in France,
That Vencie through, each man did him aduance.

Thus loe his glorie grew through great deſpite,
And I thereby encreaſed in defame:
Thus enuie euer doth her moſt acquite
With trouble, anguiſh, ſorow, ſmart and ſhame,
But ſets the vertues of her foe in flame:
Like water waues which clenſe the muddie ſtone,
And ſoyles themſelues by beating thereupon.

Or ere I had ſoiourn'd there a yeare,
Strange tidings came he was to England gone,
Had tane the King, and that which touch'd him neare,
Impriſoned him with other of his fone,
And made him yeeld him vp his Crowne and throne:
When I theſe things for true by ſearch had tried,
Griefe gripte me ſo, I pin'd away and died.

Note heere the end of pride, ſee flatteries fine,
Marke the reward of enuie and complaint,
And warne all people from them to decline,
Leſt likely fault do find the like attaint.
Let this my life to them be a reſtraint:
  By others harmes who liſteth take no heed,
  Shall by his owne learne other better reed.

T. Churchyard.

HOVV KING RICHARD THE SECOND WAS FOR HIS euill gouernance depoſed from his ſeate, in the yeare 1399. and murdered in priſon the *yeare following.*

HAppie is the Prince, that hath in wealth the grace
To follow vertue, keeping vices vnder;
But woe to him whoſe will hath wiſdomes place:
For whoſo renteth right and law aſunder,
On him at length all the world ſhall wonder.
  High birth, choice fortune, force, nor Princely mace,
  Can warrant King or Keyſer from the caſe.

Behold my hap, ſee how the ſilly rout
On me do gaze, and each to other ſay:
See where he lieth, but late that was ſo ſtout,
Lo how the power, the pride, and rich aray
Of mightie Rulers lightly fade away.
  The King which erſt kept all the Realme in doubt,
  The verieſt raſcall now dare checke and flout,

Me thinke I heare the people thus deuiſe:
Wherefore *Baldwine*, ſith thou wilt declare
How Princes fell, to make the liuing wiſe,
My lawleſſe life in no point ſee thou ſpare,
But paint it out, that Rulers may beware
  Good counſell, law, or vertue to deſpiſe,
  For Realmes haue rules, and Rulers haue a ſiſe.

I was a King, who ruled all by luſt,
Forcing but light of Iuſtice, right, or Law,
Putting alwaies flatterers falſe in truſt,
Enſuing ſuch as could my vices claw,
By faithfull counſell paſſing not an haw,
As pleaſure prickt, ſo needs obey I muſt,
Hauing delight to feed and ſerue the guſt:

Which to maintaine, my people were ſore pol'd
With Fines, Fifteenes, and loanes by way of preſt,
Blanke Charters, oaths, and ſhifts not knowne of old,
For which the Commons did me ſore deteſt.
I alſo ſold the noble towne of Breſt,
My fault wherein becauſe mine vncle told,
I found the meanes that he to death was ſold.

None aide I lackt in any wicked deed,
For gaping Gulles whom I promoted had
Would further all in hope of higher meed.
There can no King imagine ought ſo bad,
But ſhall find ſome that will performe it glad:
For ſickneſſe ſeldome doth ſo ſwiftly breed,
As humours ill do grow the griefe to feed.

My life and death the truth of this hath tri'd:
For while I fought in Ireland with my foes,
Mine vncle *Edmund* whom I left to guide
My Realme at home, rebelliouſly aroſe
Percies to helpe, which plied my depoſe:
And call'd from France Earle *Bolenbroke*, whom I
Exiled had for ten yeares there to lie.

For comming backe this ſudden ſtur to ſtay,
The Earle of Worſter whom I truſted moſt,
(Whiles I in Wales at Flint my caſtle lay,
Both to refreſh and multiplie mine hoſt)
There in my hall, in ſight of leaſt and moſt,
His ſtaffe did breake, which was my houſhold ſtay,
Bad each make ſhift, and rode himſelfe away.

My Steward falſe thus being fled and gone,
My ſeruants ſlie ſhranke off on euery ſide,
Then caught I was and led vnto my ſone,
Who for their Prince no Palace did prouide,
But priſon ſtrong, where *Henrie* puft with pride
  Cauſde me reſigne my Kingly ſtate and throne,
  And ſo forſaken left and poſt alone.

Yet ſome conſpir'd their new King to put downe,
And to that end a ſolemne oath they ſwore,
To render me my royall ſeate and Crowne,
Whereof themſelues depriued me before.
But late medcines can helpe no ſothbind ſore:
  When ſwelling flouds haue ouerflowen the towne,
  Too late it is to ſaue them that ſhall drowne:

For though the Peeres ſet *Henrie* in his ſtate,
Yet could they not diſplace him thence againe:
And where they ſoone depriued me of late,
They could reſtore me by no manner paine.
Things hardly mend, but may be mar'd amaine,
  And when a man is fallen in froward fate,
  Still miſchiefes light one on anothers pate.

For when the King did know that for my cauſe,
His Lords in maske would kill him on a night,
To daſh all doubts he tooke no farther pauſe,
But *Pierce* of Exton a cruell murdering Knight
To Pomfret caſtle ſent him armed bright,
  Who cauſeleſſe kill'd me there againſt all lawes,
  Thus lawleſſe life to lawleſſe death aye drawes.

G. Ferrers.

HOW OWEN GLENDOVR SEDVCED BY FALSE PROPHESIES, tooke vpon him to be Prince of Wales, and *was by* Henrie *Prince of England chaſed to the Mountaines, where he miſerablie died for lacke of food, An.* 140.

I Pray thee *Baldwine* ſith thou doeſt entend
To ſhew the fall of ſuch as climbe too hie,
Remember me, whoſe miſerable end
May teach a man his vicious life to flie.
Oh Fortune, Fortune, out on thee I crie:
My liuely corps thou haſt made leane and ſlender,
For lacke of food, whoſe name was *Owen Glendour*.

A Welchman borne, and of the Troian blood,
But ill brought vp, whereby full well I find,
That neither birth nor linage make vs good,
Though it be true that Cat will after kind.
Fleſh gendreth fleſh, but not the ſoule or mind,
They gender not, but foulely do degender,
When men to vice from vertue them ſurrender.

Each thing by nature tendeth to the ſame
Whereof it came, and is diſpoſed like:
Downe ſinkes the mould, vp mounts the fierie flame,
With horne the Hart, with hoofe the Horſe doth ſtrike,
The Wolfe doth ſpoile, the ſuttle Foxe doth pike,
And to conclude, no fiſh, fleſh, fowle or plant,
Of their true dame the propertie doth want.

But as for men, ſith ſeuerally they haue
A mind, whoſe maners are by learning made,
Good bringing vp all only doth them ſaue
In honeſt acts, which with their parents fade:
So that true gentrie ſtandeth in the trade
Of vertuous life, not in the fleſhly line:
For blood is brute, but gentrie is diuine.

Experience doth cauſe me thus to ſay,
And that the rather for my countrimen,
Which vaunt and boaſt themſelues aboue the day,
If they may ſtraine their ſtocke from worthie men:
Which let be true, are they the better then?
  Nay farre the worſe, if ſo they be not good,
  For why, they ſtaine the beautie of their blood.

How would we mocke the burden-bearing mule,
If he would brag he were an horſes ſon,
To preſſe his pride (might nothing elſe him rule)
His boaſts to proue no more but bid him run:
The horſe for ſwiftneſſe hath his glorie won.
  The braging mule could nere the more aſpier,
  Though he ſhould proue that *Pegas* was his ſier.

Each man may crake of that which was his owne,
Our parents good is theirs, and no whit ours:
Who therefore will of noble birth be knowne,
Or ſhine in vertue like his anceſtours,
Gentrie conſiſteth not in lands and towers:
  He is a churle though all the world were his,
  Yea *Arthurs* heire if that he liue amis.

For vertuous life a Gentleman doth make
Of her poſſeſſour, all be he poore as *Iob*,
Yea though no name of elders he can take:
For proofe take *Merlin* fathered by an Hob.
But who ſo ſets his mind to ſpoile and rob,
  Although he come by due deſcent from *Brute*,
  He is a churle, vngentle, vile, and brute.

Well, thus did I for want of better wit,
Becauſe my parents naughtly brought me vp:
For Gentlemen (they ſaid) was nought ſo fit,
As to attaſt by bold attempts the cup
Of conqueſts wine, whereof I thought to ſup:
  And therefore bent my ſelfe to rob and riue,
  And whom I could of lands and goods depriue.

Henrie the fourth did then vſurpe the Crowne,
Deſpoil'd the King, with *Mortimer* the heire:
For which his ſubiects ſought to put him downe,
And I while Fortune offered me ſo faire,
Did what I might his honor to appaire:
And tooke on me to be the Prince of Wales,
Entiſte thereto by Propheſies and tales.

For which, ſuch mates as wait vpon the ſpoile,
From euery part of Wales vnto me drew:
For loytering youth vntaught in any toile,
Are readie aye all miſchiefe to enſue.
Through helpe of theſe ſo great my glorie grew,
That I defied my King through loftie heart,
And made ſharpe warre on all that tooke his part.

See lucke, I tooke Lord *Raynold Gray* of Rithen,
And him enforſt my daughter to eſpouſe,
And ſo perforce I held him ſtill, and ſithen
In Wigmore land through battell rigorous,
I caught the right heire of the crowned houſe,
The Earle of March Sir *Edmund Mortimer*,
And in a dungeon kept him priſoner.

Then all the Marches longing vnto Wales,
By Seuerne Weſt I did inuade and burne:
Deſtroyed the townes in mountaines and in vales,
And rich in ſpoiles did homeward ſafe returne:
Was none ſo bold durſt once againſt me ſpurne.
Thus proſperouſly doth Fortune forward call,
Thoſe whom ſhe minds to giue the ſoreſt fall.

When fame had brought theſe tidings to the King,
(Although the Scots then vexed him right ſore)
A mightie armie 'gainſt me he did bring:
Whereof the French King being warn'd aſpre,
Who mortall hate againſt King *Henrie* bore,
To grieue our foe he quickly to me ſent
Twelue thouſand Frenchmen, vnto the fight all bent.

A

A part of them led by the Earle of March,
Lord *Iames* of Burbon, a renowned Knight,
Withheld by winds to Wales-ward forth to march,
Tooke land at Plimmouth priuily on night:
And when he had done all he durſt or might,
After that many of his men were ſlaine,
He ſtole to ſhip and ſailed home againe.

Twelue thouſand moe in Milford did arriue,
And came to me then lying at Denbigh:
With armed Welchmen thouſands double fiue,
With whom we went to Worceſter well nigh,
And there encampt vs on a mount on high,
T'abide the King, who ſhortly after came,
And pitched downe his field, hard by the ſame.

There eight daies long our hoſts lay face to face,
And neither others power durſt aſſaile:
But they ſo ſtopt the paſſages the ſpace,
That vitailes could not come to our auaile,
Where through conſtrain'd our hearts began to faile,
So that the Frenchmen ſhranke away by night,
And I with mine to'th mountaines took our flight.

The King purſued greatly to his coſt,
From hilles to woods, from woods to valleyes plaine:
And by the way his men and ſtuffe he loſt,
And when he ſaw he gained nought but paine,
He blew retreate and gate him home againe:
Then with my power I boldly came abroad,
Taken in my countrey for a very god.

Immediatly there fell a iolly iarre
Betweene the King and *Percies* worthie blouds,
Which grew at laſt vnto a deadly warre:
For like as drops engender mightie flouds,
And little ſeeds ſprout forth great leaues and buds;
Euen ſo ſmall ſtrifes, if they be ſuffered run,
Breed wrath and warre, and death or they be don.

The King would haue the ranſome of ſuch Scots
As theſe the *Percies* tane had in the field:
But ſee how ſtrongly Lucre knits her knots,
The King will haue, the *Percies* will not yeeld,
Deſire of goods ſome craues, but granteth ſeeld:
Oh curſed goods, deſire of you hath wrought
All wickednes, that hath or can bee thought.

The *Percies* deemd it meeter for the King,
To haue redeemd their Coſin *Mortimer*,
Who in his quarell all his power did bring
To fight with mee, that tooke him priſoner,
Than of their pray to rob his ſouldier:
And therefore will'd him ſee ſome meane were found,
To quite forth him whom I kept vily bound.

Becauſe the King miſliked their requeſt,
They came themſelues and did accord with mee,
Complaining how the Kingdome was oppreſt
By *Henries* rule: wherefore wee did agree
To plucke him downe, and part the Realme in three:
The north part theirs, Wales holy to be mine,
The reſt, to reſt to th'Earle of Marches line.

And for to ſet vs hereon more agog,
A Prophet came (a vengeance take them all)
Affirming *Henry* to be Gogmagog,
Whom *Merline* doth a Mouldwarpe euer call,
Accurſt of God that muſt be brought in thrall
By a Wolfe, a Dragon, and a Lion ſtrong,
Which ſhould diuide his Kingdome them among.

This crafty dreamer made vs three ſuch beaſts,
To thinke wee were the foreſaid beaſtes, indeed:
And for that cauſe our badges and our creaſts
Wee ſearched out, which ſcarſly well agreed:
Howbeit the Herolds apt at ſuch a need,
Drew downe ſuch iſſues from old anceſters,
As prou'd theſe enſignes to bee ſurely ours.

Yee crafty Welchmen, wherefore doe ye mocke,
The Noble men thus with your ſained rimes?
Ye Noble men, why flie yee not the flocke
Of ſuch as haue ſeduc'd ſo many times?
Falſe Propheſies are plagues for diuers crimes,
Which God doth let the diuelliſh ſort deuiſe,
To trouble ſuch as are not godly wiſe.

And that appeard by vs three beaſts indeed,
Through falſe perſwaſion highly borne in hand,
That in our feate we could not chuſe but ſpeed,
To kill the King and to enioy his Land:
For which exploit we bound our ſelues in band,
To ſtand contented ech man with his part,
So folly did aſſure our fooliſh hart.

But ſuch, they ſay, as fiſh before the net,
Shall ſeldome ſurfet of the pray they take:
Of things to come the haps bee ſo vnſet,
That none but fooles may warrant of them make:
The full aſſur'd ſucceſſe doth oft forſake.
For Fortune findeth none ſo fit to flout,
As careleſſe ſots, which caſt no kinde of doubt.

How ſaiſt thou *Henry Hotſpur*, doe I lie,
For thou right manly gau'ſt the King a field,
And there waſt ſlaine becauſe thou wouldſt not flie:
Thine vncle *Thomas Percy* forſt to yeeld,
Did caſt his head (a wonder ſeene but ſeeld)
From Shrewsbury towne to'th top of London Bridge,
Loe thus fond hope did both their liues abridge,

When *Henry* this great victory had wonne,
Deſtroid the *Percies*, put their power to flight,
He did appoint Prince *Henry* his eldeſt ſonne,
With all his power to meete me if he might:
But I diſcomfit through my partners fight,
Had not the heart to meete him face to face,
But fled away, and he purſu'd the chaſe.

Now *Baldwine* marke, for I cald Prince of Wales,
And made beleeue I ſhould be he indeed,
Was made to fly among the hilles and dales,
Where all my men forſooke me at my need.
Who truſteth loiterers ſeeld hath luckly ſpeed:
And when the Captaines courage doth him faile,
His ſouldiers harts a little thing may quaile.

And ſo Prince *Henry* chaſed me, that loe
I found no place wherein I might abide:
For as the dogges purſue the ſilly Doe,
The brache behinde, the houndes on euery ſide,
So traſte they me among the mountaines wide:
Whereby I found I was the hartles hare,
And not the beaſt the prophet did declare.

And at the laſt: like as the little roach,
Muſt elſe be eat, or leape vpon the ſhore
When as the hungry pickerell doth approach,
And there find death which it eſcapt before:
So double death aſſaulted me ſo ſore
That either I muſt vnto mine enmy yeeld,
Or ſtarue for hunger in the barraine feeld.

Here ſhame and paine a while were at a ſtrife,
Paine bad me yeeld, ſhame bad me rather faſt:
The one bad ſpare, the other bad ſpend my life,
But ſhame (ſhame haue it) ouercame at laſt.
Then hunger gnew, that doth the ſtone wall braſt,
And made me eate both grauel, durt, and mud,
And laſt of all, my dung, my fleſh, and bloud.

This was mine end too horrible to heare,
Yet good enough for life that was ſo ill,
Whereby O *Baldwine* warne all men to beare
Their youth ſuch loue, to bring them vp in skill.
Bid Princes fly falſe prophets lying bill,
And not preſume to climbe aboue their ſtates:
For they bee faults that foile men, not their fates.

Th. Phaer.

HOW HENRY PERCY Earle of NORTHVMBERLAND, was for his couetous and traiterous *attempt put to death at Yorke,* *Anno* 1407.

O Morall *Senec* true finde I thy ſaying,
That neither kinne, riches, ſtrength, or fauour
Are free from Fortune, but are aie decaying:
No worldly wealth is ought ſaue doubtfull labour,
Mans life in Earth is like vnto a tabour,
Which now to mirth doth mildly men prouoke
And ſtraight to warre, with a more ſturdy ſtroke.

All this full true I *Percy* finde by proofe,
Which whilom was Earle of Northumberland.
And therefore *Baldwine* for our peeres behoofe,
To note mens falles ſith thou haſt tane in hand,
I would thou ſhould my ſtate well vnderſtand:
For few there were that were ſo much redoubted,
Whom double Fortune lifted vp and louted.

As for my kinne their nobleneſſe is knowen,
My valiant acts were folly for to praiſe,
Where through our foes ſo oft were ouerthrowen,
That who but I was doubted in my daies:
And that King *Richard* found at all aſſaies?
For neuer foes rebelled in his raigne,
But through my force were either caught or ſlaine.

A brother I had was Earle of Worceſter,
Alwaies in office and fauour with the King,
And by my wife Dame *Elenor Mortimer*,
A ſonne I had which ſo the foes did ſting,
That being yong, and but a very ſpring,
Henry Hotſpur they gaue him vnto name,
And though I ſay it, he did deſerue the ſame.

Were

We three triumphed in King *Richards* time,
Till Fortune ought both him and vs a ſpite:
But chiefly mee, whom cleere from any crime,
My King did baniſh from his fauour quite,
Proclaiming mee a moſt diſloyall Knight:
Where through falſe ſlander forced mee to bee,
That which before I did moſt deadly flee.

Let men beware, how they true folke defame,
Or threaten on them the blame of vices nought,
For infamy breedeth wrath, wreke followeth ſhame:
Eke open ſlander often times hath brought
That to effect, that erſt was neuer thought.
To bee miſdeem'd men ſuffer in a ſort,
But none can beare the griefe of miſreport.

Becauſe my King did ſhame mee wrongfully,
I hated him and ſoone became his foe:
And while he did at warre in Ireland lie,
I did conſpire to turne his weale to woe:
And through the Duke of Yorke and other moe,
All royall power from him wee quickly tooke,
And gaue the ſame to *Henry Bolenbrooke.*

Neither did we this onely for this cauſe,
But to ſay truth, force draue vs to the ſame:
For he deſpiſing God and all his lawes,
Slew whom hee would, made ſinne a very game:
And ſeeing nor age nor conſell could him tame,
We thought it well done for the Kingdomes ſake,
To leaue his rule, that did all rule forſake.

But when Sir *Henry* had attaind his place,
Hee ſtraight became in all points worſe then he,
Deſtroied the Peeres, and ſlew King *Richards* grace,
Againſt his oth made to the Lords and me.
And ſeeking quarrels how to diſagree,
He ſhameleſly requir'd me and my ſonne
To yeeld him foes which we in field had wonne.

My nephew alſo *Edmund Mortimer*,
The very heire apparent to the crowne,
Whom *Owen Glendour* held as priſoner,
With chaines faſt bound in dungeon deepe caſt downe,
He would not ranſome, but did felly frowne,
  'Gainſt *Mortimer* and me which for him ſpake,
  And him proclaimed traytour for our ſake.

Thus foule deſpite did cauſe vs to conſpire,
To put him downe, as we did *Richard* erſt,
And that we might this matter ſet on fire,
From *Owens* Iaile, our coſin we remerſt,
And vnto *Glendour* all our griefes rehearſt,
  Who made a bond with *Mortimer* and mee,
  To priue the King and part the Realme in three.

But when King *Henrie* heard of this deuice,
To *Owen Glendour* he ſped him very quicke,
Minding by force to ſtop our enterpriſe:
And as the diuell would, then fell I ſicke,
Howbeit my brother and ſonne more politicke
  Then proſperous, with an hoſt from Scotland brought,
  Encountred him at Shrewesbury where they fought.

The one was tane and kill'd, the other ſlaine,
And ſhortly after was *Owen* put to flight:
By meanes whereof I forced was to faine,
That I knew nothing of the former fight.
Fraud oft auailes more then doth ſturdie might:
  For by my faining I brought him in beliefe,
  I knew not that wherein my part was chiefe.

And while the King thus tooke me for his friend,
I ſought all meanes my former wrong to wreake,
Which that I might bring to the ſooner end,
To the Biſhop of Yorke I did the matter breake,
And to th'Earle Marſhall likewiſe did I ſpeake,
  Whoſe father was through *Henries* cauſe exiled,
  The Biſhops brother with trayterous death defiled.

Theſe ſtraight aſſented to do what they could,
So did the Lord *Haſtings*, and Lord *Fauconbridge*:
Which altogether promiſed they would
Set all their power the Kings daies to abridge.
But ſee the ſpite, before the birds were flidge
The King had word, and ſeaſed on the neſt,
Whereby alas my friends were all oppreſt.

The bloodie tyrant brought them all to end,
Excepted me, which into Scotland fled,
To George of Dunbar th'Earle of March, my friend,
Who in my cauſe with many more made head:
And when on hope of greater aid I fed,
Both at the Frenchmen and the Flemmings hand,
And could get none, I tooke ſuch as I fand.

And with the helpe of *George* my very friend,
I did inuade Northumberland full bold,
Whereas the folke drew to me ſtill on end,
Bent to death my partie to vphold:
Through helpe of theſe, full many a fort and hold,
The which the King right manfully had man'd,
I eaſely wonne, and ſeaſed in my hand.

Not ſo content (for vengeance draue me on)
I entred Yorkſhire, there to waſte and ſpoile:
But ere I had far in the countrie gone
The Shiriffe thereof, *Raph Rokesbie* did aſſoile
My troubled hoſt of much part of our toile:
For he aſſaulting freſhly tooke through power,
Me and Lord *Bardolph* both at Bramham moore.

And thence conueyed vs to the towne of Yorke,
Vntill he knew what was the Kings intent:
There loe Lord *Bardolph* kinder then the Storke,
Did loſe his head, which was to London ſent,
With whom for friendſhip mine in like caſe went:
This was my hap, my fortune, or my faut,
This life I led and thus I came to naught.

Wherefore good *Baldwine* will the Peeres take heed
Of ſlander, malice, and conſpiracie,
Of couetiſe, whence all the reſt proceed:
For couetiſe ioynt with contumacie,
Doth cauſe all miſchiefe in mens hearts to breed.
  And therefore this to eſperance my word,
  Who cauſeth bloodſhed ſhall not ſcape the ſword.

HOW RICHARD PLANTAGENET EARLE OF CAMBRIDGE INTENding the Kings deſtruction, was put to death at *Southhampton, Anno Dom.* 1415.

Haſte maketh waſte, hath commonly been ſaid,
And ſecret miſchiefe ſelde hath luckie ſpeed:
A murdering mind with proper poyze is way'd,
All this is true, I find it in my creed.
And therefore *Baldwine* warne all ſtates take heed,
  How they conſpire another to betrap,
  Leſt miſchiefe ment, light in the miners lap.

For I Lord *Richard* heire *Plantagenet*
Was Earle of Cambridge and right fortunate,
If I had had the grace my wit to ſet,
To haue content me with mine owne eſtate:
But O falſe honors, breeders of debate,
  The loue of you our leaud hearts doth allure,
  To loſe our ſelues by ſeeking you vnſure.

Becauſe my brother *Edmund Mortimer*
Whoſe eldeſt ſiſter was my wedded wife,
I meane that *Edmund* that was priſoner
In Wales ſo long, through *Owens* buſie ſtrife,
Becauſe I ſay that after *Edmunds* life,
  His rights and titles muſt by law be mine,
  For he ne had, nor could encreaſe his line,

Becauſe the right of Realme and Crowne was ours,
I ſearched meanes to helpe him thereunto:
And where the *Henries* held it by their powers,
I ſought a ſhift their tenures to vndoe,
Which being force, ſith force or ſleight muſt doe,
I void of might, becauſe their power was ſtrong,
Set priuie ſleight againſt their open wrong.

But ſith the death of moſt part of my kin
Did daſh my hope, throughout the fathers daies
I let it ſlip, and thought it beſt begin,
When as the ſonne ſhould dread leaſt ſuch aſſayes:
For force through ſpeed, ſleight ſpeedeth through delayes,
And ſeeld doth treaſon time ſo fitly find,
As when all dangers moſt be out of mind.

Wherefore while *Henrie* of that name the fiſt,
Prepar'd his armie to go conquer France,
Lord *Scroope* and I thought to attempt a driſt
To put him downe, my brother to aduance:
But wer't Gods will, my lucke or his good chance,
The King wiſt wholly whereabout we went,
The night before to ſhipward he him bent.

Then were we ſtraight as traytours apprehended,
Our purpoſe ſpi'd, the cauſe thereof was hid,
And therefore loe a falſe cauſe we pretended,
Where through my brother was from danger rid:
We ſaid for hire of French Kings coine, we did
Behight to kill the King: and thus with ſhame
We ſtain'd our ſelues, to ſaue our friend from blame.

When we had thus confeſt ſo foule a treaſon,
That we deſeru'd, we ſuffered by the law.
See *Baldwine*, ſee, and note as it is reaſon
How wicked deeds to wofull ends do draw.
All force doth faile, no craft is worth a ſtraw
To attaine things loſt, and therefore let them go,
For might rules right, and will though truth ſay no.

W. Baldwine.

HOW

HOW THOMAS MONTAGVE EARLE OF SALISBVrie in the middeſt of his glorie, was chanceably *ſlaine at Orleaunce with a piece of Ordinance, the third of Nouember, Anno Dom.* 1428.

WHat fooles be we to truſt vnto our ſtrength,
Our wit, our courage, or our noble fame,
Which time it ſelfe muſt needs deuour at length,
Though froward Fortune could not foile the ſame?
But ſeeing this Goddeſſe guideth all the game,
Which ſtill to change doth ſet her only luſt,
Why toile we ſo for things ſo hard to truſt?

A goodly thing we deeme of good report,
Which noble hearts do ſeeke by courſe of kind:
But ſeeing the date ſo doubtfull and ſo ſhort,
The way ſo rough whereby we do it find,
I cannot chuſe but praiſe the Princely mind,
That preaſeth for it, though we find oppreſt,
By foule defame, thoſe that deſerue it beſt.

Concerning whom, marke, *Baldwine*, what I ſay,
I meane the vertuous hindred of their brute,
Among which number recken well I may
My valiant father *Iohn* Lord *Montacute*,
Who loſt his life I iudge through iuſt purſute,
I ſay the cauſe and not the caſuall ſpeed
Is to be waighed, in euery kind of deed.

This rule obſeru'd, how many ſhall we find
For vertues ſake with infamie oppreſt?
How ſome againe through helpe of Fortune blind,
For ill attempts atchieu'd, with honor bleſt?
Succeſſe is worſt oft times when cauſe is beſt:
Therefore ſay I: God ſend them ſory haps,
That iudge the cauſes by their afterclaps.

The end indeed is Iudge of euery thing,
Which is the cauſe or latter point of time:
The firſt true verdict at the firſt may bring,
The laſt is ſlow, or ſlipper as the ſlime,
Oft changing names of innocence and crime.
Duke *Thomas* death was Iuſtice two yeares long,
And euer ſince, ſore tyrannie and wrong.

Wherefore I pray thee, *Baldwine*, weigh the cauſe,
And praiſe my father as he doth deſerue:
Becauſe Earle *Henry*, King againſt all lawes,
Endeuoured King *Richard* for to ſtarue
In iayle, wherby the regall Crowne might ſwarue
Out of the line to which it then was due,
(Whereby God knowes what euill might enſue.)

My Lord *Iohn Holland* Duke of Exceſter,
Which was deare coſin to this wretched King,
Did moue my Sire, and th'Earle of Gloceſter,
With other Lords to ponder well the thing:
Who ſeeing the miſchiefe that began to ſpring,
Did all conſent this *Henry* to depoſe,
And to reſtore King *Richard* to the Roſe.

And while they did deuiſe a prety traine,
Whereby to bring their purpoſe well about,
Which was in maske this *Henry* to haue ſlaine,
The Duke of Aumerle blew their counſaile out:
Yet was their purpoſe good, there is no doubt.
What cauſe can be more worthy for a Knight,
Than ſaue his King, and helpe true heires to right?

For this with them my father was deſtroid,
And buried in the dunghill of defame.
Thus euill chance, their glory did auoid,
Whereas their cauſe doth claime eternall fame.
When deeds therefore vnluckily doe frame,
Men ought not iudge the authors to be naught,
For right through might is often ouerraught.

And God doth ſuffer that it ſhould be ſo,
But why, my wit is feeble to deciſe,
Except it be to heape vp wrath and wo
On wicked heads that iniuries deuiſe.
The cauſe why miſchiefs many times ariſe,
  And light on them that would mens wrongs redreſſe,
  Is for the rancour that they beare I geſſe.

God hateth rigour though it further right,
For ſinne is ſinne, how euer it be vſed:
And therefore ſuffereth ſhame and death to light,
To puniſh vice, though it bee well abuſed.
Who furthereth right is not therby excuſed,
  If through the ſame he doe ſome other wrong:
  To euery vice due guerdon doth belong.

What preach I now? I am a man of warre,
And that my lims I dare ſay doth profeſſe,
Of cured wounds beſet with many a skarre,
My broken iaw vnheald can ſay no leſſe.
O Fortune, Fortune cauſe of all diſtreſſe,
  My father had great cauſe thy fraud to curſe,
  But much more I, abuſed ten times worſe.

Thou neuer flatteredſt him in all thy life,
But me thou dandledſt like thy darling deare:
Thy gifts I found in euery corner rife,
Where ere I went I met thy ſmiling cheare:
Which was not for a day or for a yeare,
  But through the raigne of three right worthy Kings,
  I found thee forward in all kind of things.

The while King *Henry* conquered in France
I ſued the warres and ſtill found victory,
In all aſſaults, ſo happy was my chance,
Holds yeeld or won did make my enemies ſory:
Dame *Prudence* eke augmented ſo my glory,
  That in all treaties euer I was one,
  When weighty matters were agreed vpon.

But when this King this mightie conquerour,
Through death vnripe was both his Realmes bereft,
His ſilly infant did receiue his power,
Poore little babe full yong in cradle left,
Where Crowne and Scepter hurt him with the heft,
Whoſe worthie vncles had the gouernance,
The one at home, the other abroad in France.

And I which was in peace and warre well skilled,
With both theſe Rulers greatly was eſteemed:
Bare rule at home as often as they willed,
And fought in France when they it needfull deemed,
And euery where ſo good my ſeruice ſeemed,
That Engliſh men to me great loue did beare,
Our foes the French, my force fulfill'd with feare.

I alwaies thought it fitly for a Prince,
And ſuch as haue the regiment of Realmes,
His ſubiects hearts with mildnes to conuince,
With Iuſtice mixt, auoiding all extreames.
For like as *Phœbus* with his cheerefull beames,
Doth freſhly force the fragrant flowres to floriſh,
So rulers mildneſſe ſubiects loue doth noriſh.

This found I true: for through my milde behauiour,
Their hearts I had with me to liue and die,
And in their ſpeech bewrayer of their fauour,
They call'd me ſtill good Earle of Saliſburie,
The Lords confeſſe the Commons did not lie.
For vertuous life, free heart, and lowly mind,
With high and low ſhall alwaies fauour find.

Which vertues, chiefe become a man of warre,
Whereof in France I found experience:
For in aſſaults due mildnes paſſeth farre
All rigour, force, and ſturdie violence:
For men will ſtoutly ſticke to their defence,
When cruell Captaines couet after ſpoile,
And ſo enforſt, oft giue their foes the foile.

But when they know they ſhall be friendly vſed,
They hazard not their heads but rather yeeld:
For this my offers neuer were refuſed
Of any towne, or ſurely very ſeeld.
But force and furies fit be for the field,
  And there indeed I vſed ſo the ſame,
  My foes would flie if they but heard my name.

For when Lord *Steward* and Earle *Vantadore*
Had cruelly beſieged Crauant towne,
Which he had won, and kept long time before,
Which lieth in Awxer on the Riuer Youne,
To raiſe the ſiege the Regent ſent me downe:
  Whereas I vſde all rigour that I might,
  I killed all that were not ſau'd by flight.

When th'Earle of Bedford then in France Lord Regent
Knew in what ſort I had remoued the ſiege,
In Brye and Champaine he made me Vicegerent,
And Lieutenant for him and for my Liege:
Which cauſde me go to Brye, and there beſiege
  Mountaguillon with twentie weekes aſſaut,
  Which at the laſt was yeelded me for naught.

And for the Duke of Britaines brother *Arthur*,
Both Earle of Richmond and of Yuerie,
Againſt his oath from vs had made departure,
To *Charles* the Dolphin our chiefe enemie,
I with the Regent went to Normandie,
  To take his towne of Yuerie, which of ſpight,
  Did to vs daily all the harme they might.

They at the firſt compounded by a day
To yeeld, if reſcues did not come before,
And while in hope to fight, we at it lay,
The Dolphin gathered men two thouſand ſcore,
With Earles, with Lords and Captaines iolly ſtore:
  Of which the Duke of Alanſon was guide,
  And ſent them downe to ſee if we would bide,

But they left vs, and downe to Vernoile went,
And made their vaunt they had our armie ſlaine,
And through that lie, that towne from vs they hent,
Which ſhortly after turned to their paine:
For there both armies met vpon the plaine:
  And we eight thouſand whom they ſlew before,
  Did kill of them, ten thouſand men and more.

When we had taken Vernoile thus againe,
To driue the treacherous Dolphin out of France,
The Regent ſent me t'Aniow and to Mayne,
Where I beſieg'd the warlike towne of Mawns.
There Lord of Toyſers, *Baldwins* valiance
  Did well appeare, which would not yeeld the towne,
  Till all the Towres and walles were battered downe.

But heere now *Baldwine*, take it in good part,
Though that I brought this *Baldwine* there to yeeld,
The Lion fierce for all his noble heart,
Being ouermatch'd, is forſt to flie the field.
If *Mars* himſelfe there had been with his ſhield,
  And in my ſtormes had ſtoutly me withſtood,
  He ſhould haue yeeld, or elſe haue ſhed my blood.

This worthie Knight both hardie, ſtout, and wiſe,
Wrought well his feat: as time and place require,
When Fortune failes, it is the beſt aduiſe
To ſtrike the ſaile leſt all lie in the mire.
This haue I ſaid to th'end thou take no ire,
  For though no cauſe be found, ſo nature frames,
  Men haue a zeale to ſuch as beare their names.

But to returne, in Mayne wan I at length,
Such townes and ſorts as might or helpe or hurt,
I manned *Mayne*, and *Suzans* towne of ſtrength,
Fort *Barnard, Thanceaur*, and S. *Cales* the curt,
With *Lile ſues Bolton*, ſtanding in the durt:
  Eke *Gwerland, Suze, Loupeland* and *Mountſure*,
  With *Malycorne*, theſe wan I and kept full ſure.

Beſides all this I tooke neere fortie holds,
But thoſe I raced euen with the ground:
And for theſe deeds, as ſillie ſheepe in folds
Do ſhrinke for feare at euery little ſound,
So fled my foes before my face full round:
  Was none ſo hardie durſt abide the fight,
  So *Mars* and Fortune furthered me their Knight.

I tell no lie, ſo gaſtfull grew my name,
That it alone diſcomfited an hoſt:
The boldeſt Frenchmen well confeſſe the ſame,
Elſe will the towne which they like cowards loſt.
For when they ſieged Beauron with great boaſt,
  Being fortie thouſand well arm'd in field,
  Fiue hundred men enforced them to yeeld.

For while the Frenchmen freſh aſſaulted ſtill,
Our Engliſhmen came boldly forth at night,
Crying Saint *George*, *Saliſbury*, kill, kill,
And offered freſhly with their foes to fight,
And they as Frenchly tooke themſelues to flight.
  Suppoſing ſurely that I had been there,
  See how my name did put them all in feare.

Thus was the Dolphins power diſcomfited,
Foure thouſand ſlaine, their Campe tane as it ſtood,
Whereby our towne and ſouldiers profited,
For there were vitailes plentifull and good:
This while was I in England by the rood,
  T'appeaſe a ſtrife that was right foule befall,
  Betweene Duke *Humfrey* and the Cardinall.

The Duke of Exeter ſoone after died,
Which of the King at home had gouernance,
Whoſe roome the Earle of Warwicke then ſupplied,
And I tooke his and ſped me into France.
Where in good hope to conquer Orliance,
  With much adoe I got the Regents aid,
  And marched forth, and ſiege about it laid.

But in the way I tooke the towne of Yaine,
Where murdered were for ſtoutnes many a man:
But Baugencey I tooke with little paine,
For which to ſhew them fauour I began:
This cauſde the townes of Mewne and Iargeman,
  That ſtood on Loyer, to profer me the keyes,
  Ere I came neere them, welnigh by two daies.

See heere how Fortune froward can allure,
What baits ſhe layeth to bring men to their ends:
Who hauing hap like this, but hopeth ſure,
To bring to bale what euer he entends?
But ſoone is ſower the ſweet that Fortune ſends:
  When hope and hap, when health and wealth is higheſt,
  Then woe and wracke, diſeaſe, and need be nigheſt.

For while I, ſuing this ſo good ſucceſſe,
Laid ſiege to Orliaunce on the Riuer ſide,
The Baſtard (Cuckold *Cawnies* ſonne I geſſe,
Tho thought the Dukes) who had the towne in guide
Came fiercely forth, when he his time eſpi'd,
  To raiſe the ſiege, but was bet backe againe,
  And hard purſued both to his loſſe and paine.

For there we wan the Bulwarke on the bridge,
With a mightie tower ſtanding faſt thereby.
Ah curſed tower that didſt my daies abridge,
Would God thou had'ſt been further either I:
For in this tower a chamber ſtands on hie,
  From which a man may view through all the towne
  By certaine windowes iron grated downe.

Where on a day, now *Baldwine* note mine end,
I ſtood in viewing where the towne was weake,
And as I buſily talked with my friend,
Shot from the towne, which all the grate did breake,
A pellet came and droue a mightie fleake
  Againſt my face, and tare away my cheeke,
  For paine whereof I died within a weeke.

See *Baldwine*, ſee the moſt vncertaine glorie,
How ſudden miſchiefe daſheth all to duſt,
And warne all Princes by my broken ſtorie,
The happieſt fortune chiefly to miſtruſt.
Was neuer man that alway had his luſt:
Then mortall fooles, in fancie more then mad,
Which hope to haue that neuer any had.

W. Baldwine.

HOW DAME ELEANOR COBHAM DVCHESSE OF GLOCESTER, FOR PRACtiſing of Witchcraft and Sorcery, ſuffred open penance, *and after was baniſhed the Realme into the Ile of Man.*

If a poore Ladie damned in exile
Amongſt Princes may be allowed place,
Then gentle *Baldwine* ſtay thy pen a while,
And of pure pitie ponder well my caſe,
How I a Ducheſſe, deſtitute of grace
Haue found by proofe, as many haue and ſhall
The prouerbe true, that pride will haue a fall.

A noble Prince extract of royall blood,
Humfrey ſometime protector of this Land
Of Gloceſter Duke, for vertue call'd (the good)
When I but baſe beneath his ſtate did ſtand,
Vouchſaft with me to ioyne in wedlockes band,
Hauing in Court no name of high degree,
But *Eleanor Cobham* as parents left to mee.

And though by blith of noble race I was,
Of Baron's blood, yet was I thought vnfit,
So high to match, yet ſo it came to paſſe,
Whether by grace, good fortune, or by wit,
Dame *Venus* lures ſo in mine eyes did ſit,
As this great Prince without reſpect of ſtate,
Did worthie me to be his wedded mate.

His wife I was, and he my true husband,
Though for a while he had the company
Of Lady *Iaquet* Dutcheſſe of Holland,
Being an heire of ample patrimony,
But that fell out to be no matrimonie:
For after warre, long ſute in law and ſtrife,
She proued was the Duke of Brabants wife.

Thus of a Damſell Dutcheſſe I became,
My ſtate and place aduanced next the Queene,
Whereby me thought I felt no ground but ſwam,
For in the Court mine equall was not ſeene,
And ſo poſſeſt with pleaſure of the ſpleene,
The ſparkes of pride ſo kindled in my breſt,
As I in Court would ſhine aboue the reſt.

Such gifts of nature God in me had graft
Of ſhape and forme, with other graces mo,
That by the ſhot of *Cupids* fiery ſhaft,
Which to the heart of this great Prince did go,
This mightie Duke with loue was kindled ſo,
As he abaſing th'height of his degree,
Set his whole heart, to loue and honor mee.

Grudge whoſo would, to him I was moſt deere,
Aboue all Dames aduanced in degree,
(The Queene except) no Princeſſe was my peere,
But gaue me place, and Lords with cap and knee
Did all honor and reuerence vnto mee.
Thus hoiſted high vpon the rolling wheele,
I ſate ſo ſure, me though I could not reele.

And weening leaſt that Fortune hath a turne,
I look'd aloft, and would not looke alow,
The brands of pride ſo in my breſt did burne
As the hot ſparkes, burſt forth in open ſhow,
And more and more the fire began to glow
Without quenching, and daily did encreaſe,
Till Fortunes blaſts with ſhame did make it ceaſe.

For (as tis ſaid) pride paſſeth on afore,
And ſhame followes, for iuſt reward and meed:
Would God Ladies, both now and euermore,
Of my hard hap, which ſhall the ſtorie reede,
Would beare in mind, and truſt it as their Creed,
That pride of heart is a moſt hatefull vice,
And lowlineſſe, a pearle of paſſing price:

Namely in Queenes, and Ladies of eſtate,
Within whoſe minds all meekenes ſhould abound,
Since high diſdaine doth alwaies purchaſe hate,
Being a vice, that moſt part doth redound
To their reproch, in whom the ſame is found,
And ſeldome gets good fauour or good fame,
But is at laſt knit vp with worldly ſhame.

The proofe whereof I found moſt true indeed,
That pride afore, hath ſhame to wait behind.
Let no man doubt, in whom this vice doth breed,
But ſhame for pride by iuſtice is aſſign'd,
Which I well found, for truly in my mind
Was neuer none, whom pride did more enflame,
Nor neuer none receiued greater ſhame.

For not content to be a Dutcheſſe great,
I longed ſore to beare the name of Queene,
Aſpiring ſtill vnto an higher ſeat,
And with that hope my ſelfe did ouerweene,
Since there was none, which that time was betweene
Henrie the King, and my good Duke his Eame
Heire to the crowne and kingdome of this Realme.

So neare to be, was cauſe of my vaine hope
And long await when this faire hap would fall;
My ſtudies all were tending to that ſcope,
Alas, the while to counſell I did call
Such as would ſeeme, by skill coniecturall
Of art Magique and wicked Sorcerie,
For to diuine the Princes deſtinie.

Among which ſort of thoſe that bare moſt fame
There was a Beldame call'd the Witch of Ey,
Old mother *Madge* her neighbours did her name,
Which wrought wonders in countries by here-ſay,
Furies and feends her charming would obay.
  And dead corps from graue ſhe could vpreare,
  Such an Inchantreſſe that time had no peere.

Two Prieſts alſo, the one hight *Bolenbroke*,
The other *Sathwel*, Clerkes in coniuration,
Theſe two Chaplaines were they that vndertooke
To caſt and calke the Kings true conſtellation,
And then to iudge by deepeſt diuination
  Of things to come, and who ſhould next ſucceed
  To Englands Crowne, all this was true indeed.

And further ſure they neuer did proceed,
Though I confeſſe that this attempt was ill,
But for my part, for any thing in deed
Wrought or elſe thought, by any kind of skill,
God is my iudge I neuer had the will,
  By any inchantment, Sorcerie, or charme,
  Or otherwiſe, to worke my Princes harme.

Yet neretheleſſe, when this caſe came to light,
By ſecret ſpies to *Caiphas* our Cardinall,
Who long in heart had borne a priuie ſpight
To my good Duke his nephew naturall,
Glad of the chance ſo fitly forth to fall,
  His long hid hate, with Iuſtice to color,
  Vſed this caſe with moſt extreame rigor,

And cauſed me with my complices all,
To be cited by proceſſe peremptorie,
Before Iudges, in place Iudiciall,
Whereas *Caiphas*, ſitting in his glorie,
Would not allow my anſwere dilatorie,
  Ne Doctor or Proctor to alledge the lawes,
  But forced me to plead in mine owne cauſe.

The Kings counſell were called to the caſe,
(My huſband then ſhut out for the ſeaſon)
In whoſe abſence I found but little grace,
For Lawyers turned our offence to treaſon:
And ſo with rigor, without ruth or reaſon,
  Sentence was giuen, that I for the ſame
  Should doe penance, and ſuffer open ſhame.

Nay the like ſhame had neuer wight I weene,
Duches, Lady, ne Damſel of degree,
As I that was a Princeſſe, next the Queene,
Wife to a Prince, and none ſo great as hee,
A Kings vncle, Protector of his countrey,
  With Taper burning, ſhrouded in a ſheete
  Three dayes a row, to paſſe the open ſtreete,

Barelegd, and bare foote, to all the worlds wonder,
Yea, and as though ſuch ſhame did not ſuffiſe,
With more deſpite then to part aſunder
Me and my Duke, which Traitors did deuiſe
By Statute lawe, in moſt vnlawfull wiſe,
  Firſt ſending me with ſhame into exile,
  Then murdring him by trechery and guile.

Yea and beſides this cruell baniſhment
Far from all friends to comfort mee in care,
And huſbands death, there was by Parliament
Ordaind for me a meſſe of courſer fare.
For they to bring me to beggers ſtate moſt bare,
  By the ſame act from mee did then withdraw
  Such right of dower, as widowes haue by law.

Death (as t'is ſaid) doth ſet all things at reſt,
Which fell not ſo in mine vnhappy caſe:
For ſince my death, mine enmies made a Ieſt
In minſtrels rimes, mine honour to deface.
And then to bring my name in more diſgrace,
  A ſong was made in manner of a laie,
  Which old wiues ſing of mee vnto this day.

Yet with theſe ſpites their malice could not end,
For ſhortly after, my ſorowes to renue,
My loiall Lord, which neuer did offend,
VVas cald in haſte, the cauſe he litle knew,
To a Parlement, without ſommons due,
VVhereas his death was cruelly contriued,
And I his wife of earthly ioyes depriued.

For all the while my Duke had life and breath,
So long I ſtood in hope of my reſtore:
But when I heard of his moſt cauſles death,
Then the beſt ſalue for my recureles ſore
VVas to deſpaire of cure for euermore,
And as I could, my carefull heart to cure
VVith patience, moſt painfull to endure.

O Traitors fell, which in your hearts could find,
Like feends of hell, the guiltles to betray,
But ye chiefly his kinſmen moſt vnkind,
VVhich gaue conſent to make him ſo away,
That vnto God, with all my heart I pray,
Vengeance may light on him that cauſed all,
Beaufort I meane, that curſed Cardinall.

VVhich baſtard Prieſt of th'houſe of Lancaſter,
Sonne to Duke *Iohn*, ſurnamed *Iohn* of *Gaunt*,
VVas firſt create Biſhop of VVincheſter,
For no learning whereof he might well vaunt,
Ne for vertue, which he did neuer haunt,
But for his Gold and ſummes that were not ſmall
Paid to the Pope, was made a Cardinall.

Proud Lucifer, which from the heauens on high
Downe to the pit of hell below was caſt,
And being once an Angell bright in sky,
For his pride in hell is chained faſt
In deepe darkenes that euermore ſhall laſt,
More haut of heart was not before his fall,
Then was this proud and pompous Cardinall:

VVhoſe life, good *Baldwine*, paint out in his pickle,
Aand blaſe this *Baal* and Belligod moſt blind,
An hypocrite,all faithles, falſe and fickle,
A wicked wretch, a kinſman moſt vnkind,
A Diuell incarnate, all diuelliſhly enclind,
And (to diſcharge my conſcience all at once)
The Diuell him gnaw both body, bloud and bones.

The ſpitefull Prieſt would needes make me a VVitch,
As would to God I had been for his ſake,
I would haue clawd him where he did not itch,
I would haue plaid the Lady of the Lake,
And as *Merline* was, cloſde him in a brake,
Ye a Meridian to lull him by day light,
And a night mare to ride on him by night.

The fiery feends with feuers hot and frenzy,
The Airy hegges with ſtench and carren ſauoures,
The watry ghoſts with gowtes and with dropſy,
The earthly Goblines,with Aches at all houres,
Furies and Fairies, with all infernall powers
I would haue ſtird from the darke dungeon
Of hell Centre, as deepe as Demagorgon.

Or had I now the skill of dame *Erichto*,
Whoſe dreadfull charmes (as *Lucan* doth expreſſe)
All feends did feare, ſo far forth as Prince *Pluto*
VVas at her call for dread of more diſtreſſe,
Then would I ſend of helhownds more and leſſe
A legion at leaſt, at him to cry and yell,
And with that charme,herrie him downe to hell.

VVhich need not, for ſure I thinke that he
VVho here in earth leades *Epicurus* life,
As farre from God as poſſible may be,
VVith whom all ſinne and vices are moſt rife,
Vſing at will both widow, maid,and wife,
But that ſome Diuell his body doth poſſeſſe,
His life is ſuch, as men can iudge no leſſe.

And God forgiue my wrath and wreakefull mind,
Such is my hate to that moſt wicked wretch,
Die when he ſhall, in heart I could well finde
Out of the graue his corps againe to fetch,
And racke his limmes as long as they would ſtretch,
And take delight to liſten euery day
How he could ſing a maſſe of welaway.

The Ile of Man was the appointed place
To penance me for euer in exile,
Thither in haſte they poſted me apace,
And doubting ſcape, they pind me in a Pile
Cloſe by my ſelfe in care, alas the while
There felt I firſt poore priſoners hungry fare,
Much want, things skant, and ſtone walles hard and bare.

The change was ſtrange, from ſilke and cloth of gold
To rugged frize my carcas for to cloath,
From Princes fare, and dainties hot and cold,
To rotten fiſh, and meates that one would loath,
The diet and dreſſing were much alike boath,
Bedding and lodging were all alike fine,
Such Downe it was as ſerued well for ſwine.

Neither doe I mine owne caſe thus complaine,
Which I confeſſe came partly by deſert:
The only cauſe which doubleth all my paine,
And which moſt neere goeth now vnto my heart,
Is that my fault did finally reuert
To him that was leaſt guilty of the ſame,
Whoſe death it was, though I abode the ſhame.

VVhoſe fatall fall when I doe call to minde,
And how by me his miſchiefe firſt began,
So oft I cry on Fortune moſt vnkinde,
And my miſhap moſt vtterly doe banne,
That euer I to ſuch a noble man,
Who from my crime was innocent and cleare,
Should be a cauſe to buy his loue ſo deare.

Oh to my heart how grieuous is the wound,
Calling to mind this diſmall deadly caſe:
I would I had been doluen vnder ground
When he firſt ſaw or looked on my face,
Or tooke delight in any kind of grace
  Seeming in me, that him did ſtir or moue
  To fancie me, or ſet his heart to loue.

Farewell Greenewich my Palace of delight,
Where I was wont to ſee the Chriſtall ſtreames
Of royall Thames, moſt pleaſant to my ſight:
And farewell Kent, right famous in all Realmes,
A thouſand times I mind you in my dreames,
  And when I wake moſt griefe it is to mee,
  That neuer more againe I ſhall you ſee.

In the night time when I ſhould take my reſt
I weepe, I waile, I wet my bed with teares,
And when dead ſleepe my ſpirits hath oppreſt,
Troubled with dreames I fantaſie vaine feares,
Mine husbands voice then ringeth at mine eares
  Crying for helpe, O ſaue me from the death,
  Theſe villaines heere do ſeeke to ſtop my breath.

Yea and ſometimes me thinkes his drerie ghoſt
Appeares in ſight, and ſhewes me in what wiſe
Thoſe fell tyrants with torments had emboſt
His winde and breath, to abuſe peoples eyes,
So as no doubt or queſtion ſhould ariſe
  Among rude folke which little vnderſtand,
  But that his death came only by Gods hand.

I plaine in vaine, where eares be none to heare
But roring ſeas, and bluſtering of the winde,
And of redreſſe am nere a whit the neare,
But with waſte words to feed my mournfull minde,
Wiſhing full oft the *Parcas* had vntwinde
  My vitall ſtrings, or *Atropoſe* with knife
  Had cut the line of my moſt wretched life.

Oh that *Neptune*, and *Æolus* alſo,
Th'one god of Seas, the other of weather,
Ere mine arriuall into that Ile of woe
Had ſunke the ſhip wherein I ſailed thither,
(The ſhipmen ſaued) ſo as I together
With my good Duke, might haue been dead afore
Fortune had wroken her heart vpon vs ſo ſore.

Or elſe that God when my firſt paſſage was
Into exile along Saint *Albons* towne
Had neuer let me further for to paſſe,
But in the ſtreet with death had ſtrucke me downe:
Then had I ſped of my deſired bowne
That my poore corps might there haue lien with his
Both in one graue, and ſo haue gone to bliſſe.

But I alas, the greater is my griefe
Am paſt that hope to haue my ſepulture
Neere vnto him, which was to me moſt leefe,
But in an Ile and countrie moſt obſcure,
To pine in paine whilſt my poore life will dure,
And being dead, all honorleſſe to lie
In ſimple graue, as other poore that die.

My tale is told, and time it is to ceaſe
Of troubles paſt, all which haue had their end:
My graue I truſt ſhall purchaſe me ſuch peace
In ſuch a world where no wight doth contend
For higher place, whereto all fleſh ſhall wend:
And ſo I end, vſing one word for all
As I began, that pride will haue a fall.

G. Ferrers.

HOW HVMFREY PLANTAGENET DVKE OF GLOCESTER Protector of England, during the minoritie of *his Nephew King* Henry *the ſixt, (commonly* called the good Duke)by practiſe of e*nemies was brought to confuſion.*

AS higheſt hilles with tempeſts been moſt touched,
And tops of trees moſt ſubiect vnto winde,
And as great towers with ſtone ſtrongly couched
Haue heauie falles when they be vndermin'd:
Euen ſo by proofe in worldly things we find,
That ſuch as climbe the top of high degree
From feare of falling neuer can be free.

To proue this true, good *Baldwine* hearken heere,
See and behold me *Humfrey* hight by name,
Englands Protector, Duke of Gloceſter,
Who in the ſixt King *Henries* rule with fame,
Twice ten yeares kept the troubled State in frame:
Note well the cauſe of my vnhappie caſe,
And 'mongſt thy mirrours let the ſame haue place.

In their moſt weale, let men beware miſhap,
And not to ſleepe in ſlumbring ſickerneſſe,
Whilſt Fortune falſe doth lull them in her lap
Drowned in dreames of brittle bleſſedneſſe,
But then to feare her freakes and fickleneſſe,
Accounting ſtill the higher they aſcend,
More nigh to be to danger in the end.

And that vaine truſt in blood or royall race,
Abuſe them not with blind ſecuritie
To truſt their ſtate, but weighing well my caſe,
When ſhe moſt ſmiles to haue in memorie
My ſudden fall, who in moſt certaintie
Hauing moſt ſtaies which men in ſtate maintaine,
Haue found the ſame vntruſtie and moſt vaine.

Better then I none may the ſame approue,
Who truſting all in height of high eſtate,
To bite on fawning flatteries bait did loue,
Which neuer Prince could baniſh from his gate,
Did little thinke on ſuch a ſudden mate,
  Not heeding, leſſe dreading, all vnaware,
  By foes leaſt fear'd was trapt in ſuddaine ſnare.

If noble birth or high autority,
Number of friends, kinred or alliance,
If wiſdome, learning, worldly policy
Mought haue ben ſtaiers to Fortunes variance,
None ſtood more ſtrong, in worldly countenance,
  For all theſe helpes had I to high degree,
  And yet in fine they all beguiled mee.

Of *Henry* fourth by name, fourth ſonne I was,
Brother to *Henry* fift of that ſame name,
To the ſixt *Henrie* vncle; but alas,
What cauſe had I to build vpon the ſame?
Or for vaine glory, to aduance my fame,
  My ſelfe to call in records and writings,
  The brother, ſonne, and vncle vnto Kings?

This was my boaſt, which laſtly was my bane,
Yet not this boaſt was it that brought me downe:
The very cauſe which made my weale to wane
So neere of kin that I was to the Crowne,
That was the rock that made my ſhip to drowne.
  A rule there is not failing, but moſt ſure,
  Kingdome no kin doth know, ne can indure.

When the fift *Henry* by his valiancie
Wan by conqueſt the roiall Realme of France,
And of two Kingdomes made one Monarchy
Before his death, for better obeiſance,
To his yong ſonne, not ripe to gouernance,
  Protector of England I was by teſtament,
  And *Iohn* my brother in France made Regent.

To whom if God had lent a longer life,
Our houſe t'haue kept from ſtormes of inward ſtrife,
Or it had been the Lord Almighties will,
Plantagenet in ſtate had ſtanden ſtill.
But deadly diſcord which all ſtates do ſpill
Bred by deſire of high domination,
Brought our whole houſe to plaine deſolation.

It is for truth in an hiſtory found
That *Henry Plantagenet* firſt of our name,
Who called was, King *Henry* the ſecond
Sonne of Dame *Maude*, the Empreſſe of high fame,
Would oft report, that his ancient Grandame,
Though ſeeming in ſhape a woman naturall,
Was a Feend of the kind that (*Succubæ*) ſome call.

Which old fable, ſo long time told before,
When this Kings ſonnes againſt him did rebell,
He cald to minde, and being greeued ſore,
Loe! now (quoth he) I ſee and proue full well
The ſtory true, which folk of old did tell,
That from a feend deſcended all our race,
And now my children verify the caſe.

Whereof to leaue a long memoriall
In minde of man for euermore to reſt,
A Picture he made and hung it in his Hall
Of a Pellicane ſitting on his neſt,
With foure yong birds, three pecking at his breſt
With bloudy beakes, and furder did deuiſe,
The yongeſt bird to pecke the fathers eyes.

Meaning hereby his rebell Children three,
Henry and *Richard*, bet him on the breaſt:
(*Ieffrey* onely from that offence was free)
Henry died of Englands Crowne poſſeſt:
Richard liued his father to moleſt;
Iohn the yongeſt peckt his fathers eye,
Whoſe deeds vnkinde the ſooner made him die.

This King (ſome write) in his ſicknes laſt
Said, as it were by way of prophecie,
How that the Diuell a Darnell graine had caſt
Among his kin, to encreaſe enmity,
Which ſhould remaine in their poſterity
Till miſchiefe and murder had ſpent them all,
Not leauing one to piſſe againſt the wall.

And yet from him in order did ſucceed
In England here of crowned Kings fourteene
Of that ſurname, and of that line and ſeed,
With Dukes and Earles, and many a noble Queene,
The number ſuch as all the world would weene
So many impes could neuer ſo be ſpent,
But ſome heire male ſhould be of that deſcent.

Which to be true if any ſtand in doubt,
Becauſe I meane not further to digreſſe,
Let him purſue the hiſtories throughout
Of Engliſh Kings whom practiſe did oppreſſe,
And he ſhall find the cauſe of their diſtreſſe
From firſt to laſt, vnkindly to begin
Alwaies by thoſe that next were of the kin.

Was not *Richard*, of whom I ſpake before,
A rebell plaine vntill his father died,
And *Iohn* likewiſe an enmy euermore
To *Richard* againe, and for a rebell tried?
After whoſe death, it cannot be denied,
Againſt all right this *Iohn* moſt cruelly
His brothers children cauſed for to die.

Arthur and *Iſabell* (I meane) that were
Ieffreies children then duke of Britaine
Henries third ſonne, by one degree more neere
Then was this *Iohn*, as ſtories ſhew moſt plaine,
Which two children were famiſht or els ſlaine
By *Iohn* their Eame cald *Saunzterre* by name,
Of whoſe foule act all countries ſpeake great ſhame.

Edward and *Richard*, ſecond both by name
Kings of this Land, fell downe by fatall fate:
What was the cauſe that Princes of ſuch fame
Did leeſe at laſt their honour, life, and ſtate?
Nothing at all, but diſcord and debate,
Which when it haps in kinred or in bloud,
Erynnis rage was neuer halfe ſo wood.

Be ſure therefore ye Kings and Princes all
That concord in Kingdoms is chiefe aſſurance,
And that your families doe neuer fall
But where diſcord doth lead the doubtfull dance
With buſie brawles, and turnes of variance:
Where malice is minſtrel, the pipe ill report,
The maske miſchiefe, and ſo ends the ſport.

But now to come to my purpoſe againe,
VVhilſt I my charge applied in England,
My brother in France long time did remaine,
Cardinal *Beauford* tooke proudly in hand
In cauſes publique againſt me to ſtand;
VVho of great malice ſo much as he might
Sought in all things to doe me deſpite.

VVhich proud prelate to me was baſtard Eame,
Sonne to Duke *Iohn* of *Gaunt* as they did faine,
VVho being made high Chancellour of the Realme,
Not like a Prieſt, but like a Prince did raigne;
Nothing wanting which might his pride maintaine;
Biſhop beſides of VVincheſter he was,
And Cardinall of Rome, which Angels brought to paſſe:

Not Gods Angels, but Angels of old Gold
Lift him aloft, in whom no cauſe there was
By iuſt deſert ſo high to be extold;
(Riches except) whereby this golden aſſe
At home and abroad all matters brought to paſſe:
Namely at Rome, hauing no meane but that
To purchaſe there his crimzin Cardinall hat.

Which thing the King my father him forbad
Plainly ſaying, that he could not abide
Within his Realme a ſubiect to be had
His Princes peere, yet ſuch was this mans pride,
That he forthwith after my father di'd,
(The King then yong) obtained of the Pope
That honor high, which erſt he could not hope.

Whoſe proud attempts becauſe that I withſtood,
My bound dutie the better to acquite,
This holy father waxed well neere wood,
Of meere malice deuiſing day and night
To worke to me diſhonor and deſpight,
Whereby there fell betweene vs ſuch a iarre,
As in this land was like a ciuill warre.

My brother *Iohn*, which lay this while in France,
Heard of this hurle, and paſt the ſeas in haſte,
By whoſe trauell this troubleſome diſtance
Ceaſed a while, but neretheleſſe in waſte:
For rooted hate will hardly be diſplaſte
Out of high hearts, and namely where debate,
Happeneth amongſt great perſons of eſtate.

For like as a match doth lie and ſmoulder
Long time before it commeth to the traine:
But yet when fire hath caught in the poulder,
No art is able the flames to reſtraine:
Euen ſo the ſparkes of enuie and diſdaine,
Out of the ſmoke burſt forth in ſuch a flame,
That France and England yet may rue the ſame.

So when of two Realmes the regiment royall,
Betweene brothers was parted equally,
One placed in France for affaires Martiall,
And I at home for ciuill policie:
To ſerue the ſtate, we both did ſo applie,
As honor and fame to both did encreaſe,
To him for the warre, to me for the peace.

Whence enuie ſprang, and ſpecially becauſe
This proud prelate could not abide a Peere
Within the land to rule the ſtate by lawes,
Wherefore ſifting my life and acts moſt neere,
He neuer ceaſt, vntill, as you ſhall heare,
By practiſe foule of him and his allies,
My death was wrought in moſt vnworthie wiſe.

And firſt he ſought my doings to defame,
By rumors falſe, which he and his did ſow:
Letters and billes to my reproch and ſhame
He did deuiſe, and all about beſtow,
Whereby my troth in doubt ſhould daily grow,
In England firſt, and afterward in France,
Mouing all meanes to bring me to miſchance.

One quarell was, that where by common law
Murder and theft been puniſht all alike,
So as manſlayers, which bloodie blades do draw,
Suffer no more then he that doth but pike,
Me thought the ſame no order politike,
In ſetting paines to make no difference,
Betweene the leſſer and greater offence.

I being ſeene ſomewhat in ciuill law,
The rules thereof reputed much bitter.
Wherefore to keepe offenders more in awe,
Like as the fault was ſmaller or greater,
So ſet I paines more eaſier or bitter,
Weghing the qualitie of euery offence,
And ſo according pronounced ſentence.

Among'ſt my other *Delicta Iuuentutis*,
Whil'ſt rage of youth my reaſon did ſubdue,
I muſt confeſſe as the very truth is,
Driuen by deſire fond fancies to enſue,
A thing I did, whereof great trouble grew,
Abuſing one to my no ſmall rebuke,
Which wiſe was then to *Iohn* of Brabant Duke.

Called ſhe was Ladie *Iaquet* the faire,
Delitefull in loue like *Helene* of Troy:
To the Duke of Bauier ſole daughter and heire,
Her did I marrie to my great annoy:
Yet for a time, this dame I did enioy,
With her whole lands, withholding them by force,
Till *Martin* the *Pope*, betweene vs made diuorce.

Yet all theſe blaſts not able were to moue
The anchor ſtrong, whereby my ſhip did ſtay,
Some other ſhift to ſeeke him did behoue,
Whereto ere long ill Fortune made the way,
Which finally was cauſe of my decay
And cruell death, contriued by my foes,
Which fell out thus, as now I ſhall diſcloſe.

Eleanor my wife, my Ducheſſe only deare,
I know not how, but as the nature is
Of women all, aye curious to enquire
Of things to come (though I confeſſe in this
Her fault not ſmall) and that ſhe did amiſſe,
By witches skill, which Sorcerie ſome call,
Would know of things which after ſhould befall.

And for that cauſe made her ſelfe acquainted
With mother *Madge*, called the witch of Eye,
And with a Clerke that after was attainted,
Bolenbroke he hight, that learned was that way,
With other moe, which famous were that day,
As well in Science called Mathematicall,
As alſo in Magicke skill ſupernaturall.

Theſe cunning folkes ſhe ſet on worke to know
The time how long the King ſhould liue and raigne,
Some by the Starres, and ſome by feends below,
Some by witchcraft ſought knowledge to attaine,
With like fancies, friuolous, fond and vaine,
Whereof though I knew leaſt of any man,
Yet by that meane my miſchiefe firſt began.

Yet beſides this there was a greater thing,
How ſhe in waxe by counſell of the witch,
An Image made, crowned like a King,
With ſword in hand, in ſhape and likeneſſe ſich
As was the King, which daily they did pitch
Againſt a fire, that as the waxe did melt,
So ſhould his life conſume away vnfelt.

My Ducheſſe thus accuſed of this crime,
As ſhe that ſhould ſuch practiſe firſt begin,
My part was then to yeeld vnto the time,
Giuing her leaue to deale alone therein:
And ſince the cauſe concerned deadly ſinne,
Which to the Clergie only doth pertaine,
To deale therein I plainly did refraine.

And ſuffered them her perſon to aſcite
Into their Courts, to anſwere and appeare,
Which to my heart was ſure the greateſt ſpite
That could be wrought, and touched me moſt neare,
To ſee my wife, and Ladie leeſe and deare,
To my reproch, and plaine before my face,
Entreated ſo, as one of ſort moſt baſe.

The Clergie then examining her cauſe,
Conuinced her, as guiltie in the ſame,
And ſentence gaue according to their lawes,
That ſhe and they whom I before did name
Should ſuffer death, or elſe ſome open ſhame:
Of which penance my wife by ſentence had
To ſuffer ſhame, of both the two more bad.

And firſt ſhe muſt by daies together three,
Through London ſtreets paſſe all along in ſight
Bareleg'd and barefoot, that all the world might ſee,
Bearing in hand a burning taper bright,
And not content with this extreame deſpight,
To worke me woe in all they may or can,
Exil'd ſhe was into the Ile of Man.

This heinous crime and open worldly ſhame,
With ſuch rigour ſhewed vnto my wife,
Was a fine fetch further things to frame,
And nothing elſe but a preparatiue
Firſt from office, and finally from life
  Me to depriue, and ſo paſſing further,
  What law could not, to execute by murther.

Which by ſlie drifts, and windlaces aloofe,
They brought about, perſwading firſt the Queene,
That in effect it was the Kings reproofe,
And hers alſo, to be exempted cleane.
From princely rule, or that it ſhould be ſeene
  A King of yeares ſtill gouerned to bee
  Like a pupill, that nothing could foreſee.

The danger more, conſidering the King
Was without child, I being his next heire
To rule the Realme, as Prince in euery thing
Without reſtraint, and all the ſway to beare.
With peoples loue, whereby it was to feare
  That my haut heart, vnbridled in deſire,
  Time would preuent, and to the Crowne aſpire.

Theſe with ſuch like were put into her head,
Who of her ſelfe was thereto ſoone enclin'd,
Other there were that this ill humour fed,
To neither part that had good will or mind,
The Duke of Yorke our coſin moſt vnkind,
  Who keeping cloſe a title to the Crowne,
  Lancaſters houſe did labour to pull downe.

The ſtay whereof he tooke to ſtand in me,
Seeing the King of courage nothing ſtout,
Neither of wit great perill to foreſee,
So for purpoſe, if he could bring about
Me to diſplace, then did he little doubt
  To gaine the Goale, for which he droue the ball,
  The Crowne (I meane) to catch ere it ſhould fall.

This hope made him againſt me to conſpire
With thoſe which foes were to each other late,
The Queene did weene to win her whole deſire,
Which was to rule the King and all the State
If I were rid, whom therefore ſhe did hate,
  Forecaſting not, when that was brought to paſſe,
  How weake of friends the King her husband was.

The Dukes two, of Exceſter, and Buckingham,
With the Marquiſe Dorſet therein did agree,
But namely the Marquiſe of Suffolke *William*,
Contriuer chiefe of this conſpiracie,
With other moe, that ſate ſtill and did ſee
  Their mortall foes on me to whet their kniues,
  Which turn'd at laſt to loſſe of all their liues.

But vaine deſire of ſoueraigntie and rule,
Which otherwiſe (Ambition) hath no name,
So ſtir'd the Queene, that wilfull as a Mule,
Headlong ſhe runnes from ſmoke into the flame,
Driuing a drift, which after did ſo frame,
  As ſhe, the King, with all their line and race,
  Depriued were of honor, life, and place.

So for purpoſe ſhe thought it very good,
With former foes in friendſhip to confeder,
The Duke of Yorke and other of his blood,
With *Neuils* all, knit were then all together,
And *Delapoole*, friend afore to neither:
  The Cardinall alſo came within this liſt,
  As *Herode* and *Pilate* to iudge Ieſus Chriſt.

This curſed league too late diſcouered was
By Bayards blind, that linked in the line,
The Queene and Cardinall brought it ſo to paſſe,
With Marquiſe Suffolke maſter of this mine,
Whoſe ill aduice was counted very fine,
  With other moe which finely could diſguiſe,
  With falſe viſours my miſchiefe to deuiſe.

Concluding thus they point without delay
Parliament to hold, in ſome vnhaunted place,
Far from London, out of the common way,
Where few or none ſhould vnderſtand the caſe,
But whom the Queene and Cardinall did embrace:
And ſo for place they choſe Saint *Edmundſburie*,
Since when (ſome ſay) England was neuer merrie.

Summons was ſent this company to call,
Which made me muſe, that in ſo great a caſe
I ſhould no whit of counſell be at all,
Who yet had rule, and next the King in place,
Me thought nothing my ſtate could more diſgrace
Then to beare name, and in effect to be
A Cypher in Algrim, as all men might ſee.

And though iuſt cauſe I had for to ſuſpect
The time and place appointed by my foes,
And that my friends moſt plainly did detect
The ſubtill traine, and practiſe of all thoſe
Which againſt me great treaſons did ſuppoſe,
Yet truſt of truth with a conſcience cleare
Gaue me good heart, in that place to appeare.

Vpon which truſt with more haſte then good ſpeed,
Forward I went to that vnluckie place
Dutie to ſhew, and no whit was in dread
Of any traine, but bold to ſhew my face
As a true man, yet ſo fell out the caſe
That after trauell ſeeking for repoſe,
An armed band my lodging did encloſe.

The Vicount *Beaumount*, who for the time ſupplied
The office of high Conſtable of the Land,
Was with the Queene and Cardinall allied,
By whoſe ſupport he ſtoutly tooke in hand
My lodging to enter with an armed band,
And for high treaſon my perſon did arreſt,
And laid me that night where him ſeemed beſt.

Then

The[illegible]king and quaking, for dread of a dreame,
Halfe waked all naked in bed as I lay,
What time ſtrake the chime of mine houre extreame,
Oppreſt was my reſt with mortall affray,
My foes did vncloſe, I know not which way
 My chamber dores, and boldly in brake,
 And had me faſt before I could wake.

Thou lookeſt now, that of my ſecret murther,
I ſhould at large the maner how declare,
I pray thee *Baldwine* aske of me no further,
For ſpeaking plaine, it came ſo at vnware,
As I my ſelfe, which caught was in the ſnare,
 Scarcely am able the circumſtance to ſhew,
 Which was kept cloſe, and knowne but vnto few.

But be thou ſure by violence it was,
And no whit bred by ſickneſſe or diſeaſe,
That felt it well before my life did paſſe,
For when theſe wolues my bodie once did ſeaſe,
Vſed I was but ſmally to mine eaſe,
 With torments ſtrong which went ſo neere the quicke,
 As made me die before that I was ſicke.

A Palſie (they ſaid) my vitall ſpirits oppreſt,
Bred by exceſſe of melancholie blacke,
This for excuſe to lay, them ſeemed beſt,
Leſt my true friends the cauſe might further racke,
And ſo perhaps diſcouer the whole packe
 Of my falſe foes, whom they might well ſuſpect
 For cauſes great, which after tooke effect.

Dead was I found by ſuch as beſt did know
The maner how the ſame was brought to paſſe,
And then my corps was ſet out for a ſhow,
By view whereof nothing perceiued was:
Whereby the world may ſee as in a glaſſe,
 Th'vnſure ſtate of them that ſtand moſt hie,
 Which then dread leaſt, when danger is moſt nie.

And alſo ſee what danger they are in,
Which next their King are to ſucceed in place:
Since Kings moſt part be iealous of their kin,
Whom I aduiſe, forewarned by my caſe,
To beare low ſaile, and not too much embrace
  The peoples loue: for as *Senec* ſaith truly:
  O quàm funeſtus eſt fauor populi.

G. Ferrers.

HOW LORD WILLIAM DE LA POLE Duke of Suffolke was worthily baniſhed, for abuſing his King, and cauſing the deſtruction *of the good Duke Humfrey, Anno Dom.* 1450.

HEauie is the hap whereto all men be bound,
I meane the death, which no eſtate may flie:
But to be baniſht, headed, and then drown'd
In ſinke of ſhame from top of honors hie,
Was neuer man ſo ſeru'd I thinke but I.
  Wherefore *Baldwine* amongſt the reſt by right,
  I claime of thee my wofull caſe to write.

My only life in all points may ſuffice,
To ſhew how baſe all baits of Fortune be,
Which thaw like yce, through heate of enuies eyes,
Of vicious deeds which much poſſeſſed me.
Good hap with vice, long time cannot agree,
  Which bring beſt Fortunes to the baſeſt fall,
  And happieſt hap to enuie to be thrall.

Called I was *William De la Poole*,
Of Suffolke Duke in Queene *Margarets* daies,
That found the meane Duke *Humfreys* blood to coole,
Whoſe worthie acts deſerue eternall praiſe,
Whereby I note that Fortune cannot raiſe
  Any aloft, without ſome others wracke:
  Flouds drowne no fields before they find a bracke.

But as the waters which doe breake the walles
Doe loſe their courſe they had within the ſhore,
And daily rotting ſtinke within their ſtalles,
For fault of mouing which they found before:
Euen ſo the ſtate that ouer high is bore,
Doth loſe the life of peoples loue it had,
And rots it ſelfe vntill it fall to bad.

For while I was but Earle, ech man was glad
To ſay and doe the beſt by me they might:
And Fortune euer ſince I was a lad,
Did ſmile vpon me with a chearefull ſight,
For when my King had doubed me a Knight
And ſent me forth to ſerue at warre in France,
My luckly ſpeed mine honour did enhance.

Where, to omit the many feates I wrought
Vnder others guide, I do remember one,
Which with my ſouldiers valiantly was fought,
None other Captaine ſaue my ſelfe alone,
I meane not now th'apprinze of Pucell Ione
In which attempt my trauaile was not ſmall,
Though Burgoyne Duke had then the praiſe of all.

The ſiege of Awmarle is the feat I praiſe:
A ſtrong built Towne, with caſtels, walles, and vaults,
With men and weapon armd at all aſſaies:
To which I gaue nigh fiue times fiue aſſaults,
Till at the laſt they yeelded it for naughts.
Yet Lord *Ramburs* moſt like a valiant Knight,
Defended it as long as ere he might.

But what preuailed it theſe townes to winne,
Which ſhortly after muſt be loſt againe?
Whereby I ſee there is more glory in
The keeping things, then is in their attaine:
To get and keepe not, is but loſſe and paine.
Therfore ought mē prouide to ſaue their winnings
In all attempts, elſe loſe they their beginnings.

Becauſe we could not keepe the townes we won,
For they were more then we might eaſily weeld,
One yeare vndid what we in ten had done:
Enuie at home, treaſon abroad, did yeeld
King *Charles* his Realme of France, made barren field:
  For bloodie warres had waſted all encreaſe,
  Which caus'd the Pope help need to ſue for peace.

So that in Touraine at the towne of Tours
Duke *Charles* and other for their Prince appered,
So did Lord *Roſſe* and I then Earle, for ours:
And when we ſhewed wherein each other dered,
We ſought out meanes all quarels to haue clered,
  Wherein the Lords of Germanie, of Spaine,
  Of Hungarie, and Denmarke, tooke great paine.

But ſith we could no finall peace induce,
For neither would the others couenants heare,
For eighteene months we did conclude a truce:
And while as friends we lay together there,
Becauſe my warrant did me therein beare,
  To make a perfit peace and through accord,
  I ſought a mariage for my ſoueraigne Lord.

And for the French Kings daughters were too ſmall,
I fancied moſt Dame *Margaret* his niece,
A louely Ladie beautifull and tall,
Faire ſpoken, pleaſant, and a Princely piece,
In wit and learning matchleſſe hence to Greece,
  Duke *Rayners* heire of Aniow, King by ſtile
  Of Naples, Ieruſalem, and Sicil Ile.

But ere I could the grant of her attaine,
All that our King had of her fathers lands,
As Maunts the towne, the countie whole of Maine,
And moſt of Aniow duchie in our hands,
I did releaſe him by aſſured bands.
  And as for dowrie with her none I ſought,
  I thought no peace could be too deerely bought.

And when this mariage throwly was agreed
Although my King was glad of ſuch a make,
His vncle *Humfrey* hated it indeed,
Becauſe thereby his precontract he brake,
Made with the heire of the Earle of Arminacke,
  A noble maid with ſtore of goods endowed,
  Which more then this with loſſe the Duke allowed.

But loue and beautie in the King ſo wrought,
That neither gaine or promiſe he regarded,
But ſet his vncles counſell ſtill at nought:
And for my paines I highly was awarded.
Thus vertue ſtarues, but luſtfood muſt be larded.
  For I made Marqueſſe went to France againe,
  And brought this bride vnto my Soueraigne.

At home becauſe Duke *Humfrey* aye repined,
Calling their match aduoutrie (as it was)
The Queene did moue me, erſt thereto enclined,
To helpe to bring him to his *Requiem* maſſe,
Which ſith it could for no crime come to paſſe,
  His life and doings were ſo right and clere,
  Through priuy murder we brought him to his bere.

Thus righteouſneſſe brought *Humfrey* to rebuke,
Becauſe he would no wickedneſſe allow,
But for my doings I was made a Duke.
So Fortune can both bend and ſmooth her brow
On whom ſhe liſt, not paſſing why or how.
  O Lord how high, how ſoone ſhe did me raiſe,
  How faſt ſhe fill'd me both with prayes and praiſe!

The Lords and Commons both of like aſſent,
Beſought my ſoueraigne kneeling on their knees,
For to record my deeds in the Parlament,
As deeds deſeruing euerlaſting fees.
In which attempt they did no labour leeſe,
  For they ſet not my praiſe ſo faſt in flame,
  As he was readie to reward the ſame.

But note the end: my deeds ſo worthie deemed
Of King, of Lords, and Commons all together,
Were ſhortly after treaſons falſe eſteemed,
And all men curſt Queene *Margets* comming hither:
For *Charles* the French King in his feats not lither,
When we had rendred Rayner, Maunts, and Maine,
Found meane to win all Normandie againe.

This made the people curſe the mariage,
Eſteeming it the cauſe of euery loſſe:
Wherefore at me with open mouth they rage,
Affirming me t'haue brought the Realme to moſſe:
When King and Queene ſaw things thus go acroſſe,
To quiet all a Parlament they called,
And cauſed me in priſon to be thralled.

And ſhortly after brought me forth abrode,
Which made the Commons more then double wood:
And ſome with weapons would haue laid on lode,
If their grand Captaine *Blewberd* in his mood
Had not in time with wiſdome been withſtood:
But though that he and more were executed,
The people ſtill their worſt againſt me bruted.

And ſo applied the Parliament with billes,
Of hainous wrongs and open traiterous crimes,
That King and Queene were forſt againſt their willes,
From place to place t'adiourne it diuers times.
For Princes power is like the ſandie ſlimes,
Which muſt perforce giue place vnto the waue,
Or ſue the windie ſourges when they raue.

Their life was not more deare to them then I,
Which made them ſearch all ſhifts to ſaue me ſtill,
But aye my foes ſuch faults did on me trie,
That to preſerue me from a worſer ill,
The King was faine full ſore againſt his will,
For fiue yeares ſpace to ſend me in exile,
In hope to haue reſtor'd me in a while.

But marke how vengeance waiteth vpon vice,
To ſhun this ſtorme, in ſayling towards France,
A Pirats Barke, that was of little price,
Encountred me vpon the ſeas by chance,
Whoſe Captaine there tooke me as in a trance,
  Let paſſe my ſhips, with all their frait and load,
  And led me backe againe to Douer road.

Where vnto me recounting all my faults,
As murthering of Duke *Humfrey* in his bed,
And how I had brought all the Realme to naughts,
Cauſing the King vnlawfully to wed,
There was no grace but I muſt loſe my head.
  Wherefore he made me ſhriue me in his bote,
  And on the brinke my necke in two he ſmote.

This was mine end: which was by reaſon due
To me, and ſuch as others deaths procure.
Therefore be bold to write, for it is true,
That whoſo doth ſuch practiſe put in vre,
Of due reward at laſt ſhall be moſt ſure,
  For God is iuſt, whoſe ſtroke delayed long,
  Doth light at laſt with paine more ſharpe and ſtrong.

W. Baldwine.

HOW IACK CADE NAMING HIMSELFE MORTIMER, TRAYTEROVSLY rebelling againſt his King, in Iune, *Anno* 1450. was for his treaſons and cruell doings *worthilie puniſhed.*

SHall I it Fortune call, or my froward folly,
That rais'd me vp and laid me downe below?
Or was it courage that made me ſo iolly,
Which of the ſtarres and bodies greement grow?
What ere it were this one point ſure I know,
  Which ſhall be meete for euery man to marke:
  Our luſt and willes our euils chiefely warke.

It may be well that Planets doe encline,
And our complexions moue our mindes to ill,
But ſuch is reaſon, that they bring to fine
No worke vnayded of our luſt and will:
For heauen and earth are ſubiect both to skill.
The will of God rul'th all it is ſo ſtrong,
Man may by skill guide things that to him long.

Though luſt be ſtout, and will enclin'd to nought,
This forſt by mixture, that by heauens courſe,
Yet through the grace God hath in reaſon rought
And giuen man, no luſt nor will to courſe,
But may be ſtaied or ſwaged of the ſourſe,
So that it ſhall in nothing force the minde
To worke our woe, or leaue the proper kind.

But though this grace be giuen to ſome man
To rule the will, and keepe the mind aloft,
Yet few there be'mongſt men that vſe it can,
Theſe worldly pleaſures tickle vs ſo oft:
The ſpirit weake, and will ſtrong, fleſh is ſoft,
And yeeldes it ſelfe to pleaſure that it loueth,
And hales the mind to that it moſt reproueth.

Now if this hap whereby we yeeld our mind
To luſt and will, be Fortune as we name her,
Then is ſhe iuſtly called falſe and blind,
And no reproch can be too much to blame her:
Yet is the ſhame our owne when ſo we ſhame her,
For ſure this hap if it be rightly knowne,
Comes of our ſelues, and ſo the blame our owne.

For whoſo liueth in the ſchoole of skill,
And medleth not with any worlds affaires,
Forſaketh pomps and honors, that doe ſpill
The minds recourſe to Graces quiet ſtaires,
His ſtate no Fortune by no meane appaires:
For Fortune is the only foe of thoſe
Which to the world their wretched willes diſpoſe.

Among which fooles (marke *Baldwine*) I am one,
That would not ſtay my ſelfe in mine eſtate:
I thought to rule but to obay to none,
And therefore fell I with my King at bate.
And to the end I might him better mate,
Iohn Mortimer I cauſ'd my ſelfe be called,
Whoſe kingly bloud the *Henries* nigh had thrall'd.

This ſhift I vs'd the people to perſwade
To leaue their Prince, on my ſide more to ſticke,
Whereas indeed my fathers name was *Cade*,
Whoſe noble ſtocke was neuer worth a ſticke,
But touching wit I was both ripe and quicke,
Had ſtrength of limmes large ſtature, comely face,
Which made men weene my linage were not baſe.

And ſeeing ſtoutnes ſtucke by men in Kent,
Whoſe valiant hearts refuſe none enterpriſe,
With falſe perſwaſions ſtraight to them I went,
And ſaid they ſuffered too great iniuries:
By meane whereof I cauſed them to riſe,
And battaile-wiſe to come to Blacke Heath plaine,
And thence their griefes vnto the King complaine.

Who being deafe (as men ſay) on that eare,
For we deſired releaſe of ſubſidies,
Refuſed roughly our requeſts to heare,
And came againſt vs as his enemies:
But we to ſtay him ſought out ſubtilties,
Remou'd our Campe, and backe to Senock went,
After whom the *Staffords* with their power were ſent.

See here how Fortune ſetting vs a flote,
Brought to our nets a portion of our pray.
For why, the *Staffords* with their army hote,
Aſſailed vs at Senocke where we lay:
From whence aliue they parted not away.
Which when the Kings retinue vnderſtood,
They all affirm'd my quarell to be good.

Which caus'd the King and Queene whom all did hate,
To raiſe their campe, and ſuddenly depart:
And that they might the peoples grudge abate,
T'impriſon ſome full ſore againſt their hart.
Lord *Saye* was one, whom I made after ſmart,
For when the *Staffords* and their hoſt was ſlaine,
To Black-heath field I marched backe againe.

And where the King would nothing heare before,
Now was he glad to ſend to know my mind:
And I thereby enflamed much the more,
Refuſ'd his grants, ſo folly made me blind,
For this he flew and left Lord *Scales* behind,
To helpe the Towne and ſtrenghten London Tower,
Towards which I marched forward with my power:

And found there all things at mine owne deſire:
I entred London, did there what I liſt.
The Treaſurer, Lord *Saye*, I did conſpire
To haue condemned: whereof when I miſt,
(For he by law my malice did reſiſt)
By force I tooke him in Guildhall from th'heape,
And headed him before the croſſe in Cheape.

His ſonne in law *Iames Cromer* Shrief of Kent
I caught at Mile-end where as then he lay;
Beheaded him and on a pole I ſent
His head to London where his fathers lay.
With theſe two heads I made a prety play,
For pight on poles I bare them through the ſtreet,
And for my ſport made ech kiſſe other ſweet.

Then brake I priſons, let forth whom I wold,
And vs'd the City as it had been mine:
Tooke from the Merchants money, ware and gold
From ſome by force, from other ſome by fine.
This at the length did cauſe them to repine,
So that Lord *Scales* conſenting with the Maire,
Forbad vs to their City to repaire.

For all this while mine hoſt in Southwarke lay,
Who when they knew our paſſage was denied,
Came boldly to the bridge and made a fray,
For in we would, the townes men vs defied:
But when with ſtrokes we had the matter tried,
 We wan the bridge and ſet much part on fire,
 This done to Southwarke backe we did retire.

The morow after came the Chancellour,
With generall pardon for my men, halfe gone,
Which heard and read, the reſt within an houre,
Shranke all away each man to ſhift for one.
And when I ſaw they left me poſt alone,
 I did diſguiſe me like a Knight of the poſt,
 And into Suſſex rode, all hope was loſt.

And there I lurked till that curſed coyne,
That reſtleſſe begle ſought and found me out,
For ſtraight the King by promiſe did enioyne
A thouſand marke to whomſoeuer mought
Apprend my corps, which made them ſeeke about:
 Among the which one *Alexander Iden*
 Found out the hole, wherein the Foxe was hidden.

But ere I fell, I put him to his trumps,
For yeeld I would not while my hands would hold,
But hope of money made him ſtir his ſtumps,
And to aſſault me valiantly and bold.
Two houres and more our combat was not cold,
 Till at the laſt he lent me ſuch a ſtroke,
 That downe I fell and neuer after ſpoke.

Then was my carcaſe caried like a hog,
To Southwarke borow where it lay a night,
The next day drawne to Newgate like a dog,
All men reioycing at the rufull ſight:
Then were on poles my perboil'd quarters pight,
 And ſet aloft for vermine to deuour,
 Meete graue for rebels that reſiſt the power.

Full little know we wretches what we do,
When we preſume our Princes to reſiſt.
We warre with God, againſt his glorie to,
That placeth in his office whom he liſt:
Therefore was neuer traytour yet but miſt
  The marke he ſhot, and came to ſhamefull end,
  Nor neuer ſhall till God be forſt to bend.

God hath ordain'd the power, all Princes be
His Lieutenants or deputies in Realmes,
Againſt their foes therefore fighteth he,
And as his enmies driues them to extreames,
Their wiſe deuices proue but doltiſh dreames.
  No ſubiect ought for any kind of cauſe
  To force the Prince, but yeeld him to the lawes.

Wherefore O *Baldwine* warne men follow reaſon,
Subdue their willes, and be not Fortunes ſlaues,
A ſhamefull end doth euer follow treaſon,
There is no truſt in rebels, raſcall knaues,
In Fortune leſſe, which worketh as the waues:
  From whoſe aſſaults who liſteth to ſtand free
  Muſt follow skill, and ſo contented bee.

W. Baldwine.

THE TRAGEDIE OF EDMVND DVKE OF SOMMERSET, SLAINE IN THE FIRST battaile at Saint *Albanes*, the 23. day of May, in the 32. yeare of *Henrie* the ſixt, *Anno Dom.* 1454.

SOme I ſuppoſe are borne vnfortunate,
Elſe good endeuours could not ill ſucceed,
What ſhall I call it? ill fortune or fate,
That ſome mens attempts haue neuer good ſpeed,
Their trauell thankleſſe, all bootleſſe their heed,
  Where other vnlike in working or skill,
  Out wreſtle the world, and weald it at will.

Of the firſt number I count my ſelfe one,
To all miſhap I weene predeſtinate,
Beleeue me *Baldwine* there be few or none,
To whom Fortune was euer more ingrate.
Make thou therefore my life a caueate,
  That whoſo with force will worke againſt kind,
  Saileth (as who ſaith) againſt the ſtreame and winde.

For I of Sommerſet Duke *Edmund* hight,
Extract by deſcent from Lancaſter line,
Were it by follie, or Fortunes deſpite,
Or by ill aſpect of ſome crooked ſigne,
Of mine attempts could neuer ſee good fine:
  What ſo I began did ſeldome well end:
  God from ſuch Fortune all good men defend.

Where I thought to ſaue, moſt part I did ſpill,
For good hap with me was alway at warre.
The linage of Yorke whom I bare ſo ill,
By my ſpite became bright as the morning ſtar.
Thus ſomewhiles men make when faine they would mar,
  The more ye lop trees, the greater they grow,
  The more ye ſtop ſtreames, the higher they flow.

Maugre my ſpite, his fame grew the more,
And mine, as the Moone in the wane, waxt leſſe:
For hauing the place which he had before,
Gouernour of France, needs I muſt confeſſe,
That loſt was Normandie without redreſſe,
  Yet wrought I alwaies that wit might contriue,
  But what doth it boote with the ſtreame to ſtriue?

Borne was I neither to warre ne to peace,
For *Mars* was maligne to all my whole trade:
My birth I beleeue was in *Ioues* decreaſe,
When *Cancer* in his courſe being retrograde,
Declined from *Sol* to *Saturnus* ſhade,
  Where aſpects were good, oppoſites did marre,
  So grew mine vnhap both in peace and warre.

A ſtrange natiuitie in calculation,
As all my liues courſe did after well declare,
Whereof in briefe to make relation,
That other by me may learne to beware,
Ouerlight credence was cauſe of my care,
And want of foreſight in giuing aſſent
To condemne *Humfrey* that Duke innocent.

Humfrey I meane that was the Protectour,
Duke of Gloceſter of the royall blood,
So long as he was Englands directour,
King *Henries* title to the Crowne was good.
This Prince as a piller moſt ſtedfaſtly ſtood,
Or like a prop ſet vnder a vine,
In ſtate to vphold all Lancaſters line.

O heedleſſe truſt, vnware of harme to come,
O malice headlong ſwift to ſerue fond will,
Did euer madneſſe man ſo much benome
Of prudent forecaſt, reaſon, wit, and skill,
As me blind *Bayard* conſenting to ſpill
The blood of my coſin, my refuge and ſtay,
To my deſtruction making open way?

So long as the Duke bare the ſtroke and ſway,
So long no Rebels quarels durſt begin:
But when the poſt was pulled once away,
Which ſtood to vphold the King and his kin,
Yorke and his banders proudly preaſed in
To challenge the Crowne by title of right,
Beginning with law and ending with might.

Abroad went bruits in countrey and towne
That *Yorke* of England was the heire true,
And how *Henrie* had vſurped the Crowne
Againſt all right, which all the Realme might rue.
The people then embracing titles new,
Irkeſome of preſent and longing for change,
Aſſented ſoone becauſe they loue to range.

True is the text which wee in ſcripture read,
Væ terræ illi, cuius rex eſt puer,
Woe to that land whereof a child is head,
Whether child or childiſh, the caſe is one ſure:
Where Kings bee yong, we dayly ſee in vre,
  The people awleſſe, by weakenes of their head,
  Leade their liues lawleſſe, hauing none to dread.

And no leſſe true is this text agaîne,
Beata terra cuius rex eſt nobilis,
Bleſt is the land where a ſtout King doth raine,
Where in good peace ech man poſſeſſeth his,
Where ill men feare to fault or do amiſſe,
  Where a ſtout Prince is preſt, with ſword in hand,
  At home and abroad his enmies to withſtand.

In caſe King *Henry* had beene ſuch a one,
Hardy and ſtout as his fathers afore,
Long mought he haue ſate in the royall throne,
Without any feare of common vprore.
But dayly his weakeneſſe ſhewed more and more,
  Which boldneſſe gaue to the aduerſary band,
  To ſpoile him at laſt both of life and land.

His humble heart was nothing vnknowen,
To the gallants of Yorke and their retinue:
A ground lying low is ſoone ouerflowen,
And ſhored houſes cannot long continue:
Ioints cannot knit where as is no ſinew.
  And ſo a Prince, not dread as well as loued,
  Is from his place by practiſe ſoone remoued.

Well mought I ſee, had I not wanted braine,
The worke begun to vndermine the ſtate,
When the chiefe linke was looſed from the chaine,
And that ſome durſt vpon bloud royall grate,
How tickle a hold had I of mine eſtate.
  When the chiefe poſt lay flat vpon the flore,
  Mought not I thinke my ſtaffe then next the dore?

So mought I alſo dame *Margaret* the Queene,
By meane of whom this miſchiefe firſt began,
Did ſhe (trow ye) her ſelfe not ouerweene
Death to procure to that moſt worthy man?
Which ſhe and hers afterward mought well ban,
  On whom did hang (as I before haue ſaid)
  Her husbands life, his honour and his ayd.

For whilſt he liued which was our ſtable ſtay,
Yorke and his impes were kept as vnder yoke,
But when the Piller remoued was away,
Then burſt out flame, that late before was ſmoke,
The traytour couert then caſt off his cloke,
  And from his den came forth in open light,
  With titles blind which he ſet forth for right.

But this to bring about, him firſt behoued
The King and his kin aſunder for to ſet:
Who being perforce or practiſe remoued,
Then had they avoided the principall let,
Which kept the ſought pray ſo long from the net:
  The next point after, was, themſelues to place
  In rule aboue the reſt, next vnto his Grace.

Therefore was I firſt whom they put out of place,
No cauſe pretending but the common-weale,
The Crowne of England was the very caſe,
Why to the Commons they burned ſo in zeale.
My faults were clokes their practiſe to conceale,
  In counſaile hearing conſider the intent,
  For in pretence of truth treaſon oft is ment.

So their pretence was only to remoue
Counſaile corrupt from place about the King.
But O ye Princes, you it doth behoue
This caſe to conſtrue as no fained thing,
That neuer traytour did ſubdue his King,
  But for his plat, ere he could furder wade,
  Againſt his friends the quarell firſt hee made.

And if by hap he could ſo bring about,
Them to ſubdue at his owne wiſh and will,
Then would hee wax ſo arrogant and ſtout,
That no reaſon his outrage might fulfill,
But to proceed vpon his purpoſe ſtill
Til King and counſaile brought were in one caſe:
Such is their folly to rebels to giue place.

So for the fiſh caſting forth a net,
The next point was in driuing out the plat,
Commons to cauſe in rage to fume and fret,
And to rebell, I cannot tell for what,
Requiring redreſſe of this and of that:
Who if they ſpeed, the ſtander at receit
Graſp will the pray, for which he doth await.

Then by ſurmiſe of ſome thing pretended,
Such to diſplace as they may well ſuſpect,
Like to withſtand their miſchiefe intended,
And in their roomes their banders to elect,
The aduerſe party proudly to reiect,
And then with reports the ſimple to abuſe,
And when theſe helps faile, open force to vſe.

So this Dukes traines were couert and not ſeene,
Which ment no leſſe, that he moſt pretended,
Like to a Serpent couert vnder greene,
To the wealepublique ſeemed wholly bended:
Zealous hee was, and would haue all things mended,
But by that mendment nothing els he ment
But to be King, to that marke was his bent.

For had he beene plaine, as he ment indeed,
Henry to depoſe from the royall place,
His haſte had been waſte, and much worſe his ſpeed,
The King then ſtanding in his peoples grace.
This Duke therefore ſet forth a goodly face,
As one that ment no quarell for the Crowne,
Such as bare rule he only would put downe.

But all for nought ſo long as I bare ſtroke
Serued theſe drifts, and proued all vaine:
The beſt help then was people to prouoke,
To make commotion and vprores amaine:
Which to appeaſe the King himſelfe was faine,
From Blacke Heath in Kent to ſend me to the Tow
Such was the force of rebels in that hower.

The troublous ſtorme yet therewith was not ceaſed,
For Yorke was bent his purpoſe to purſue,
Who ſeing how ſpeedily I was releaſed,
And ill ſucceſſe of ſufferance to enſue:
Then like *Iudas* vnto his Lord vntrue,
Eſteeming time loſt any longer to deſarre,
By *Warwickes* ayd proclaimed open warre.

At S. Albanes towne both our hoſtes did meete,
Which to try a field was no equall place,
Forſt we were to fight in euery lane and ſtreete,
No feare of foes could make me ſhun the place:
There I and *Warwicke* fronted face to face,
At an Inne dore, the Caſtle was the ſigne,
Where with a ſword was cut my fatall line.

Oft was I warned to come in Caſtle none,
Hauing no miſtruſt of any common ſigne,
I did imagine a Caſtle built with ſtone,
For of no Inne I could the ſame diuine:
In Prophets skill my wit was neuer fine,
A foole is he that ſuch vaine dreames doth dred,
And more foole he that will by them be led.

My life I loſt in that vnluckly place,
With many Lords that leaned to my part:
The ſtout Earle *Percy* had no better grace,
Clyfford couragious could not ſhun the dart,
Buckingham heir was at this mortall mart,
Babthorp th'Atturney with his skill in law,
In pleading heere appeared very raw.

King *Henrie* thus diſarmed of his bands,
His friends and followers wanting aſſiſtence,
Was made a prey vnto his enemies hands,
Depriued of power and Princely reuerence,
And as a pupill void of all experience,
Innocent plaine, and ſimplie witted,
Was as a Lambe vnto the Wolfe committed.

A Parliament then was called with ſpeed,
A Parliament? nay, a plaine conſpiracie,
When againſt right it was decreed,
That after the death of the ſixt *Henrie*,
Yorke ſhould ſucceed vnto the regaltie,
And in his life the charge and protection,
Of King and Realme at the Dukes direction.

And thus was *Yorke* declared Protectour,
Protectour ſaid I? nay, Proditor plaine:
A rancke rebell the Princes directour,
A vaſſall to leade his Lord and Soueraigne.
What honeſt heart would not conceiue diſdaine
To ſee the foot ſurmount aboue the head?
A monſter is in ſpite of nature bred.

Some happily heere will moue a farther doubt,
And as for *Yorkes* part alledge an elder right:
O braineleſſe heads that ſo run in and out.
When length of time a ſtate hath firmely pight,
And good accord hath put all ſtriſe to flight,
Were it not better ſuch titles ſtill to ſleepe,
Then all a Realme about the triall weepe?

From the female came *Yorke*, and all his ſeed,
And we of *Lancaſter* from the heire male,
Of whom three Kings in order did ſucceed,
By iuſt deſcent: this is no fained tale.
Who would haue thought that any ſtorme or gale
Our ſhip could ſhake, hauing ſuch anker hold?
None I thinke ſure, vnleſſe that God ſo would.

After this hurle the King was faine to flee
Northward in poſt, for ſuccour and releefe!
O bleſſed God how ſtrange it was to ſee,
A rightfull Prince purſued as a theefe.
To thee O England, what can be more repreefe?
  Then to purſue thy Prince with armed hand,
  What greater ſhame may be to any land?

Traytours did triumph, true men lay in duſt,
Reuing and robbing roiſted euery where,
VVill ſtood for skill, and law obeyed luſt,
Might trode downe right, of King there was no feare,
The title was tried only by ſhield and ſpeare.
  All which vnhaps that they were not foreſeene,
  Suffolke was in fault, who ruled King and Queene.

Some heere perhaps, do looke I ſhould accuſe
My ſelfe of ſleight, or ſubtiltie vniuſt,
VVherein I ſhould my Princes eares abuſe
Againſt the Duke, to bring him in miſtruſt:
Some part whereof, though needs confeſſe I muſt,
  My fault only conſiſted in conſent,
  Leaning to my foes, whereof I do repent.

If I at firſt when brands began to ſmoke,
The ſparkes to quench by any way had ſought,
Neuer had England felt this mortall ſtroke,
VVhich now too late lamenting helpeth nought.
Two points of wit, too dearely haue I bought,
  The firſt, that better is timely to foreſee,
  Then after ouer late a counſellour to bee.

The ſecond is, not eaſily to aſſent
To aduice giuen againſt thy faithfull friend,
But of the ſpeaker ponder the intent,
The meaning full, the point, and finall end.
A Saint in ſhew, in proofe is found a Feend,
  The ſubtill man the ſimple to abuſe,
  Much pleaſant ſpeech and eloquence doth vſe.

And ſo was I abus'd and other moe
By *Suffolkes* ſleights, who ſought to pleaſe the Queene,
Forecaſting not the miſerie and woe
VVhich therefore came, and ſoone was after ſeene:
VVith gloſing tongue he made vs fooles to weene,
  That *Humfrey* did to Englands Crowne aſpire,
  VVhich to preuent, his death they did conſpire.

VVhat ſhould I more of mine vnhaps declare,
VVhereof my death at laſt hath made an end?
Not I alone was void of all this care,
Some beſides me there were that did offend.
None I accuſe, nor yet my ſelfe defend,
  Faults I know I had, as none liues without,
  My chiefe fault was folly, I put thee out of doubt.

Folly was the chiefe, the naughtie time was next,
VVhich made my Fortune ſubiect to the chiefe:
If England then with ſtrife had not been vext,
Glorie might haue growen whereas enſued griefe.
Yet one thing is my comfort and reliefe,
  Conſtant I was in my Princes quarrell
  To die or liue, and ſpared for no parrell.

VVhat though Fortune enuious was my foe?
A noble heart ought not the ſooner yeeld,
Nor ſhrinke abacke for any weale or woe,
But for his Prince lie bleeding in the feeld:
If priuie ſpight at any time me helde,
  The price is paid: and grieuous is my guerdon,
  As for the reſt me God (I truſt) will pardon.

G. Ferrers.

HOW RICHARD PLANTAGENET DVKE OF YORKE, was ſlaine through his ouer raſh boldnes, and his ſonne the Earle of Rutland, for his lacke of *valiance, An. Dom.* 1460.

TRuſt not in chance, in whom was neuer truſt,
Of fooliſh men that haue no better grace,
All reſt, renowne and deeds lie in the duſt,
Of all the ſort that ſue her ſlipper trace.
What meaneſt thou *Baldwine* for to hide thy face?
Thou needeſt not feare although I miſſe my head,
Nor yet to mourne for this my ſonne is dead.

The cauſe why thus I lead him in my hand,
His skin with blood and teares ſo ſore beſtain'd,
Is that thou maiſt the better vnderſtand,
How hardly Fortune hath for vs ordain'd,
In whom her loue and hate be whole contain'd.
For I am *Richard* Prince *Plantagenet*,
The Duke of Yorke in royall race beget.

From *Lionel* the third begotten ſonne
Of Kingly *Edward* by deſcent I came
From *Philip* hight his heire we firſt begun
The crowne as due to vs by right to clame:
And in the end we did obtaine the ſame,
She was ſole heire by due deſcent of line,
Whereby her rights and titles all were mine.

But marke me now, I pray thee *Baldwine* marke,
And ſee how force oft ouerbeareth right:
Way how vſurpers tyrannouſly warke,
To keepe by murther that they get by might,
And note what troublous dangers do alight
On ſuch as ſeeke to repoſſeſſe their owne,
And how through rigour, right is ouerthrowne.

The Duke of Herford, *Henrie Bolenbroke*,
Of whom Duke *Mowbray* told thee now of late,
When void of cauſe he had King *Richard* toke:
He murdered him, vſurped his eſtate,
Without all right or title, ſauing hate
  Of others rule, or loue to rule alone:
  Theſe two excepted, title had he none.

The Realme and Crowne was *Edmund Mortimers*,
Whoſe father *Roger* was King *Richards* heire:
Which cauſed *Henrie* and the *Lancaſters*
To ſeeke all ſhift our houſholds to appaire,
For ſure he was to ſit beſide the chaire,
  Were we of power to claime our lawfull right,
  Againſt vs therefore he did all he might.

His curſed ſonne enſued his cruell path,
And kept my guiltleſſe coſin ſtrait in durance:
For whom my father hard entreated hath.
But liuing hopeleſſe of his liues aſſurance,
He thought it beſt by politike procurance,
  To ſlay the King, and ſo reſtore his friend:
  Which brought himſelfe to an infamous end.

For when King *Henrie* of that name the fift,
Had tane my father in his conſpiracie,
He from Sir *Edmund* all the blame to ſhift,
Was faine to ſay the French King *Charles* his alley
Had hired him this trayterous act to trie,
  For which condemned ſhortly he was ſlaine,
  In helping right this was my fathers gaine.

Thus when the linage of the *Mortimers*
Was made away by his vſurping line,
Some hang'd, ſome ſlaine, ſome pined priſoners,
Becauſe the Crowne by right of law was mine,
They gan as faſt againſt me to repine,
  In feare alwaies leſt I ſhould ſtir ſome ſtrife,
  For guiltie hearts haue neuer quiet life,

Yet at the laſt in *Henries* dayes the ſixt,
I was reſtored to my fathers lands,
Made Duke of Yorke :where through my mind I fixt
To get the Crowne and Kingdome in my hands,
For aide wherein I knit aſſured bands
With *Neuils* ſtocke, whoſe daughter was my make,
Who for no woe would euer me forſake.

O Lord what hap had I through mariage,
Foure goodly boyes in youth my wife ſhe bore,
Right valiant men and prudent for their age,
Such brethren ſhee had and nephues in ſtore
As none had erſt, nor any ſhall haue more :
The Earle of Salisbury, and his ſonne of Warwicke,
Were matchleſſe men from Barbary to Barwicke.

Through helpe of whom and Fortunes louely looke,
I vndertooke to claime my lawfull right,
And to abaſh ſuch as againſt me tooke,
I raiſed power at all points preſt to fight :
Of whom the chiefe that chiefly bare me ſpight,
Was *Sommerſet* the Duke, whom to annoy
I alway ſought, through ſpite, ſpite to deſtroy.

And maugre him, ſo choice lo was my chance,
Yea though the Queene that all rul'd tooke his part,
I twice bare rule in Normandy and France,
And laſt Lieutenant in Ireland, where my hart
Found remedy for euery kinde of ſmart.
For through the loue my doings there did breed,
I had their helpe at all times in my need.

This ſpitefull Duke, his ſilly King and Queene,
With armed hoſts I thrice met in the field,
The firſt vnfought through treaty made betweene,
The ſecond ioind, wherein the King did yeeld,
The Duke was ſlaine, the Queene enforſt to ſhield
Her ſelfe by flight. The third the Queene did fight,
Where I was ſlaine being ouer matcht by might.

Before this laſt were other battailes three:
The firſt the Earle of Salisbury led alone,
And fought on Blorcheath, and got victory:
In the next I with kinſfolke euery one.
But ſeeing our ſouldiers ſtale vnto our fone,
We warely brake our company on a night,
Diſſolu'd our hoſt, and tooke our ſelues to flight.

This Boy and I in Ireland did vs ſaue,
Mine eldeſt ſonne with *Warwicke* and his father
To Calais got, whence by the read I gaue
They came againe to London, and did gather
An other hoſt, whereof I ſpake no rather:
And met our foes, ſlewe many a Lord and Knight,
And took the King and draue the Queene to flight.

This done I came to England all in haſte,
To make a claime vnto the Realme and Crowne:
And in the houſe while parliament did laſt,
I in the Kings ſeate boldly ſate me downe,
And claimed it, whereat the Lords did frowne,
But what for that? I did ſo well proceed,
That all at laſt confeſt it mine indeed.

But ſith the King had raigned now ſo long,
They would he ſhould continue till he died,
And to the end that then none did me wrong,
In ech place heire apparant they me cried.
But ſith the Queene and others this denied,
I ſped me towards the North where then ſhee lay,
In minde by force to cauſe her to obay.

Whereof ſhe warnd prepard a mighty powre,
And ere that mine were altogether ready,
Came ſwift to Sandale and beſieged my bowre:
Where like a beaſt I was ſo raſh and heady,
That out I would, there could be no remedy,
With ſcant fiue thouſand ſouldiers, to aſſaile
Foure times ſo many, encampt to moſt auaile,

And ſo was ſlaine at firſt: and while my child
Scarce twelue yeare old, ſought ſecretly to part,
That cruell *Clifford*, Lord, nay Lorell wilde
While th'infant wept, and prayed him rue his ſmart,
Knowing what he was, with dagger cloue his heart:
  This done, he came to th'campe where I lay dead,
  Deſpoil'd my corps and cut away my head.

Which with a painted paper Crowne thereon,
He for a preſent ſent vnto the Queene:
And ſhe for ſpite commanded it anon
To Yorke faſt by: where, that it might be ſeene,
They placed it where other traytours beene.
  This miſchiefe Fortune did me after death.
  Such was my life, and ſuch my loſſe of breath.

Wherefore ſee *Baldwine* that thou ſet it forth,
To th'end the fraud of Fortune may be knowen,
That eke all Princes well may weigh the worth
Of things, for which the ſeeds of warre be ſowen:
No ſtate ſo ſure but ſoone is ouerthrowen.
  No worldly good can counterpoize the priſe,
  Of halfe the paines that may thereof ariſe.

Better it were to loſe a piece of right,
Then limbes and life in ſtriuing for the ſame:
It is not force of friendſhip nor of might,
But God that cauſeth things to fro or frame,
Not wit but lucke doth wield the winners game.
  Wherefore if we our follies would refraine,
  Time would redreſſe all wrongs we void of paine.

VVherefore warne Princes not to wade in war
For any cauſe except the Realmes defence:
Their troublous titles are vnworthie far
The blood, the life, the ſpoile of innocence:
Of friends, of foes behold my foule expence,
  And neuer the neere: beſt therefore tarie time,
  So right ſhall raigne, and quiet calme each crime.

HOW

HOW THE LORD CLIFFORD FOR HIS STRANGE and abominable crueltie, came to as *ſtrange and ſudden a death*, Anno, 1461.

OPen confeſſion asketh open penance,
And wiſdome would a man his ſhame to hide:
Yet ſith forgiuenes commeth through repentance,
I thinke it beſt that men their crimes aſcride,
For nought ſo ſecret but at length is ſpide:
For couer fire, and it will neuer linne
Till it breake forth, in like caſe ſhame and ſinne.

As for my ſelfe my faults be out ſo plaine,
And publiſhed abroad in euery place,
That though I would I cannot hide a graine.
All care is bootleſſe in a cureleſſe caſe,
To learne by others griefe ſome haue the grace:
And therefore *Baldwine* write my wretched fall,
The briefe whereof I briefely vtter ſhall.

I am the ſame that ſlue Duke *Richards* child,
The louely babe that begged life with teares:
Whereby mine honor foully I defil'd.
Poore ſilly Lambes the Lion neuer teares:
The feeble mouſe may lie among the beares:
But wrath of man his rancour to requite,
Forgets all reaſon, ruth, and vertue quite.

I meane by rancour the parentall wreake
Surnam'd a vertue (as the vicious ſay)
But little know the wicked what they ſpeake,
In boldning vs our enmies kin to ſlay.
To puniſh ſin is good, it is no nay.
They wreake not ſinne, but merit wreake for ſinne,
That wreake the fathers fault vpon his kinne.

Becauſe my father Lord *Iohn Clyfford* died,
Slaine at Saint *Albanes*, in his Princes aide,
Againſt the Duke my heart for malice fried,
So that I could from wrecke no way be ſtayed,
But to auenge my fathers death, aſſay'd
  All meanes I might the Duke of Yorke t'annoy,
  And all his kin and friends for to deſtroy.

This made me with my bloodie dagger wound
His guiltleſſe ſonne, that neuer 'gainſt me ſtor'd:
His fathers bodie lying dead on ground
To pierce with ſpeare, eke with my cruell ſword
To part his necke, and with his head to bord
  Enueſted with a royall paper crowne,
  From place to place to beare it vp and downe.

But crueltie can neuer ſcape the ſcourge
Of ſhame, of horror, or of ſudden death.
Repentance ſelfe that other ſinnes may purge
Doth flie from this, ſo ſore the ſoule it ſlayeth.
Deſpaire diſſolues the tyrants bitter breath:
  For ſudden vengeance ſuddenly alights
  On cruell deeds, to quite their cruell ſpights.

This find I true, for as I lay in ſtale
To fight with this Duke *Richards* eldeſt ſon,
I was deſtroy'd not far from Dintingdale,
For as I would my gorget haue vndone
T'euent the heat that had me nigh vndone,
  An headleſſe arrow ſtrake me through the throte,
  Where through my ſoule forſooke his filthie cote.

Was this a chance? no ſure, Gods iuſt award,
Wherein due iuſtice plainly doth appeare:
An headleſſe arrow paid me my reward,
For heading *Richard* lying on his beare,
And as I would his child in no wiſe heare,
  So ſudden death bereft my tongue the power
  To aske for pardon at my dying hower.

Wherefore, good *Baldwine*, warne the bloodie ſort,
To leaue their wrath, their rigour to refraine :
Tell cruell Iudges horror is the port
Through which they ſaile to ſhame and ſudden paine:
Hell halleth tyrants downe to death amaine.
Was neuer yet nor ſhall be cruell deed
Left vnrewarded with as cruell meed.

THE INFAMOVS END OF THE LORD TIPTOFT EARLE OF WORceſter, for cruelly executing his Princes butcherly commandements. *Anno Dom.* 1470.

THe glorious man is not ſo loth to lurke,
As the infamous glad to lie vnknowen :
Which makes me *Baldwine*, diſallow thy worke,
Where Princes faults ſo openly be blowen.
I ſpeake not this alonly for mine owne
Which were my Princes (if that they were any)
But for my Peeres in number very many.

Or might report vprightly vſe her tongue,
It would leſſe grieue vs to augment the matter.
But ſure I am thou ſhalt be forſt among,
To wrench the truth the liuing for to flatter :
And other whiles in points vnknowen to ſmatter.
For time nere was, nor nere I thinke ſhall bee
That truth vnſhent ſhould ſpeake in all things free.

This doth appeare (I dare ſay) by my ſtorie,
Which diuers writers diuerſly declare :
But ſtorie writers ought for neither glorie,
Feare, nor fauour, truth of things to ſpare.
But ſtill it fares as alway it did fare,
Affections, feare, or doubts that daily brue,
Do cauſe that ſtories neuer can be true.

Vnfruitfull *Fabian* followed the face
Of time and deedes, but let the cauſes ſlip:
Which *Hall* hath added, but with double grace,
For feare I thinke leſt trouble might him trip:
For this or that (ſaith he) he felt the whip.
Thus ſtory writers leaue the cauſes out,
Or ſo rehearſe them as they were in dout.

But ſeing cauſes are the chiefeſt things
That ſhould be noted of the ſtory writers,
That men may learne what ends all cauſes brings,
They be vnworthy name of Chroniclers
That leaue them cleane out of their regiſters,
Or doubtfully report them: for the fruite
Of reading ſtories ſtandeth in the ſuite.

And therefore *Baldwine* either ſpeake vpright
Of our affaires, or touch them not at all:
As for my ſelfe I way all things ſo light,
That nought I paſſe how men report my fall.
The truth whereof yet plainly ſhew I ſhall,
That thou maiſt write and others thereby reed,
What things I did whereof they ſhoud take heed.

Thou heardſt of *Tiptofts* Earles of Worceſter,
I am that Lord that liu'd in *Edwards* daies
The fourth, and was his friend and counſailour,
And butcher too, as common rumor ſaies.
But peoples voice is neither ſhame nor praiſe:
For whom they would aliue deuour to day,
To morow dead they'ill worſhip what they may.

But though the peoples verdit go by chance,
Yet was there cauſe to call me as they did:
For I enforſt by meane of gouernance,
Did execute what ere my King did bid,
From blame herein my ſelfe I cannot rid:
But fie vpon the wretched ſtate that muſt
Defame it ſelfe to ſerue the Princes luſt.

The chiefeſt crime wherewith men doe me charge,
Is death of th'Earle of *Deſmunds* noble ſonnes,
Of which the Kings charge doth me cleere diſcharge,
By ſtrait commandement and iniunctions:
Th'effect whereof ſo rigorouſly runnes,
  That or I muſt procure to ſee them dead,
  Or for contempt as guiltie loſe my head.

What would mine foemen doe in ſuch a caſe,
Obay the King or proper death procure?
They may well ſay their fancy for a face,
But life is ſweet, and loue hard to recure.
They would haue done as I did, I am ſure:
  For ſeldom will a wealthy man at eaſe
  For others cauſe his Prince in ought diſpleaſe.

How much leſſe I, which was Lieutenant than
In th'Iriſh Iſle, preferred by the King:
But who for loue or dread of any man
Conſents t'accompliſh any wicked thing,
Although chiefe fault thereof from other ſpring,
  Shall not eſcape Gods vengeance for his deed,
  Who ſcuſeth none that dare do ill for dreed.

This in my King and me may well appeere,
Which for our faults did not eſcape the ſcourge:
For when we thought our ſtate moſt ſure and clere,
The wind of *Warwicke* blew vp ſuch a ſourge,
As from the Realme and Crowne the King did pourge,
  And me both from mine office, friends, and wife,
  From good report, from honeſt death and life.

For th'Earle of Warwicke through a cancard grudge
Which to King *Edward* cauſeleſſe he did beare,
Out of his Realme by force did make him trudge,
And ſet King *Henry* againe vpon his chaire.
And then all ſuch as *Edwards* louers were
  As traytours tane, were grieuouſly oppreſt,
  But chiefly I, becauſe I lou'd him beſt.

And, for my goods and liuings were not ſmall,
The gapers for them bare the world in hand
For ten yeares ſpace, that I was cauſe of all
The executions done within the land.
For this did ſuch as did not vnderſtand
Mine enmies drift, thinke all reports were true:
And ſo did hate me worſe then any Iew.

For ſeldome ſhall a ruler loſe his life,
Before falſe rumours openly be ſpread:
Whereby this prouerbe is as true as rife,
That rulers rumours hunt about a head,
Frowne Fortune once all good report is fled:
For preſent ſhew doth make the many blind,
And ſuch as ſee dare not diſcloſe their mind.

Through this was I King *Edwards* butcher named,
And bare the ſhame of all his cruell deeds:
I cleare me not, I worthily was blamed,
Though force was ſuch I muſt obey him needs.
With higheſt rulers ſeldome well it ſpeeds,
For they be euer neereſt to the nip,
And fault who ſhall, for all feele they the whip.

For when I was by Parliament attainted,
King *Edwards* euils all were counted mine.
No truth auailed, ſo lies were faſt and painted,
Which made the people at my life repine,
Crying *Crucifige*, kill that butchers line:
That when I ſhould haue gone to Blockham feaſt,
I could not paſſe, ſo ſore they on me preaſt.

And had not been the officers ſo ſtrong,
I thinke they would haue eaten me aliue,
Howbeit hardly haled from the throng,
I was in Fleet faſt ſhrouded by the Shriue.
Thus one daies life their malice did me giue:
Which when they knew, for ſpite the next day after
They kept them calme, ſo ſuffered I the ſlaughter.

Now tell me *Baldwine*, what fault doſt thou find
In me, that iuſtly ſhould ſuch death deſerue?
None ſure, except deſire of honor blind,
Which made me ſeeke in offices to ſerue:
What mind ſo good that honors make not ſwerue?
So maiſt thou ſee it only was my ſtate
That caus'd my death, and brought me ſo in hate.

VVarne therefore all men wiſely to beware,
VVhat offices they enterpriſe to beare:
The higheſt alway moſt maligned are,
Of peoples grudge, and Princes hate in feare.
For Princes faults his faultors all men teare.
VVhich to auoid, let none ſuch office take,
Saue he that can for right his Prince forſake.

HOW SIR RICHARD NEVILL EARLE OF WARWICKE, AND HIS BROTHER IOHN Lord Marquiſe *Montacute*, through their too much boldnes were ſlaine at Barnet, the 14. of *Aprill, Anno* 1471.

AMong the heauie heape of happie Knights
VVhom Fortune ſtal'd vpon her ſtayleſſe ſtage,
Oft hoiſt on high, oft pight in wretched plights,
Behold me, *Baldwine, A per ſe* of my age,
Lord *Richard Nevill*, Earle by mariage
Of VVarwicke Duchie, of Sarum by deſcent,
Which erſt my father through his mariage hent.

VVould'ſt thou behold falſe Fortune in her kind?
Note well my ſelfe, ſo ſhalt thou ſee her naked:
Full faire before, but too too foule behind,
Moſt drowſie ſtill when moſt ſhe ſeemes awaked:
My fame and ſhame her ſhift full oft hath ſhaked,
By enterchange alow and vp aloft,
The Lyſard like that changeth hue full oft.

For while the Duke of Yorke in life remaind
Mine vncle deare, I was his happy hand:
In all attempts my purpoſe I attaind,
Though King and Queene and moſt Lords of the land
With all their power did often me withſtand:
For God gaue Fortune, and my good behauiour
Did from their Prince ſteale me the peoples fauour.

So that through me in fields right manly fought,
By force mine vncle tooke King *Henry* twice:
As for my coſin *Edward* I ſo wrought,
When both our ſires were ſlaine through raſh aduice,
That he archieu'd his fathers enterpriſe:
For into Scotland King and Queene we chaſed,
By meane whereof the Kingdome he embraced.

Which after he had held in quiet peace,
(For ſhortly after was King *Henry* take,
And put in hold) his power to encreaſe,
I went to France and match him with a make,
The French Kinges daughter, whom hee did forſake:
For while with paine I brought this ſute to paſſe,
He to a widow raſhly wedded was.

This made the French King ſhrewdly to miſtruſt,
That all my treaties had but ill pretence,
And when I ſaw my King ſo bent to luſt,
That with his faith he paſt not to diſpence,
Which is a Princes honours chiefe defence:
I could not reſt till I had found a meane
To mend his miſſe, or els to marre him cleane.

I me allied with his brother *George*,
Incenſing him his brother to maligne,
Through many a tale I did againſt him forge:
So that through power that we from Calais bring
And found at home, we fraied ſo the King,
That he did flie to Freeſelandward amaine,
Whereby King *Henry* had the Crowne againe.

Then put we th'Earle of Worceſter to death,
King *Edwards* friend, a man loe foule defamed:
And in the while came *Edward* into breath.
For with the Duke of Burgoine ſo he framed,
That with the power that he to him had named,
 Vnlooked for he came to England ſtreight,
 And got to Yorke, and tooke the towne by ſleight.

And after through the ſufferance of my brother,
Which like a beaſt occaſion foulely loſt,
He came to London ſafe with many other,
And tooke the towne to good King *Henries* coſt:
Who was through him from poſt to piller toſt,
 Till th'Earle of Oxford, I and other more,
 Aſſembled power his freedome to reſtore.

Whereof King *Edward* warned came with ſpeed,
And camped with his hoſt in Barnet towne,
Where we right fierce encountred him indeed
On Eaſter day right early on the downe:
There many a man was ſlaine and ſtricken downe
 On either ſide, and neither part did gaine,
 Till that I and my brother both were ſlaine.

For we to heart our ouermatched men,
Forſooke our ſteeds, and in the thickeſt throng
Ran preaſing forth on foot, and fought ſo then
That downe we draue them were they nere ſo ſtrong:
But we ere lucke had laſted very long
 With force and number were ſo foulely cloyed,
 And reſcue fail'd, that quite we were deſtroyed.

Now tell me, *Baldwine*, haſt thou heard or read
Of any man that did as I haue done?
That in his time ſo many armies led,
And victorie at euery voyage won?
Haſt thou ere heard of ſubiect vnder ſun,
 That plac'd and bac'd his Soueraignes ſo oft
 By enterchange, now low, and then aloft?

Perchance thou think'ſt my doings were not ſuch
As I and other do affirme they were:
And in thy mind I ſee thou muſeſt much
What meanes I vs'd, that ſhould me ſo prefer:
Wherein becauſe I will thou ſhalt not erre,
The truth of all I will at large recite,
The ſhort is this: I was no Hypocrite.

I neuer did nor ſaid ſaue what I ment,
The commonweale was ſtill my chiefeſt care:
To priuate gaine or good was I nere bent,
I neuer paſt vpon delicious fare.
Of needfull food my boord was neuer bare,
No creditour did curſe me day by day,
I vſed plainneſſe, euer pitch and pay.

I heard poore ſouldiers and poore workemen whine
Becauſe their duties were not truly pai'd:
Againe I ſaw how people did repine
At thoſe through whom their payment was delai'd:
And proofe did oft aſſure (as Scripture ſaid)
That God doth wreake the wretched peoples greeues,
I ſaw the polles cut off from polling theeues.

This made me alway iuſtly for to deale,
Which when the people plainly vnderſtood,
Becauſe they ſaw me mind the Commonweale,
They ſtill endeuoured how to do me good,
Readie to ſpend their ſubſtance, life, and blood,
In any cauſe whereto I did them moue:
For ſure they were it was for their behoue.

And ſo it was. For when the Realme decayed
By ſuch as good King *Henrie* ſore abuſed,
To mend the ſtate I gaue his enemies aide:
But when King *Edward* ſinfull prankes ſtill vſed,
And would not mend, I likewiſe him refuſed,
And holpe King *Henrie*, better of the twaine,
And in his quarell (iuſt I thinke) was ſlaine.

And therefore *Baldwine* teach by proofe of mee,
That ſuch as couet peoples loue to get,
Muſt ſee their works and words in all agree,
Liue liberally and keepe them out of det,
On Commonwealth let all their care be ſet:
  For vpright dealing, debts paid, poore ſuſtained,
  Is meane whereby all hearts are throwly gained.

HOW KING HENRIE THE SIXT, A VERTVOVS PRINCE, WAS, AFter many other miſeries, cruelly murdered in *the Tower of London the 22. of May, Anno,* 1471.

IF euer wofull wight had cauſe to rue his ſtate,
Or by his ruefull plight to moue men mone his fate,
My piteous plaint may preaſe my miſhap to rehearſe,
Wherof the leaſt moſt lightly heard, the hardeſt hart may pierce.

What heart ſo hard can heare of innocence oppreſt
By fraud in worldly goods, but melteth in the breſt?
When guiltleſſe men be ſpoil'd, impriſoned for their owne,
Who waileth not their wretched caſe to whom yͤ caſe is knowen?

The Lion lickes the ſores of ſilly wounded ſheepe,
The dead mans corps may cauſe the Crocodile to weepe,
The waues that waſte the rockes refreſh the rotten reeds,
Such ruth the wracke of innocence in cruell creatures breeds.

What heart is then ſo hard, but will for pitie bleed,
To heare ſo cruell lucke ſo cleare a life ſucceed?
To ſee a ſilly ſoule with woe and ſorrow ſounſt,
A King depriu'd, in priſon pent, to death with daggers dounſt.

Would God the day of birth had brought me to my bere,
Then had I neuer felt the change of Fortunes chere:
Would God the graue had gript me in her greedie wombe,
When crowne in cradle made me King with oile of holy thombe.

Would God the rufull tombe had been my royall throne,
So ſhould no Kingly charge haue made me make my mone:
O that my ſoule had flowen to heauen with the ioy,
When one ſort cried, God ſaue the King, another, *Viue lè Roy.*

So had I not been waſht in waues of worldly wo,
My minde to quiet bent, had not been toſſed ſo:
My frends had been aliue: my ſubiects not opppreſt:
But death or cruell deſtiny denied me this reſt.

Alas what ſhould we count the cauſe of wretches cares,
The ſtarres do ſtirre them vp, Aſtronomy declares:
Our humors ſaith the leach, the double true diuines
To'th will of God, or ill of man, the doubtfull cauſe aſſignes.

Such doltiſh heads as dreame that all things driue by haps,
Count lacke of former care for cauſe of after claps,
Attributing to man a power fro God bereft,
Abuſing vs, and robbing him through their moſt wicked theſt.

But God doth guide the world, and euery hap by skill,
Our wit and willing power are poized by his will:
What wit moſt wiſely wards, & will moſt deadly vrkes (workes.
Though all our power would preſſe it down, doth daſh our wareſt

Then deſtiny, our ſinne, Gods will or elſe his wreake
Doe worke our wretched woes, for humours be too weake,
Except we take them ſo as they prouoke to ſinne,
For through our luſt by humours fed all vicious deeds beginne.

So ſinne and they be one, both working like effect,
And cauſe the wrath of God to wreake the ſoule infect,
Thus wrath and wreake diuine, mans ſinnes and humours ill
Concurre in one, though in a ſort, ech doth a courſe fulfill.

If likewiſe ſuch as ſay the welkin Fortune warkes,
Take Fortune for our fate and Starres thereof the markes,
Then deſtiny with fate and Gods will all be one:
But if they meane it otherwiſe, skath cauſers skies be none.

Thus of our heauy haps chiefe cauſes be but twaine,
Whereon the reſt depend, and vnder put remaine:
The chiefe the will diuine, cald deſtiny and fate, (hate.
The other ſinne through humours holpe, which God doth highly

The firſt appointeth paine for good mens exerciſe,
The ſecond doth deſerue due puniſhment for vice:
This witneſſeth the wrath, and that the loue of God,
The good for loue, the bad for ſinne God beateth with his rod.

Although my ſundry ſinnes doe place me with the worſt,
My haps yet cauſe me hope to be among the firſt:
The eye that ſearcheth all and ſeeth euery thought,
Is Iudge how ſore I hated ſinne, and after vertue ſought.

The ſolace of my ſoule my chiefeſt pleaſure was,
Of worldly pomp, of fame, or game I did not paſſe:
My Kingdomes nor my Crowne I priſed not a crum:
In Heauen were my riches heapt, to which I ſought to come.

Yet were my ſorowes ſuch as neuer man had like,
So diuers ſtormes at once, ſo often did me ſtrike:
But why, God knowes, not I, except it were for this,
To ſhew by paterne of a Prince, how brittle honour is.

Our kingdomes are but cares, our ſtate deuoid of ſtay,
Our riches ready ſnares, to haſten our decay:
Our pleaſures priuy pricks our vices to prouoke, (ſmoke.
Our pompe a pumpe, our fame a flame, our power a ſmouldring

I ſpeake not but by proofe, and that may many rue,
My life doth cry it out, my death doth try it true:
Whereof I will in briefe rehearſe the heauy hap,
That *Baldwine* in his woefull warpe, my wretchedneſſe may wrap.

In Windſore borne I was, and bare my fathers name,
Who wonne by warre all France to his eternall fame,
And left to me the crowne, to be receiu'd in peace (deceaſe.
Through mariage made with *Charles* his heire vpon his lifes

Which ſhortly did enſue, yet died my father furſt,
And both the Realmes were mine ere I a yeare were nurſt:
Which as they fell too ſoone, ſo faded they as faſt.
For *Charles* and *Edward* got them both or forty yeares were paſt.

This *Charles* was eldeſt ſonne of *Charles* my father in law,
To whom as heire of France, the Frenchmen did them draw,
But *Edward* was the heire of *Richard* Duke of Yorke,
The heire of *Roger Mortimer*, ſlaine by the kerne of Korke.

Before I came to age *Charles* had recouered France,
And kild my men of warre, ſo happy was his chance:
And through a mad contract I made with *Raynerds* daughter
I gaue and loſt all Normandy, the cauſe of many a ſlaughter.

Firſt of mine vncle *Humfrey*, abhorring ſore this act,
Becauſe I thereby brake a better precontract:
Then of the flattering Duke that firſt the mariage made,
The iuſt reward of ſuch as dare their Princes ill perſwade.

And I poore ſilly wretch abode the brunt of all,
My mariage luſt ſo ſweet was mixt with bitter gall.
My wife was wiſe and good, had ſhe ben rightly ſought,
But our vnlawfull getting it, may make a good thing nought.

Wherefore warne men beware how they iuſt promiſe breake,
Leſt proofe of painfull plagues doe cauſe them waile the wreake,
Aduiſe well ere they grant, but what they grant performe:
For God will plague all doublenes although we feele no worme.

I falſly borne in hand, beleeued I did well,
But all things bee not true that learned men doe tell:
My clergie ſaid a Prince was to no promiſe bound,
Whoſe words to be no goſpell tho, I to my griefe haue found.

For after mariage ioind Queene *Margaret* and me,
For one miſhap afore, I dayly met with three:
Of Normandy and France *Charles* got away my Crowne,
The Duke of Yorke and other ſought at home to put me downe.

Bellona rang the bell at home and all abroad,
With whoſe miſhaps amaine fell Fortune did me load:
In France I loſt my forts, at home the ſoughten field,
My kinred ſlaine, my friends oppreſt, my ſelſe enforſt to yeeld.

Duke *Richard* tooke me twice, and forſt me to reſine
My Crowne and titles due vnto my fathers line:
And kept mee as a ward, did all things as him liſt,
Till that my wife through bloudy ſword had tane me from his fiſt.

But though we ſlew the Duke my ſorowes did not ſlake,
But like to *Hydraes* head ſtill more and more awake:
For *Edward* through the aid of *Warwicke* and his brother
From one field draue me to the Scots, and toke me in another.

Then went my friends to wrack, for *Edward* ware the Crowne,
For which for nine yeares ſpace his priſon held me downe:
Yet thence through *Warwickes* worke I was againe releaſt.
And *Edward* driuen fro the realme to ſeeke his friends by Eaſt.

But what preuaileth paine or prouidence of man
To helpe him to good hap, whom deſtiny doth ban?
Who moileth to remoue the rocke out of the mud,
Shall mire himſelfe, and hardly ſcape the ſwelling of the flud.

This all my friends haue found, and I haue felt it ſo,
Ordain'd to be the touch of wretchedneſſe and woe:
For ere I had a yeare poſſeſt my ſeat againe,
I loſt both it and liberty, my helpers all were ſlaine.

For *Edward* firſt by ſtelth and ſith by gathred ſtrength
Arriu'd, and got to Yorke and London at the length:
Tooke me and tied me vp, yet *Warwicke* was ſo ſtout,
He came with power to Barnet field, in hope to helpe me out,

And there alas was ſlaine, with many a worthy knight.
O Lord that euer ſuch luck ſhould hap in helping right:
Laſt came my wife and ſonne, that long lay in exile,
Defied the King, and fought a field, I may bewaile the while.

For there mine only ſonne, not thirteene yeares of age,
Was tane, and murdred ſtraight by *Edward* in his rage:
And ſhortly I my ſelfe to ſtint all further ſtrife,
Stab'd with his brothers bloodie blade in priſon loſt my life.

Lo heere the heauie haps which hapned me by heape,
See heere the pleaſant fruits that many Princes reape,
The painfull plagues of thoſe that breake their lawfull bands,
Their meed which may and will not ſaue their friends from bloodie hands.
God grant my woful haps, too grieuous to rehearce,
May teach all States to know how deepely dangers pierce,
How fraile all honors are, how brittle worldly bliſſe,
That warned through my fearefull fate they feare to do amiſſe.

HOW GEORGE PLANTAGENET THIRD SONNE OF THE DVKE OF Yorke, was by his brother King *Edward* wrongfully impriſoned, and by his brother *Richard* miſerably *murdered, the* 11. *of Ianuarie, An. Dom.* 1478.

THe fowle is foule men ſay, that files the neſt.
Which makes me loth to ſpeak now, might I chuſe,
But ſeeing time vnburdened hath her breſt,
And fame blowne vp the blaſt of all abuſe,
My ſilence rather might my life accuſe
Then ſhroud our ſhame, though faine I would it ſo,
For truth will out, although the world ſay no.

And therefore *Baldwine* I do thee beſeech
To pauſe a while vpon my heauie plaint,
And vnneth though I vtter ſpeedie ſpeech,
No fault of wit nor folly makes me faint:
No headie drinkes haue giuen my tongue attaint
Through quaffing craft: Yet wine my wits confound,
Not that I dranke, but wherein I was drown'd.

What Prince I am although I need not ſhew,
Becauſe my wine bewrayes me by the ſmell:
For neuer man was ſouſt in *Bacchus* dew
To death but I, through Fortunes rigour fell:
Yet that thou maiſt my ſtorie better tell,
I will declare as briefely as I may,
My wealth, my woe, and cauſers of decay.

The famous houſe ſurnam'd *Plantagenet*,
Whereat Dame Fortune frowardly did frowne,
While *Bolenbroke* vniuſtly ſought to ſet
His Lord King *Richard* quite beſide the Crowne,
Though many a day it wanted due renowne,
God ſo prefer'd by prouidence and grace,
That lawfull heires did neuer faile the race.

For *Lionel* King *Edwards* eldeſt child,
Both Eame and heire to *Richard* iſſuleſſe,
Begot faire *Philip* hight, whom vndefil'd
The Earle of March eſpous'd, and God did bleſſe
With fruit aſſign'd the kingdome to poſſeſſe:
I meane Sir *Roger Mortimer*, whoſe heire
The Earle of Cambridge maried *Anne* the faire.

This Earle of Cambridge *Richard* clept by name,
Was ſonne to *Edmund Langley* Duke of Yorke:
Which *Edmund* was fift brother to the ſame
Duke *Lionel*, that all this line doth korke:
Of which two houſes ioyned in a forke,
My father *Richard* Prince *Plantagenet*
True Duke of Yorke was lawfull heire beget.

Who tooke to wife as ye ſhall vnderſtand
A mayden of a noble houſe and old,
Ralph Neuils daughter Earle of Weſtmerland,
Whoſe ſonne Earle *Richard* was, a Baron bold,
And had the right of Salisbury in hold,
Through mariage made with good Earle *Thomas* heire,
Whoſe earned praiſes neuer ſhall appaire.

The Duke my father had by this his wife
Foure ſonnes, of whom the eldeſt *Edward* hight,
The ſecond *Edmund*, who did loſe his life,
At Wakefield ſlaine by *Clyfford* cruell Knight,
I *George* am third, of Clarence Duke by right:
The fourth borne to the miſchiefe of vs all,
Was Glóceſters Duke, whom men did *Richard* call.

VVhen as our ſire in ſute of right was ſlaine,
(VVhoſe life and death himſelfe declared earſt)
My brother *Edward* plied his cauſe amaine,
And got the Crowne as *Warwicke* hath rehearſt:
The pride whereof ſo deepe his ſtomacke pearſt
That he forgot his friends, deſpis'd his kin,
Of oath or office paſſing not a pin.

VVhich made the Earle of Warwicke to maligne
My brothers ſtate, and to attempt a way
To bring from priſon *Henrie* ſillie King,
To helpe him to the kingdome if he may,
And knowing me to be the chiefeſt ſtay
My brother had, he did me vndermine
To cauſe me to his treaſons to encline.

VVhereto I was prepared long before,
My brother had been to me ſo vnkind:
For ſure no canker fretteth fleſh ſo ſore,
As vnkind dealing doth a louing mind.
Loues ſtrongeſt bands vnkindnes doth vnbind,
It moueth loue to malice, zeale to hate,
Chiefe friends to foes, and brethren to debate.

And though the Earle of Warwicke ſubtill ſire
Perceiu'd I bare a grudge againſt my brother,
Yet toward his ſeate to ſet me more on fire,
He kindled vp one firebrand with another:
For knowing fancie was the forcing rother
VVhich ſtirreth youth to any kind of ſtrife,
He offered me his daughter to my wife.

Where through and with his craftie filed tongue,
He ſtole my heart that erſt vnſteadie was:
For I was witleſſe, wanton, fond and yongue,
Whole bent to pleaſure, brittle as the glaſſe:
I cannot lie, *In vino veritas.*
  I did eſteeme the beautie of my bride
  Aboue my ſelfe and all the world beſide.

Theſe fond affections ioynt with lacke of skill,
(Which trap the heart, and blind the eyes of youth,
And pricke the mind to practiſe any ill)
So tickled me, that void of kindly truth,
(Which if it want all wretchedneſſe enſueth)
  I ſtinted not to perſecute my brother,
  Till time he left his kingdome to another.

Thus carnall loue did quench the loue of kind,
Till luſt were loſt through fancie fully fed:
But when at length I came vnto my mind,
I ſaw how leaudly lightnes had me led,
To ſeeke with paine the perill of my head:
  For had King *Henrie* once been ſetled ſure,
  I was aſſur'd my daies could not endure.

And therefore though I bound my ſelfe with oath
To helpe King *Henrie* all that ere I might,
Yet at the treatie of my brethren both,
Which reaſon granted to require but right,
I left his part, whereby he periſht quite:
  And reconcil'd me to my brethren twaine,
  And ſo came *Edward* to the Crowne againe.

This made my ſire in law to fret and fume,
To ſtampe and ſtare, and call me falſe forſworne,
And at the length with all his power preſume,
To helpe King *Henrie* vtterly forlorne.
Our friendly profers ſtill he tooke in ſcorne,
  Refuſed peace, and came to Barnet field,
  And there was kill'd becauſe he would not yeeld.

His brother alſo there with him was ſlaine,
Whereby decayed the keyes of chiualrie:
For neuer liu'd the matches of them twaine,
In manhood, power, and martiall policie,
In vertuous thewes, and friendly conſtancie,
That would to God if it had been his will
They might haue turn'd to vs and liued ſtill.

But what ſhall be ſhall be: there is no choyce,
Things needs muſt driue as deſtiny decreeth,
For which we ought in all our haps reioyce,
Becauſe the eye eterne all things foreſeeth
Which to no ill at any time agreeth,
For il's too ill to vs, be good to it,
So far his skilles exceed our reach of wit.

The wounded man which muſt abide the ſmart
Of ſtitching vp, or ſearing of his ſore,
As thing too bad, reproues the Surgeons art
Which notwithſtanding doth his health reſtore:
The child likewiſe to ſcience plied ſore,
Counts knowledge ill, his teacher to be wood,
Yet Surgerie and ſciences be good.

But as the patients griefe and ſchollers paine,
Cauſe them deeme bad ſuch things as ſure be beſt,
So want of wiſdome causeth vs complaine
Of euery hap, whereby we ſeeme oppreſt:
The poore do pine for pelfe, the rich for reſt,
And when as loſſe or ſickeneſſe vs aſſaile
We curſe our fate, our fortune we bewaile.

Yet for our good, God worketh euery thing:
For through the death of theſe two noble Peeres
My brother liu'd and raign'd a quiet King,
Who had they liu'd perchance in courſe of yeares
Would haue deliuered *Henrie* from the breares,
Or holpe his ſonne t'enioy the carefull Crowne,
Whereby our line ſhould haue been quite put downe.

A carefull Crowne it may be iuſtly named,
Not only for the cares thereto annext.
To ſee the ſubiect well and duly framed,
With which good care few Kings are greatly vext,
But for the dred wherwith they are perplext,
Of loſing Lordſhip, liberty, or life:
Which wofull wracks in kingdoms happen riſe.

The which to ſhun while ſome too ſore haue ſought,
They haue not ſparde all perſons to ſuſpect:
And to deſtroy ſuch as they guilty thought,
Though no apparance proued them infect,
Take me for one of this wrong puniſht ſect,
Impriſond firſt, accuſed without cauſe,
And done to death, no proceſſe had by lawes.

Wherein I note how vengeance doth acquite
Like ill for ill, how vices vertue quell:
For as my mariage loue did me excite
Againſt the King my brother to rebell,
So loue to haue his children proſper well,
Prouoked him againſt both law and right,
To murder me, his brother and his knight:

For by his Queene two Pincelike ſonnes he had,
Borne to be puniſht for their parents ſinne:
Whoſe Fortunes calked made the father ſad,
Such wofull haps were found to be therin:
Which to auouch, writ in a rotten skin
A propheſie was found, which ſaid a G,
Of *Edwards* children ſhould deſtruction be.

Me to be G, becauſe my name was *George*
My brother thought, and therefore did me hate,
But woe be to the wicked heads that forge
Such doubtfull dreames to breed vnkind debate:
For God, a Gleue, a Gibbet, Grate, or Gate,
A Gray, a Griffeth, or a Gregory,
As well as George are written with a G.

Such doubtfull riddles are no propheſies.
For propheſies, in writing though obſcure,
Are plaine in ſenſe, the darke be very lies:
What God foreſheweth is euident and pure,
Truth is no Harold nor no Sophiſt ſure:
She noteth not mens names, their ſhields nor creaſts,
Though ſhe compare them vnto birds and beaſts.

But whom ſhe doth foreſhew ſhall raigne by force,
She tearmes a Wolfe, a Dragon, or a Beare:
A wilfull Prince, a raineleſſe raging horſe:
A bold, a Lion: a Coward much in feare,
A Hare or Hart: a craftie, pricked eare:
A leacherous, a Bull, a Goat, a Foale:
An vnderminer, a Moldwarpe, or a Mole.

By knowen beaſts thus truth doth plaine declare
VVhat men they be of whom ſhe ſpeakes before.
And whoſo can mens properties compare,
And marke what beaſt they do reſemble more,
Shall ſoone diſcerne who is the grieſly Bore.
For God by beaſts expreſſeth mens conditions,
And not their badges, Harolds ſuperſtitions.

And learned *Merline* whom God gaue the ſprite
To know and vtter Princes acts to come,
Like to the Iewiſh Prophets, did recite
In ſhade of beaſts their doings all and ſome,
Expreſſing plaine by maners of the dome,
That Kings and Lords ſuch properties ſhould haue
As haue the beaſts whoſe name he to them gaue.

Which while the fooliſh did not well conſider,
And ſeeing Princes gaue for difference
And knowledge of their iſſues mixt together,
All maner beaſts for badges of pretence,
There tooke thoſe badges to expreſſe the ſence
Of *Merlines* mind, and thoſe that gaue the ſame,
To be the Princes noted by their name.

And hereof ſprang the falſe nam'd propheſies,
That go by letters, ciphers, armes or ſignes :
VVhich all be fooliſh, falſe, and craftie lies
Deuis'd by gheſſe, or guiles vntrue diuines :
For when they ſaw that ſome of many lines
Giue armes alike, they wiſt not which was he
VVhom *Merline* meant the noted beaſt to be.

For all the brood of *Warwickes* gaue the Beare,
The *Buckinghams* do likewiſe giue the Swan :
But which Beare-bearer ſhould the Lion teare
They were as wiſe as *Gooſe* the ferry man :
Yet in their skill they ſeaſed not to ſcan,
And to be deemed of the people wiſe,
Set forth their gloſes vpon propheſies.

And whom they doubted openly to name
They darkely tearm'd or by ſome letter ment,
For ſo they thought how ere the world did frame,
To keepe themſelues from ſhame or being ſhent.
For howſoeuer contrary it went,
They might expound their meaning otherwiſe,
As haps in things ſhould newly ſtill ariſe.

And thus there grew of a miſtaken truth,
An art ſo falſe as made the true ſuſpect :
Whereof hath come much miſchiefe, more the ruth
That errors ſhould our minds ſo much infect,
True Prophets haue oft foulely been reiect :
The falſe which breed both murder war and ſtrife
Beleeu'd, to loſſe of many a good mans life.

And therefore *Baldwine* teach men to diſcerne,
VVhich propheſies be falſe, and which be true :
And for a ground this leſſon let them learne,
That all be falſe which are deuiſed new.
The age of things are iudged by the hue.
All riddles made by letters, names or armes,
Are yong and falſe, far worſe then witches charmes.

I know thou muſeſt at this lore of mine,
How I no ſtudient ſhould haue learned it:
And doſt impute it to the fume of wine
That ſtirres the tongue, and ſharpneth vp the wit.
But heark, a friend did teach me euery whit,
A man of mine, in all good knowledge rife,
For which he guiltleſſe loſt his learned life.

This man abode my ſeruant many a day,
And ſtill in ſtudy ſet his whole delight:
Which taught me more then I could beare away
Of euery arte: and by his ſearching ſight
Of things to come he would foreſhew as right
As I rehearſe the pageants that were paſt:
Such perfectnes God gaue him at the laſt.

He knew my brother *Richard* was the Bore,
Whoſe tusks ſhould teare my brothers boies and me,
And gaue me warning therof long before.
But wit nor warning can in no degree
Let things to hap, which are ordaind to bee.
Witneſſe the painted Lioneſſe, which ſlue
A Prince empriſoned, Lions to eſchewe.

He told me eke my yoke-fellow ſhould dy,
(Wherein would God he had been no diuine).
And ſhe being dead I ſhould woo earneſtly
A ſpouſe, wherat my brother would repine,
And find the means ſhe ſhould be none of mine.
For which ſuch malice ſhould among vs riſe,
As ſaue my death no treaty ſhould deciſe.

And as he ſaid, ſo all things came to paſſe:
For when King *Henry* and his ſonne were ſlaine,
And euery broile ſo throughly quenched was,
That then my brother quietly did raigne,
I, reconciled to his loue againe,
In proſperous health did lead a quiet life,
For fiue yeares ſpace with honours laden rife.

And to augment the fulneſſe of my bliſſe,
Two louely children by my wife I had:
But froward hap whoſe maner euer is
In chiefeſt ioy to make the happie ſad,
Bemixt my ſweet with bitternes too bad:
For while I ſwam in ioyes on euery ſide,
My louing wife, my chiefeſt Iewel dide,

Whoſe lack when ſole I had bewail'd a yeare,
The Duke of Burgoines wife dame *Margaret*
My louing ſiſter willing me to cheere,
To wed againe did kindly me entreate
And wiſh'd me matched with a maiden nete
A ſtep-daughter of hers, Duke *Charles* his heire,
A noble damſell, yong, diſcreete and faire.

To whoſe deſire becauſe I did incline,
The King my brother doubting my degree
Through Propheſies, againſt vs did repine:
And at no hand would to our willes agree.
For which ſuch rancour pierſt both him and mee,
That face to face we fell at flat defiance,
But were appeas'd by friends of our alliance:

Howbeit my mariage vtterly was daſht:
VVherein becauſe my ſeruant ſaid his mind,
A meane was ſought whereby he might be laſht,
And, for they could no crime againſt him find,
They forg'd a fault the peoples eyes to blind,
And told he ſhould by ſorceries pretend
To bring the King vnto a ſpeedie end.

Of all which points he was as innocent
As is the babe that lacketh kindly breath:
And yet condemned by the Kings aſſent,
Moſt cruelly put to a ſhamefull death.
This fir'd my heart, as foulder doth the heath:
So that I could not but exclame and crie,
Againſt ſo great and open iniurie.

For this I was commanded to the Tower,
The King my brother was ſo cruell harted:
And when my brother *Richard* ſaw the hower
Was come, for which his hart ſo ſore had ſmarted,
He thought it beſt take time before it parted.
For he endeuour'd to attaine the Crowne,
From which my life muſt needs haue held him downe.

For though the King within a while had died,
As needs he muſt, he ſurfaited ſo oft,
I muſt haue had his children in my guide,
So *Richard* ſhould beſide the Crowne haue coſt:
This made him ply the while the wax was ſoft,
To finde a meane to bring me to an end,
For realmrape ſpareth neither kin nor frend.

And when he ſaw how reaſon can aſſwage
Through length of time my brother *Edwards* ire,
With forged tales he ſet him newe in rage,
Till at the laſt they did my death conſpire.
And though my truth ſore troubled their deſire,
For all the world did know mine innocence,
Yet they agreed to charge me with offence.

And couertly within the Tower they calde
A queſt, to giue ſuch verdit as they ſhould.
Who what with feare and what with fauour thrald,
Durſt not pronounce but as my brethren would.
And though my falſe accuſers neuer could
Proue ought they ſaid, I guiltleſſe was condemned:
Such verdits paſſe where iuſtice is contemned.

This feate atchieud yet could they not for ſhame
Cauſe me be kild by any common way,
But like a wolfe the tyrant *Richard* came,
(My brother, nay my butcher I may ſay)
Vnto the Tower when all men were away,
Saue ſuch as were prouided for the feate:
Who in this wiſe did ſtrangely me entreate.

His purpoſe was with a prepared ſtring
To ſtrangle me: but I beſtird me ſo,
That by no force they could me therto bring,
Which cauſed him that purpoſe to forgo:
Howbeit they bound me whether I would or no,
  And in a But of Malmeſey ſtanding by,
  New chriſtned me becauſe I ſhould not cry.

Thus drownd I was, yet for no due deſert,
Except the zeale of Iuſtice be a crime:
Falſe prophecies bewitcht King *Edwards* hart,
My brother *Richard* to the Crowne would clime.
Note theſe three cauſes in thy rufull rime,
  And boldly ſay they did procure my fall,
  And death of deaths moſt ſtrange and hard of all.

And warne all Princes prophecies t'eſchue
That are too dark and doubtfull to be knowne:
What God hath ſaid, that cannot but enſue,
Though all the world would haue it ouerthrowne,
When men ſuppoſe by fetches of their owne
  To fly their fate, they further on the ſame
  Like quenching blaſts which oft reuiue the flame.

Will Princes therefore not to thinke by murder
They may auoid what prophecies behight,
But by their meanes their miſchiefes they may furder,
And cauſe Gods vengeance heauier to alight:
Woe worth the wretch that ſtriues with Gods foreſight.
  They are not wiſe, but wickedly doe erre,
  Which thinke ill deedes due deſtinies may barre.

For if we thinke that prophecies be true,
We muſt beleeue it cannot but betide,
Which God in them foreſheweth ſhall enſue:
For his decrees vnchanged doe abide.
Which to be true my brethren both haue tried,
  Whoſe wicked workes warne Princes to deteſt,
  That others harmes may keepe them better bleſt.

HOW KING EDWARD THE FOVRTH THROVGH HIS SVRFETING and vntemperate life, ſuddenly died in the middeſt of his proſperitie, *the ninth of Aprill, Anno* 1483.

Miſeremini mei ye that be my friends,
This world hath form'd me downe to fall:
How may I endure when that euery thing ends?
What creature is borne to be eternall?
Now there is no more but pray for me all,
Thus ſay I *Edward* that late was your King,
And twentie two yeares ruled this Imperiall,
Some vnto pleaſure and ſome to no liking:
Mercie I aske of my miſdoing.
What auaileth it friends to be my foe?
Sith I cannot reſiſt, nor amend your complaining,
Quia ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

I ſleepe now in mould as it is naturall,
As earth vnto earth hath his reuerture:
What ordained God to be terreſtriall,
Without recourſe to the earth by nature?
Who to liue euer may himſelfe aſſure?
What is it to truſt to mutabilitie?
Sith that in this world nothing may endure.
(For now am I gone that was late in proſperitie)
To preſume thereupon it is but vanitie.
Not certaine, but as a cherie faire full of wo.
Raigned not I of late in great proſperitie?
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

Where was in my life ſuch an one as I,
While Lady Fortune had with me continuance:
Granted not ſhe me to haue victorie.
In England to raigne and to contribute France?
She tooke me by the hand and led me a dance,
And with her ſugred lips on me ſhe ſmiled,
But what for diſſembled countenance,
I could not beware till I was beguiled.
Now from this world ſhe hath me exiled,
When I was loatheſt hence for to go,
And am in age (who ſaith) but a child,
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

I had enough, I held me not content,
Without remembrance that I ſhould die:
And moreouer to encroch readie was I bent,
I knew not how long I ſhould it occupie,
I made the Tower ſtrong I wiſt not why.
I knew not to whom I purchaſed Tarterſoll.
I mended Douer on the mountaine high,
And London I prouoked to fortifie the wall.
I made Notingham a place full royall.
Windſore, Eltam, and many other mo,
Yet at the laſt I went from them all,
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

Where is now my conqueſt and victorie?
Where is my riches and royall array?
Where be my courſers and my horſes hie?
Where is my mirth, my ſolace, and my play?
As vanitie to nought all is withered away:
O Lady *Bes* long for me may you call,
For I am departed vntill domes day:
But loue you that Lord that is Soueraigne of all.
Where be my Caſtles and buildings royall?
But Windſore alone now haue I no moe,
And of Eton the prayers perpetuall,
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

Why ſhould a man be proud or preſume high?
Saint *Bernard* thereof nobly doth treate,
Saying a man is but a ſacke of ſtercorie,
And ſhall returne vnto wormes meat:
Why, what became of *Alexander* the great?
Or elſe of ſtrong *Sampſon*, who can tell?
Were not wormes ordain'd their fleſh to freat?
And of *Salomon*, that was of wit the Well,
Abſolon preferred his haire for to ſell,
Yet for his beautie wormes eat him alſo,
And I but late in honors did excell,
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

I haue played my pageant, now am I paſt,
Ye wot well all I was of no great elde.
Thus all things concluded ſhallbe at the laſt,
When death approcheth then loſt is the field:
Then ſeeing the world me no longer vpheld,
(For nought would conſerue me heere in this place;
In manus tuas Domine my ſpirit vp I yeeld,
Humblie beſeeching thee O God of thy grace.
O you courteous Commons your hearts embrace
Benignely now to remember me alſo,
For right well you know your King I was:
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

HOW SIR ANTHONY WODVILE

Lord *Riuers* and *Scales*, gouernour of Prince EDVVARD,
was with his Nephew Lord *Richard Gray* and other
cauſeleſſe impriſoned, and cruelly murdered,
Anno, 1483.

AS ſilly ſuiters letted by delayes
To ſhew their Prince the meaning of their mind,
That long haue bought their brokers yeas and nayes
And nere the nigher, do daily wait to find
The Princes grace, from waightie affaires vntwind:
Which time attain'd, by attending all the yeare,
The wearied Prince will then no ſuiters heare:

My caſe was ſuch not many daies ago.
For after bruite had blazed all abroad
That *Baldwine* through the aide of other mo,
Of fame or ſhame fall'n Princes would vnload,
Out from our graues we got without abode,
And preaſed forward with the rufull rout,
That ſought to haue their doings boulted out.

But when I had long tended for my turne
To tell my tale, as diuers other did:
In hope I ſhould no longer while ſoiourne
But from my ſuits haue ſpeedily been rid,
When courſe and place both orderly had bid
Me ſhew my mind, and I prepar'd to ſay,
The hearers paus'd, aroſe, and went their way.

Theſe doubtfull doings draue me to my dumpes,
Vncertaine what ſhould moue them ſo to do:
I feared leſt affections lothly lumpes
Or inward grudge had driuen them thereto,
Whoſe wicked ſtings all ſtories truth vndo,
Oft cauſing good to be reported ill,
Or drown'd in ſuds of *Lethes* muddie ſwill.

For hitherto ſlie writers wilie wits
Which haue engroſſed Princes chiefe affaires,
Haue been like horſes ſnaffled with the bits
Of fancie, feare, or doubts full deepe deſpaires,
Whoſe raines enchained to the chiefeſt chaires,
Haue ſo been ſtrain'd of thoſe that bare the ſtroke
That truth was forſt to chow or elſe to choke.

This cauſed ſuch as lothed loud to lie,
To paſſe with ſilence ſundrie Princes liues.
Leſſe fault it is to leaue, then leade awrie,
And better droun'd, then euer bound in giues:
For fatall fraud this world ſo fondly driues,
That whatſoeuer writers braines may brue
Be it neuer ſo falſe, at length is tane for true.

What harme may hap by helpe of lying pens,
How written lies may leaudly be maintain'd,
The lothly rites, the diuelliſh idoll dens,
With guiltleſſe blood of vertuous men beſtain'd,
Is ſuch a proofe as all good hearts haue plain'd,
The taly grounds of ſtories throughly tries,
The death of Martyrs vengeance on it cries.

The freſheſt wits I know will ſoone be wearie,
In reading long what euer booke it bee,
Except it be vaine matter, ſtrange, or merrie,
Well ſauſt with lies, and glared all with glee,
VVith which becauſe no graue truth may agree,
The cloſeſt ſtile for ſtories is the meeteſt,
In rufull meanes the ſhorteſt forme is ſweeteſt:

And ſeeth the plaints alreadie by thee pen'd,
Are briefe enough, the number alſo ſmall,
The tediousneſſe I thinke doth none offend,
Saue ſuch as haue no luſt to learne at all:
Regard none ſuch: no matter what they brall.
Warne thou the warie leſt they hap to ſtumble:
As for the careleſſe, care not what they mumble.

My life is ſuch as (if thou note it well)
May cauſe the wittie wealthie to beware.
For their ſakes therefore plainly will I tell,
How falſe and cumbrous worldly honors are,
How cankred foes bring careleſſe folke to care,
How tyrants ſuffered and not quell'd in time,
Do cut their throats that ſuffer them to clime.

Nor will I hide the chiefeſt point of all,
VVhich wiſeſt Rulers leaſt of all regard,
That was and will be cauſe of many a fall.
This cannot be too earneſtly declar'd,
Becauſe it is ſo ſeeld, and ſlackly hard.
Th'abuſe and ſcorning of Gods ordinances,
Is chiefeſt cauſe of care and wofull chances.

Gods holy orders highly are abuſed
When men do change their ends for ſtrange reſpects:
They ſcorned are, when they be cleane refuſed,
For that they cannot ſerue our fond affects:
The one our ſhame, the other our ſinne detects.
  It is a ſhame for Chriſtians to abuſe them,
  But deadly ſinne for ſcorners to refuſe them.

I meane not this alonely of degrees
Ordaind by God for peoples preſeruation,
But of his law, good orders, and decrees,
Prouided for his creatures conſeruation;
And ſpecially the ſtate of procreation,
  Wherein we here the number of them encreaſe,
  Which ſhall in Heauen enioy eternall peace.

The only end why God ordained this,
Was for th'encreaſing of that bleſſed number
For whom he hath prepard eternall bliſſe.
They that refuſe it for the care or cumber
Being apt thereto are in a ſinfull ſlumber:
  No fond reſpect, no vaine deuiſed vowes
  Can quit or bar what God in charge allowes.

It is not good for man to liue alone:
Said God: and therefore made he him a make:
Sole life ſaid *Chriſt* is granted few or none,
All ſeed-ſheders are bound like wiues to take:
Yet not for luſt, for lands, or riches ſake,
  But to beget and foſter ſo their fruite
  That Heauen and Earth be ſtored with the ſuite.

But as the ſtate is damnably refuſed
Of many apt and able thereunto,
So is it likewiſe wickedly abuſed
Of all that vſe it as they ſhould not doe:
Wherein are guilty all the greedy who
  For gaine, for friendſhip, lands, or honours wed,
  And theſe pollute the vndefiled bed.

And therfore God through iuſtice cannot ceaſe
To plague theſe faults with ſundry ſorts of whips:
As diſagreement, healths or wealths decreaſe,
Or lothing ſore the neuerliked lips.
Diſdiane alſo with rigour ſome times nips
  Preſuming mates, vnequally that match:
  Some bitter leauen ſowers the muſty batch.

We worldly folke account him very wiſe
That hath the wit moſt wealthily to wed:
By all meanes therefore alwaies we deuiſe
To ſee our iſſue rich in ſpouſals ſped.
We buy and ſell rich orphanes: babes ſcant bred
  Muſt marry ere they know what mariage meanes,
  Boyes marry old trots, old fooles wed yong queanes.

We call this wedding which in any wiſe
Can bee no mariage, but pollution plaine.
A new found trade of humane merchandiſe,
The diuels net, a filthy fleſhly gaine:
Of kinde and nature an vnnaturall ſtaine;
  A foule abuſe of Gods moſt holy order,
  And yet allow'd almoſt in euery border.

Would God I were the laſt that ſhall haue cauſe
Againſt this creeping canker to complaine,
That men would ſo regard their makers lawes,
That all would leaue the leaudneſſe of their braine,
That holy orders holy might remaine,
  That our reſpects in wedding ſhould not choke
  The end and fruite of Gods moſt holy yoke.

The Sage King *Solon* after that he ſaw
What miſchiefes follow miſſought mariages,
To barre all baits, eſtabliſhed this law:
No friend nor father ſhall giue heritages,
Coine, cattell, ſtuffe, or other carriages
  With any maid for dowry or wedding ſale,
  By any meane, on paine of banning bale.

Had this good law in England been in force,
My ſire had not ſo cruelly been ſlaine,
My brother had not cauſeleſſe loſt his corps,
Our mariage had not bred vs ſuch diſdaine,
My ſelfe had lack'd great part of grieuous paine:
VVe wedded wiues for dignitie and lands,
And left our liues in enuies bloodie hands.

My father hight Sir *Richard Woduile:* he
Eſpouſed Bedford Ducheſſe, and by her
Had iſſue males my brother *Iohn,* and me
Call'd *Anthony:* King *Edward* did prefer
Vs far aboue the ſtate wherein we were:
He 'ſpous'd our ſiſter *Elizabeth,*
Whom Sir *Iohn Gray* made widow by his death.

How glad were we, thinke you, of this alliance?
So neerely coupled with ſo great a King.
VVho durſt with any of vs be at defiance
Thus made of might the mightieſt to wring?
But fie, what cares do higheſt honors bring?
VVhat careleſneſſe our ſelues or friends to know?
VVhat ſpite and enuie both of high and low?

Becauſe the King had made our ſiſter Queene,
It was his honor to prefer her kin:
And ſith the readieſt way (as wiſeſt weene)
VVas firſt by wedding wealthie heires to win,
It pleas'd the Prince by like meane to begin:
To me he gaue the rich Lord *Scales* his heire,
A vertuous maid, in my mind very faire.

He ioyned to my brother *Iohn,* the old
Duches of Northfolke notable of fame.
My nephew *Thomas* (who had in his hold
The honor and right of Marquiſe Dorſets name)
Eſpouſed *Cicelie* a right wealthie dame,
Lord *Bonuiles* heire: by whom he was poſſeſt
In all the rights where through that houſe was bleſt.

The honours that my Sire attaind were diuers,
Firſt Chamberlaine, then Conſtable he was:
I doe omit the gainfulleſt, Earle *Riuers*.
Thus gliſtred we to glory cleere as glaſſe.
Such miracles can Princes bring to paſſe
Among their lieges whom they mind to heaue
To honours falſe, who all their gueſts deceiue.

Honours are like that cruell King of Thrace,
With new come gueſts that fed his hungry horſes:
Or like the tyrant *Buſiris*, whoſe grace
Offred his Gods all ſtrangers ſtrangled corſes.
To forrenners ſo hard falſe honors force is,
That all her bourders, ſtrangers either geaſts
She ſpoiles to feede her Gods and greedy beaſts.

Her Gods be thoſe whom God by law or lot,
Or kinde by birth doth place in higheſt roomes,
Her beaſts be ſuch as greedily haue got
Office or charge to guide the ſilly groomes.
Theſe officers in law or charge are broomes,
Which ſweep away the ſweet from ſimple wretches,
And ſpoile th'enriched by their crafty fetches.

Theſe plucke downe thoſe whom Princes ſet aloft,
By wreſting lawes, and falſe conſpiracies:
Yea Kings themſelues by theſe are ſpoiled oft.
When wilfull Princes careleſly deſpiſe
To heare th'oppreſſed peoples heauy cries,
Nor will correct their polling theeues, then God
Doth make thoſe reues the reckles Princes rod.

The ſecond *Richard* is a proofe of this,
Whom crafty Lawyers by their lawes depoſed.
Another patern good King *Henry* is,
Whoſe right by them hath diuerſly beene gloſed,
Good while he grew, bad when he was vnroſed:
And as they fodred theſe and diuers other,
With like deceit they vſde the King my brother.

While he preuail'd they ſaid he owed the Crowne,
All lawes and rights agreed with the ſame:
But when by drifts hee ſeemed to be downe,
All lawes and right extremely did him blame,
Nought ſaue vſurping traytour was his name.
So conſtantly the Iudges conſtrue lawes,
That all agree ſtill with the ſtronger cauſe.

Theſe (as I ſaid) and other like in charge
Are honours horſes, whom ſhee feedes with geſts,
For all whom Princes frankly doe enlarge
With dignities, theſe barke at in their breſts,
Their ſpite, their might, their falſehood neuer reſts
Till they deuour them, ſparing neither bloud,
Ne lim, ne life, and all to get their good.

The Earle of *Warwicke* was a pranſing courſer,
The hauty heart of his could beare no mate:
Our wealth through him waxt many a time the worſer,
So cankardly he had our kin in hate.
He troubled oft the Kings vnſteady ſtate,
And that becauſe he would not be his ward
To wed and worke as he ſhould liſt award.

He ſpited vs becauſe we were preferd
By mariage to dignities ſo great,
But craftily his malice he deferd
Till traytorouſly he found meanes to entreate
Our brother of Clarence to aſſiſt his feate:
Whom when he had by mariage to him bound,
Then wrought he ſtraight our linage to confound.

Through ſlanderous brutes he brued many a broile
Throughout the Realme, againſt the King my brother,
And raiſed trayterous rebels thirſting ſpoile
To murder men: of whom among all other
Robin of Kiddeſdale many a ſoule did ſmother,
His raſcall rable at my father wroth
Tooke ſire and ſonne, and quicke beheaded both.

This heynous act although the King deteſted,
Yet was he faine to pardon: for the rout
Of rebels all the Realme ſo ſore infeſted,
That euery way aſſaild, he ſtood in doubt:
And though he were of courage high and ſtout,
Yet he aſſaid by faire meanes to aſſwage
His enemies ire, reueld by rebels rage.

But *Warwicke* was not pacified thus,
His conſtant rancour cauſeles was extreme,
No meane could ſerue the quarell to diſcus,
Till he had driuen the King out of the Realme.
Nor would he then be waked from his dreame:
For when my brother was come and plac'd againe,
He ſtinted not till he was ſtoutly ſlaine.

Then grew the King and Realme to quiet reſt,
Our ſtocke and friends ſtill ſtying higher and higher:
The Queene with children fruitfully was bleſt:
I gouernd them, it was the Kings deſier.
This ſet their vncles furiouſly on fier,
That we the Queenes bloud were aſſignd to gouern
The Prince, not they, the Kings owne bloud and brethren.

This cauſde the Duke of Clarence ſo to chaſe,
That with the King he braineleſſe fell at bate:
The Counſaile warily to keepe him ſafe
From raiſing tumults as he did of late,
Impriſoned him: where through his brothers hate
He was condemnd, and murdered in ſuch ſort
As he himſelfe hath truly made report.

Was none abhord theſe miſchiefs more then I,
Yet could I not be therewith diſcontented,
Conſidering that his rancour toucht mee ny:
Els would my conſcience neuer haue conſented
To wiſh him harme, could he haue beene contented.
But feare of hurt, for ſauegard of out ſtate
Doth cauſe more miſchiefe then deſert or hate.

Such is the ſtate that many wiſh to beare,
That or we muſt with others bloud be ſtaind,
Or leade our liues continually in feare.
You mounting mindes behold here what is gaind
By coumbrous honour, painfully attaind:
  A damned ſoule for murdring them that hate you,
  Or doubtfull life, in danger leſt they mate you.

The cauſe (I thinke) why ſome of high degree
Do deadly hate all ſeekers to aſcend,
Is this: The clowne contented can not be
With any ſtate, till time he apprehend
The higheſt top: for therto climers tend:
  Which ſeldome is attaind without the wracke
  Of thoſe betweene that ſtay and beare him back.

To ſaue themſelues they therfore are compeld
To hate ſuch climers, and with wit and power
To compaſſe meanes where through they may be queld,
Ere they aſcend their honours to deuoure.
This cauſd the Duke of Clarence frowne and lowre
  At me and other, whom the King promoted
  To dignities: wherein he madly doted.

For ſeeing we were his deare allied frends,
Our furtherance ſhould rather haue made him glad
Then enmy-like to wiſh our wofull ends.
We were the neereſt kinſfolk that he had.
We ioyed with him, his ſorow made vs ſad:
  But he eſteem'd ſo much his painted ſheath,
  That he diſdaind the loue of all beneath.

But ſee how ſharply God reuengeth ſinne:
As he maligned me and many other
His faithfull friends, and kindeſt of his kin,
So *Richard* Duke of Gloceſter his owne brother,
Maligned him and beaſtly did him ſmother,
  A diuelliſh deed, a moſt vnkindly part,
  Yet iuſt reuenge for his vnnaturall hart.

Although this brother-queller, tyrant fell
Enuide our ſtate as much and more then he:
Yet did his cloaking flattery ſo excell
To all our friends ward, chiefly vnto mee,
That he appear'd our truſtie ſtay to bee:
  For outwardly he wrought our ſtate to furder,
  Where inwardly hee minded nought ſaue murder.

Thus in appearance who but I was bleſt?
The chiefeſt honours heaped on my head:
Belou'd of all, enioying quiet reſt.
The forward Prince by me alone was led,
A noble impe, to all good vertues bred:
  The King my Liege without my counſaile knowne
  Agreed nought: though wiſeſt were his owne.

But quiet bliſſe in no ſtate laſteth long
Aſſailed ſtill by miſchief many waies:
Whoſe ſpoyling battrie glowing hote and ſtrong,
No flowing wealth, no force nor wiſdome ſtaies,
Her ſmoakles powder beaten ſouldiers ſlaies.
  By open force foule miſchiefe oft preuailes,
  By ſecret ſleight, ſhe ſeeld her purpoſe failes.

The King was bent too much to fooliſh pleaſure,
In banqueting he had ſo great delight:
This made him grow in groſſeneſſe out of meaſure,
Which, as it kindleth carnall appetite,
So quencheth it the liuelines of ſprite.
  Whereof enſue ſuch ſicknes and diſeaſes
  As none can cure ſaue death that all diſpleaſes.

Through this fault furdered by his brothers fraud
(Now God forgiue me if I iudge amiſſe)
Or through that beaſt his ribald or his baud
That larded ſtill theſe ſinfull luſts of his,
He ſodainely forſooke all worldly bliſſe.
  That loathed leach, that neuer welcome death,
  Through *Spaſmous* humours ſtopped vp his breath.

That time lay I at Ludloe Wales his border,
For with the Prince the King had ſent me thither
To ſtay the robberies, ſpoile, and foule diſorder
Of diuers outlawes gathered there together:
Whoſe banding tended no man wiſt well whither,
VVhen theſe by wiſdome ſafely were ſuppreſſed,
Came wofull newes, our ſoueraigne was deceaſſed.

The griefe whereof when reaſon had aſſwaged,
Becauſe the Prince remained in my guide,
For his defence great ſtore of men I waged,
Doubting the ſtormes which at ſuch time betide.
But while I there thus warely did prouide,
Commandement came to ſend them home againe
And bring the King thēce with his houſhold traine.

This charge ſent from the Counſell and the Queene
Though much againſt my minde I beaſt obayed:
The diuell himſelfe wrought all the drift I weene,
Becauſe he would haue innocents betraied:
For ere the King were halfe his way conuayed,
A ſort of traytors falſly him betrapt
I caught afore, and cloſe in priſon clapt.

The Duke of Glocester that incarnate deuill
Confedred with the Duke of Buckingham,
VVith eke Lord *Haſtings*, haſty both to euill
To meete the King in mourning habit came,
(A cruell VVolfe though clothed like a Lambe)
And at Northampton, where as then I baited,
They toke their Inne as they on me had waited.

The King that night at Stonyſtratford lay,
A towne too ſmall to harbour all his traine:
This was the cauſe why he was gone away
VVhile I with other did behind remaine.
But will you ſee how falſly friends can faine?
Not *Synon* ſly, whoſe fraud beſt fame rebukes,
VVas halfe ſo ſuttle as theſe double Dukes.

Firſt to mine Inne commeth in my brother falſe,
Embraceth me: well met good brother *Scales*,
And weepes withall: the other me enhalſe
With welcome coſin, now welcome out of Wales;
O happie day, for now all ſtormie gales
Of ſtrife and rancour vtterly are ſwaged,
And we our owne to liue or die vnwaged.

This proferd ſeruice ſauſt with ſalutations
Immoderate, might cauſe me to ſuſpect:
For commonly in all diſſimulations
Th'exceſſe of glauering doth the guile detect:
Reaſon refuſeth falſehood to direct:
The will therefore for feare of being ſpide
Exceedeth meane, becauſe it wanteth guide.

This is the cauſe why ſuch as faine to weepe
Do houle outright, or wailing crie ah, ah,
Tearing themſelues, and ſtraining ſighes moſt deepe:
Why ſuch diſſemblers as would ſeeme to laugh
Breath not tihhee, but bray out, hah hah hah:
Why beggers faining brauery are the proud'ſt,
Why cowards bragging boldneſſe, wrangle loud'ſt.

For commonly all that do counterfeat
In any thing, exceed the naturall meane,
And that for feare of failing in their feat.
But theſe conſpirers couched all ſo cleane
Through cloſe demeanour, that their wiles did weane
My heart from doubts, ſo many a falſe deuice
They forged freſh, to hide their enterpriſe.

They ſupt with me, propounding friendly talke
Of our affaires, ſtill giuing me the prayſe:
And euer among the cups to me ward walke:
I drinke to you good Cuz each traytour ſayes.
Our banquet done, when they ſhould go their waies
They took their leaue, oft wiſhing me good night,
As heartily as any creature might.

A noble heart they ſay is Lion like,
It cannot couch, diſſemble, crouch, nor faine.
How villanous were theſe, and how vnlike?
Of noble ſtocke the moſt ignoble ſtaine.
Their woluiſh hearts, their trayterous foxly braine
Or proue them baſe, of raſcall race engendred,
Or from hault linage baſtard like degendred.

Such polling heads as praiſe for prudent policie
Falſe practiſes, I wiſh were pact on poles:
I meane the baſtard law-brood, which can mollifie
All kind of cauſes in their craftie noles.
Theſe vndermine all vertue, blind as Moles,
They bolſter wrong, they racke and ſtraine the right,
And prayſe for law both malice, fraud, and might.

Theſe quench the worthie flames of noble kind,
Prouoking beſt borne to the baſeſt vices:
Through crafts they make the boldeſt courage blind,
Diſliking highly valiant enterprices,
And prayſing vilely villanous deuices.
Theſe make the Bore a Hog, the Bull an Oxe,
The Swan a Gooſe, the Lion a Wolfe or Foxe.

The Lawyer *Cateſby* and his craftie feeres
A rout that nere did good in any reame,
Are they that had transform'd theſe noble peeres:
They turn'd their blood to melancholike fleumes,
Their courage hault to cowardiſe extreame,
Their force and manhood into fraud and malice,
Their wit to wiles, ſtout *Hector* into *Paris*.

Theſe glauerers gone, my ſelfe to reſt I laid,
And doubting nothing ſoundly fell a ſleepe:
But ſuddenly my ſeruants ſore afraid
Awaked me: and drawing ſighes full deepe,
Alas (quoth one) my Lord we are betrai'd.
How ſo (quoth I) the Dukes are gone their waies,
Th'haue bar'd the gates, and borne away the kaies.

While he thus ſpake, there came into my mind
This fearefull dreame, whereout I waked was:
I ſaw a riuer ſtopt with ſtormes of winde,
Where through a Swan, a Bull, and Bore did paſſe,
Franching the fiſh and frie, with teeth of braſſe,
The riuer dri'd vp ſaue a little ſtreame,
Which at the laſt did water all the Reame.

Me thought this ſtreame did drowne the cruell Bore
In little ſpace, it grew ſo deepe and brode:
But he had kill'd the Bull and Swan before.
Beſides all this I ſaw an vglie Tode
Crale toward me, on which me thought I trode:
But what became of her, or what of mee
My ſudden waking would not let me ſee.

Theſe dreames conſidered with this ſudden newes,
So diuers from their doings ouer night,
Did cauſe me not a little for to muſe,
I bleſt me, roſe in all the haſt I might.
By this, *Aurora* ſpred abroad the light,
Which from the ends of *Phœbus* beames he tooke,
Who then the Bulles chiefe gallery forſooke.

When I had open'd the window to looke out,
There might I ſee the ſtreets each where beſet,
My Inne on each ſide compaſſed about
With armed watchmen, all eſcapes to let:
Thus had theſe *Neroes* caught me in their net,
But to what end I could not throughly gheſſe,
Such was my plainnes, ſuch their doubleneſſe.

My conſcience was ſo cleare I could not doubt
Their deadly drift, which leſſe apparant lay,
Becauſe they caus'd their men returne the rout
That rode toward Stonyſtratford as they ſay,
Becauſe the Dukes will firſt be there to day:
For this (thought I) they hinder me in ieſt,
For guiltleſſe minds do eaſely deeme the beſt.

By this the Dukes were come into mine Inne,
For they were lodged in another by.
I got me to them, thinking it a ſinne
Within my chamber cowardly to lye.
And merrily I ask'd my brother why
He vs'd me ſo? he ſterne in euill ſadnes
Cried out: I arreſt thee traytour for thy badnes.

How ſo (quoth I) whence riſeth your ſuſpicion?
Thou art a traytour (quoth he) I thee arreſt.
Arreſt (quoth I) why where is your commiſſion?
He drew his weapon, ſo did all the reſt,
Crying: yeeld thee traytour. I ſo ſore diſtreſt
Made no reſiſtance: but was ſent to ward,
None ſaue their ſeruants ſigned to my gard.

This done they ſped him to the King in poſt,
And after humble reuerence to him done,
They trayterouſly began to rule the roſt,
They pickt a quarell to my ſiſters ſon
Lord *Richard Gray:* the King would not be won
T'agree to them, yet they againſt all reaſon
Arreſted him, they ſaid for hainous treaſon.

Sir *Thomas Vaughan* and Sir *Richard Hault*
Two worthie Knights were likewiſe apprehended,
Theſe all were guiltie in one kind of fault,
They would not like the practiſe then pretended:
And ſeeing the King was herewith ſore offended,
Backe to Northampton they brought him againe,
And thence diſcharged moſt part of his traine.

There loe Duke *Richard* made himſelfe Protector
Of King and Realme, by open proclamation,
Though neither King nor Queene were his elector,
Thus he preſum'd by lawleſſe vſurpation.
But will you ſee his deepe diſſimulation?
He ſent me a diſh of dainties from his bord
That day, and with it, this falſe friendly word:

Commend me to him, all things ſhall be well,
I am his friend, bid him be of good cheere:
Theſe newes I prayed the meſſenger go tell
My Nephew *Richard*, whom I lou'd full deere.
But what he ment by well, now ſhall you heere:
He thought it well to haue vs quickly murdred,
Which not long after thorowly he furdred.

For ſtraight from thence we cloſely were conueied,
From iayle to iayle Northward, we wiſt not whither:
Where, after a while we had in ſunder ſtaied,
At laſt we met at Pomfret all together.
Sir *Richard Ratcliffe* bade vs welcome thither,
Who openly, all law and right contemned,
Beheaded vs before we were condemned.

My coſin *Richard* could not be content
To leaue his life, becauſe he wiſt not why,
Good gentleman that neuer harme had ment,
Therefore he asked wherefore he ſhould die:
The Prieſt his ghoſtly father did replie
With weeping eyes: I know one wofull cauſe;
The Realme hath neither righteous Lords nor lawes.

Sir *Thomas Vaughan* chafing cried ſtill:
This tyrant *Glocester* is the graceleſſe G,
That will his brothers children beaſtly kill.
And, leſt the people through his talke might ſee
The miſciefes toward, and thereto not agree,
Our tormentour that falſe periured Knight
Bad ſtop our mouthes, with words of high deſpight.

Thus di'd we guiltleſſe, proceſſe heard we none,
No cauſe alleag'd, no Iudge, nor yet accuſer,
No Queſt empanel'd paſſed vs vpon.
That murdrer *Ratcliffe*, law and rights refuſer,
Did all to flatter *Richard* his abuſer.
Vnhappie both that euer they were borne,
Through guiltleſſe blood that haue their ſoules forlorne.

In part I grant I well deſerued this,
Becauſe I caus'd not ſpeedie execution
Be done on *Richard* for that murder of his,
When firſt he wrought King *Henries* cloſe confuſion,
Not for his brothers hatefull perſecution.
  Theſe cruell murders painfull death deſerued,
  Which had he ſuffred, many had been preſerued.

Warne therefore all that charge or office beare,
To ſee all murdrers ſpeedily executed:
And ſpare them not for fauour or for feare:
By guiltleſſe blood the earth remaines polluted.
For lacke of Iuſtice kingdomes are tranſmuted.
  They that ſaue murdrers from deſerued paine,
  Shall through thoſe murdrers miſerably be ſlaine.

HOW THE LORD HASTINGS WAS BETRAYED BY TRVSTING TOO MVCH to his euill Counſeller *Cateſby*, and villanouſly murdered in the Tower of London, by *Richard* Duke of *Gloceſter, the* 13. *of Iune, Anno,* 1483.

I Am that *Haſtings* whoſe too haſtie death,
They blame that know wherefore I loſt my breath,
With others fearing leſt my headleſſe name
Be wrong'd, by partiall brute of flattering Fame.
Hearing O *Baldwine* that thou mean'ſt to pen,
The liues and falles of Engliſh Noblemen,
My ſelfe heere preſent, do preſent to thee
My life, my fall, and forced deſtinie.

Ne feare to ſtaine thy credit by my tale:
In *Læthes* floud, long ſince, in *Stigian* vale,
Selfe loue I drown'd. What time hath fin'd for true,
And ceaſeth not, (though ſtale) ſtill to renue:
Recount I will: whereof take this for proofe,
That blaſe I will my praiſe, and my reproofe.
We naked ghoſts are but the very man
Nor of our ſelues more then we ought, we ſcan.

The Heauens high, and Earthly vale belowe,
Yet ring his Fame, whoſe deedes ſo great did grow.
Edward the fourth ye know vnnam'd I meane,
Whoſe noble nature ſo to me did leane,
That I his ſtaffe was, I his onely ioy,
And euen what *Pandare* was to him of Troy:
VVhich mou'd him firſt, to make me Chamberlaine,
To ſerue his ſweets, to my moſt ſower paine.

VVherein, to iuſtly prais'd for ſecretneſſe
(For now my guilt with ſhriking I confeſſe)
To him too true too vntrue to the Queene,
Such hate I wan, as laſted long betweene
Our families: Shores wife was my Nice cheat,
The holy whore, and eke the wily peat.
I fed his luſt with louely peeces ſo,
That Gods ſharp wrath I purchaſt, my iuſt wo.

See here the difference of a noble minde.
Some vertue raiſeth, ſome by vice haue climde.
The firſt, though onely of themſelues begon,
Yet circlewiſe into themſelues do ron.
VVithin themſelues their force vnited ſo,
Both endleſſe is, and ſtronger gainſt their foe.
For, when end'th it that neuer hath begon?
Or how may that, that hath no end, b'vndone?

Th'other as by wicked meanes they grue,
And raigned by flatterie, ſo ſoone they rue.
Firſt tumbling ſtep fro honours old, is vice.
VVhich once ſtept downe, ſome linger, none ariſe
To former type: But they catch vertues ſpray,
VVhich raiſeth them that climbe by lawfull way.
Beware to riſe by ſeruing princely luſt.
Surely to ſtand, one meane is riſing iuſt.

VVhich learne by me, whom let it helpe t'excuſe,
That ruthfull now my ſelfe I do accuſe,
And that my Prince I euer pleas'd with ſuch,

As harmed none, and him contented much.
In vice ſome fauour, or leſſe hate let win,
That I ne wried to worſer end my ſin.
But vſde my fauour to the helpe of ſuch,
As death in later warre to liue did grutch.

For as on durt (though durtie) ſhin'th the Sunne:
So, euen amidſt my vice, my vertue ſhoane.
My ſelfe I ſpared with his cheate to ſtaine,
For loue or reuerence ſo I could refraine.
Giſippus wife erſt *Titus* would deſire
With friendſhips breach: I quencht that brutiſh fire.
Manly it is, to loth the pleaſing luſt.
Small vant to flie, that of conſtraint thou muſt.

Theſe faults except, if ſo my life thou ſcan,
Lo! none I hurt but furdred euery man.
My Chamber England was, my ſtaffe the law:
Whereby ſaunce rigour, all I held in awe.
So kind to all, and ſo belou'd of all,
As, (what enſued vpon my bloodie fall
Though I ne felt) yet ſurely this I thinke,
Full many a trickling teare their mouthes did drinke.

Diſdaine not Princes eaſie acceſſe, meeke cheare.
We know then Angels ſtatelier port ye beare
Of God himſelfe: too maſſie a charge for ſprits.
But then, my Lords, conſider, he delights
To vaile his grace to vs poore earthly wants,
To ſimpleſt ſhrubs, and to the dunghill plants.
Expreſſe him then, in might, and mercies meanes;
So ſhall ye win, as now ye rule the Reame.

But all too long I feare I do delay
The many meanes, whereby I did bewray
My zealous will, to earne my Princes grace.
Leſt thou defer, to thinke me kind percaſe.
As nought may laſt, ſo Fortunes changing cheare
With pouting lookes gan lower on my ſire,

And on her wheele, aduanſt high in his rome
The Warwick Earle, admir'd through Chriſtendome.

Beſides the tempting proweſſe of the foe.
My Princes brother did him then forgoe.
The cauſe was lik'd, I was his link'd allie.
Yet nor the cauſe, nor brothers treacherie,
Nor enmies force, nor band of mingled blood:
Made *Haſtings* beare any other mind then good.
But tane, and ſcap'd from *Warwickes* griping pawes,
With me he fled through Fortunes froward flawes.

To London come, at large we might haue ſeemed,
Had not we then the Realme a priſon deemed.
Each buſh, a bar, each ſpray, a banner ſplayed,
Each houſe, a fort, our paſſage to haue ſtayed.
To Lin we leape, where while w'await the tide,
My ſecret friends in ſecret I ſuppli'd,
In mouth to further *Henrie* ſixt their King,
And vſe my beſt meanes *Edward* in to bring.

The reſtleſſe tide, to bar the emptie bay,
With waltring waues roames wambling forth. Away
The merrie Mariner hales. The bragging boy,
To maſts high top vp hies. In ſigne of ioy
The wauering flag is vanſt. The ſurging ſeas
Their ſwelling ceaſe: to calmeſt euen peace
Sinkes downe their pride. With drunkenneſſe 'gainſt all care
The Seamen arm'd, await their noble fare.

On bord we come. The maſſie anchors wai'd,
One Engliſh ſhip, two hulks of Holland, aid
In ſuch a pinch. So ſmall though was the traine,
Such his conſtraint, that now, that one with paine
Command he might, who late might many moe:
Then ghaſtly Greekes erſt brought to Tenedo.
So nought is ours that we by hap may loſe,
What neareſt ſeemes, is fartheſt off in woes.

As baniſhed wights, ſuch ioyes we might haue made.
Eas'd of aye threatning death that late we drade.
But once our countries ſight (not care) exempt,
No harbour ſhewing, that might our feare relent,
No couert caue, no ſhrub to ſhroud our liues.
No hollow wood, no flight that oft depriues
The mightie his prey, no ſanctuarie left
For exil'd Prince, that ſhrouds each ſlaue for theft:

In priſon pent whoſe woodie walles to paſſe
Of no leſſe perill then the dying was:
With th'Ocean moated battred with the waues,
(As chain'd at oares the wretched galley ſlaues,
At mercie ſit of ſea and enmies ſhot,
And ſhun with death that they with flight may not)
But greeniſh waues, and heauie lowring skies
All comfort elſe forcloſed our exiled eies:

Lo lo from higheſt top the ſlauiſh boy
Sent vp, with ſight of land our hearts to ioy:
Deſcries at hand a fleete of Eaſterlings
As then hot enmies of the Britiſh Kings.
The Mouſe may ſometime helpe the Lion in need,
The bittle Bee once ſpilt the Aegles breed.
O Princes ſeeke no foes. In your diſtreſſe,
The earth, the ſeas, conſpire your heauineſſe.

Our foe deſcried by flight we ſhun in haſt
And laid with canuas now the bending maſt,
The ſhip was rackt to trie her ſailing then,
As Squirels climbe the troupes of truſtie men.
The ſteerſman ſeekes a readier courſe to run,
The ſouldier ſtirs, the Gunner hies to gun.
The Flemmings ſweate, the Engliſh ſhip diſdaines
To wait behind to beare the Flemmings traines.

Forth flieth the Barke, as from the violent Goone
The pellet breakes all ſtaies, and ſtops eftſoone.
And ſwift ſhe ſwindg'th, as oft in Sunnie day,

The Dolphin fleetes in ſeas, in merrie May.
As we for liues, ſo th'eaſterlings for gaine,
Thwack on the ſailes, and after make amaine.
Though heauie they were, and of burthen great:
A King to maſter yet, what Swine nold ſweat?

So mid the vale the Greyhound ſeeing ſtart
The fearefull Hare, purſueth before ſhe flert,
And where ſhe turn'th he turn'th her, there to beare.
The one prey pricketh, th'other ſafeties feare.
So were we chas'd, ſo fled we 'fore our foes.
Bet flight then fight in ſo vneuen cloſe.
I end. Some thinke perhaps, too long he ſtaieth
In perill preſent ſhewing his fixed faith.

This ventred I, this dread I did ſuſtaine,
To trie my truth, my life I did diſdaine.
But, loe! like triall 'gainſt his ciuill foe,
Faiths worſt is triall, which reſerues to woe.
I paſſe our ſcape, and ſharpe returning home,
Where we were welcom'd by our wonted fone.
To battell maine deſcends the Empires right,
At Barnet ioyne the hoſts in bloodie fight.

There ioyn'd three battels ranged in ſuch array,
As might for terror, *Alexander* fray.
What ſhould I ſtay to tell the long diſcourſe?
Who wan the Palme? who bare away the worſe?
Sufficeth ſay by my reſerued band,
Our enemies fled, we had the vpper hand.
My iron armie held her ſteadie place,
My Prince to ſhield, his feared foe to chaſe.

The like ſucceſſe befell in Tewkesbury field.
My furious force, their force perforc'd to yeeld
My Princes foe: and render to my King
Her only ſonne, leſt he more bate might bring.
Thus haſt a mirrour of a Subiects mind,
Such as perhaps is rare againe to find.

The caruing cuts, that cleaue the truſty ſteele,
My faith, and due allegeance, could not feele.

But out alas, what praiſe may I recount,
That is not ſtain'd with ſpot, that doth ſurmount
My greateſt vaunt? bloudy for VVarre, to feete
A Tiger was I, all for peace vnmeete,
A ſouldiers hands muſt oft be died with goare,
Leſt ſtarke with reſt, they ſinewd waxe and hoare.
Peace could I win by VVarre, but peace not vſe.
Few daies liue he, who VVarlike peace doth chuſe.

VVhen Crofts a Knight preſented Henries Heire
To this our Prince, in furious moode enquere
Of him he gan, what folly or phrenſy vaine,
With Arms forſt him t'inuade his Realme againe?
Whom anſwering, that he claim'd his fathers right:
With Gauntlet ſmit, commanded from his ſight,
Glocester, *Clarence*, I and *Dorſet* ſlewe:
The guilt whereof we ſhortly all did rue.

Clarence, as *Cyrus*, drown'd in bloud like Wine,
Dorſet I furthered to his ſpeedy pine.
Of me, my ſelfe am ſpeaking preſident,
Nor eaſier fate the briſtled Boare is lent.
Our bloudshaue paid the vengeance of our guilt,
His bones, ſhall broile for bloud which he hath ſpilt.
O deadly murther, that attaint'th our fame,
O wicked Traytours wanting worthy name.

Who as miſchieuouſly of men deſerue,
As they merit well, who doe mens liues preſerue.
If thoſe therefore we recken heauenly wights,
Theſe may we well deeme Feendes, and damned Sprits,
And while on earth they walke, diſguiſed deuils,
Sworne foes of vertue, factours for all euils.
Whoſe bloudy hands torment their goared harts,
Through bloudsheds horrour, in ſound ſleepe he ſtarts.

O happy world were the Lions men,
All Lions ſhould at leaſt be ſpared then.
No ſuerty now, no laſting league is bloud.
A meacocke is he, who dreadth to ſee bloud ſhed.
Old is the Practiſe of ſuch bloudy ſtrife,
While ij. weare Armies. ij. the Iſſues of firſt Wife,
With armed hart and hand, the one bloudy brother,
With cruell chaſe purſueth, and murdreth th'other.

Which who abhorreth not? yet who ceaſeth to ſue?
The bloudy Caines their bloudy ſire renue.
The horror yet is like in common fraies.
For in ech murther, brother brother ſlaies.
Traytours to nature, countrey kin and kinde.
Whom no band ſerueth in brothers loue to bind.
O ſimple age, when ſlaunder ſlaughter was.
The tongues ſmal euil, how doth this miſchief paſſe?

Hopeſt thou to cloake thy couert miſchiefe wrought?
Thy conſcience, Caitif, ſhal proclaime thy thought,
A viſion, Chaucer ſheweth diſcloaſd thy crime.
The Foxe deſcrie the crowes and chattring pien,
And ſhal thy fellow felons, not bewray
The guilteleſſe death, whom guiltie hands do ſlay?
Vnpuniſhed ſcaped for hainous crime ſome one,
But vnaduenged, in minde or body none.

Vengeance on minde, the freating furies take,
The ſinful corps, like earthquake agues ſhake,
Their frowning lookes, their troubled minds bewray,
In haſt they runne, and mids their race they ſtaie,
As gidded Roe. Amids their ſpeech they whiſt,
At meate they muſe. No where they may perſiſt
But ſome feare netleth them. Ay hang they ſo,
So neuer wanteth the wicked murtherer wo.

An infant rent with Lions ramping pawes?
Why ſlaunder I Lions? They feare the ſacred lawes
Of royall bloud. Ay me more brute then beaſt.

With infants ſides,(Lycaons pie) to feaſt.
O tyrant Tigers, O inſaciate woolues,
O Engliſh courteſie, monſtrous mowes and gulfes.
Onely becauſe our Prince diſpleaſ'd we ſaw
With him, we ſlue him ſtraight before all law.

Before our Prince commanded once his death,
Our bloudie ſwords on him we did vnſheath,
Preuenting law, and euen our Princes heſt,
We hid our weapons in the younglings breſt.
VVhom not deſire of raigne did driue to field,
But mothers pride, who longd the Realme to wield.
But ſtraight my death ſhall ſhew my worthie meed,
If firſt to one other murther I proceed.

VVhile *Edward* liued, diſſembled diſcord lurked
In double hearts, yet ſo his reuerence worked.
But when ſucceeding tender feeble age,
Gaue open gap to tyrants ruſhing rage:
I holpe the Boare, and Bucke, to captiuate
Lord *Riuers*, *Gray*, ſir Thomas *Vaughan* and *Hawte.*
If land would helpe the ſea, well earnd that ground
It ſelfe, to be with conquering waues ſurround.

Their ſpeedie death by priuie dome procured,
At Pomfret: tho my life ſhort while endured.
My ſelfe I ſlue, when them I damned to death,
At once my throate I riued, and reft them breath.
For that ſelfe day, before or neere the hower
That withred *Atropos* nipt the ſpringing flower
VVith violent hand, of their forth running life:
My head and body, in Tower twinde like knife.

By this my paterne all ye peeres beware.
Oft hangth he himſelfe who others weenth to ſnare:
Spare to be each others butcher. Feare the Kite,
VVho ſoareth aloft, (while frog and mouſe do fight
In ciuil combat, grappling void of feare
Of forreine foe) at once al both to beare.

Which plainer by my pitied plaint to ſee,
A while anew your liſtning lend to mee.

Too true it is two ſundrie aſſemblies kept,
At Crosbies place,and Baynards Caſtle ſet:
The Dukes at Crosbies, but at Baynards we.
The one to crowne a king,the other to be.
Suſpicious is ſeceſſion of foule frends,
When eithers drift to th'others miſchief tends,
I fear'd the end, my *Catesbies* being there
Diſcharg'd all doubts.Him held I moſt entire.

Whoſe great preferment by my meanes, I thought
Some ſpurre, to pay the thankfulneſſe hee ought.
The truſt he ought me, made me truſt him ſo,
That priuie he was both to my weale and wo.
My hearts one halfe, my cheſt of confidence,
Mine only truſt, my ioy dwelt in his preſence.
I lou'd him *Baldwine*, as the apple of mine eye;
I loath'd my life when *Catesby* would me die.

Flie from thy chanel Thames, forſake thy ſtreames,
Leaue the Adamant Iron: *Phœbus* lay thy beames:
Ceaſe heauenly Sphears at laſt your weary warke,
Betray your charge, returne to *Chaos* darke.
At leaſt, ſome ruthleſſe Tiger hang her whelp,
My *Catesby* ſo with ſome excuſe to help.
And me to comfort, that I alone, ne ſeeme
Of all dame natures workes left in extreeme.

A Golden treaſure is the tried frend.
But who may Gold from Counterfaits defend?
Truſt not too ſoone, nor yet too ſoone miſtruſt:
With th'one thy ſelfe, with th'other thy friend thou hurt'ſt.
VVho twin'th betwixt, and ſteareth the golden meane,
Nor raſhly loueth, nor miſtruſteth in vaine.
In friendſhip ſoueraigne it is as Mithridate,
Thy friend to loue as one whom thou maiſt hate.

Of tickle credit ne had bin the miſchiefe,
What needed *Virbius* miracle doubled life?
Credulity ſurnamed firſt the *Ægean* Seas.
Miſtruſt, doth reaſon in the truſtieſt raiſe.
Suſpicious *Romulus*, ſtain'd his Walls firſt reard
With brothers bloud, whom for light leape he feard.
So not in brotherhood ielouſie may be borne,
The ielous Cuckold weares the Infamous Horne.

A beaſt may preach by triall, not foreſight.
Could I haue ſhund light credit, nere had light
The dreaded death, vpon my guilty head.
But Fooles aye wont to learne by after read.
Had *Catesby* kept vnſtaind the truth he plight,
Yet had yet enioied me, and I yet the light:
All *Derbies* doubts I cleared with his name.
I knew, no harme could hap me without his blame.

But ſee the fruites of tickle light beleefe.
The ambitious Dukes corrupt the Traitor theefe,
To grope mee, if allured I would aſſent,
To bin a Partner of their curſed intent.
Whereto, when as by no meanes friendſhip vail'd,
By Tyrant force behold they me aſſail'd,
And ſummond ſhortly a Counſell in the Tower,
Of Iune the fifteenth, at appointed hower.

Alas, are Counſels wried to catch the good?
No place is now exempt from ſheading bloud,
Sith counſels, that were carefull to preſerue
The guilteleſſe good, are meanes to make them ſtarue,
VVhat may not miſchiefe of Mad man abuſe?
Religious cloake ſome one to vice doth chuſe,
And maketh God Protectour of his crime.
O monſtrous world, well ought we wiſh thy fine.

The fatall skies, roll on the blackeſt day,
VVhen doubled bloudſhed, my bloud muſt repay.
Others none forceth, To me ſir *Thomas Haward*

As ſpurre is buckled, to prouoke me froward.
Derbie who feared the parted ſittings yore,
Whether, much more he knew by experience hoare,
Or better minded, clearelier truth could ſee;
At midnight darke this meſſage ſends to mee.

Haſtings away, in ſleepe the gods foreſhow
By dreadfull dreame, fell fates vnto vs two.
Me thought a Bore with tuske ſo raced our throate,
That both our ſhoulders of the blood did ſmoake.
Ariſe to horſe, ſtraight homeward let vs hie:
And ſeeth our foe we cannot match, O flie.
Of Chanteclere you learne dreames ſooth to know,
Thence wiſemen conſtrue, more then the cock doth crow.

While thus he ſpake, I held within mine arme
Shores wife, the tender piece, to keepe me warme.
Fie on adulterie, fie on leacherous luſt.
Marke in me ye Nobles all, Gods iudgements iuſt.
A Pander, Murderer, and Adulterer thus,
Only ſuch death I die, as I ne bluſh.
Now leſt my dame might thinke appall'd my hart
With eager mood vp in my bed I ſtart.

And, is thy Lord (quoth I) a Sorcerer?
A wiſeman now become? a dreame reader?
What though ſo *Chanteclere* crowed? I reck it not?
On my part pleadeth as well dame *Partelot.*
Vniudg'd hang'th yet the caſe betwixt them tway.
Nay was his dreame cauſe of his hap I ſay.
Shall dreaming doubts from Prince my ſeruing ſlack?
Nay, then might *Haſtings* life and liuing lacke.

He parteth. I ſleepe, my mind ſurcharg'd with ſinne,
As *Phœbus* beames by miſtie cloud kept in,
Ne could miſgiue, ne dreame of my miſhap:
As blocke, I tumbled to mine enemies trap.
Securitie cauſeleſſe through my fained frend,
Reſt me foreſight of my approching end.

So *Cateſby* clawed me, as when the Cat doth play,
Dallying with Mouſe whom ſtraight ſhe meanes to ſlay.

The morow come, the lateſt light to me,
On Palfray mounted, to the Tower I hie,
Accompanied with that *Haward* my mortall foe,
To ſlaughter led, thou God didſt ſuffer ſo.
(O deepe diſſemblers, honoring with your cheare,
Whom in hid heart you trayterouſly teare)
Neuer had Realme ſo open ſignes of wrack,
As I had ſhewed me of my heauie hap.

The viſion firſt of *Stanley* late deſcried:
Then mirth ſo extreame, that neare for ioy I died.
Were it, that Swanlike I foreſong my death,
Or merrie mind foreſaw the loſſe of breath
That long it coueted, from this earths annoy,
But euen as ſiker as th'end of woe is ioy,
And glorious light to obſcure night doth tend:
So extreame mirth, in extreame mone doth end.

For why, extreames are haps rackt out of courſe,
By violent might far ſwinged forth perforce.
Which as they are piercing'ſt while they violent'ſt moue,
For that they are neare to cauſe that doth them ſhoue:
So ſooneſt fall from that their higheſt extreame,
To th'other contrarie that doth want of meane.
So laughed he erſt, who laughed out his breath:
So laughed I, when I laugh'd my ſelfe to death.

The pleaſing'ſt meanes bode not the luckieſt ends.
Not aye, found treaſure to like pleaſure tends.
Mirth meanes not mirth all time, thrice happie hire
Of wit, to ſhun the exceſſe that all deſire.
But this I paſſe. I hie to other like.
My palfrey in the plaineſt paued ſtreete,
Thrice bowed his bones, thrice kneeled on the flower
Thrice ſhun'd (as *Balams* aſſe) the dreaded Tower.

What? ſhould I thinke he had ſenſe of after haps?
As beaſts foreſhow the drought or rainie drops,
As humours in them want or elſe abound,
By influence from the heauens,or change of ground?
Or do we interpret by ſucceſſe each ſigne?
And as we fancie of each hap diuine?
And make that cauſe, that kin is to th'effect?
Not hauing ought of conſequence reſpect?

Bucephalus kneeling only to his Lord,
Shewed only he was Monarch of the world.
Why may not then the ſteed foreſhew by fall,
What caſuall hap the ſitter happen ſhall?
Darius horſe by braying brought a Realme.
And what letteth, why he ne is (as the aſſe) Gods meane
By ſpeaking ſigne, to ſhew his hap to come,
Who is deafe hearer of his ſpeaking dome?

But forward yet. In Tower-ſtreet I ſtai'd,
Where (could I haue ſeene)loe *Haward* all bewrai'd:
For as I commond with a Prieſt I met:
Away my Lord,quoth he,your time is ne yet
To take a Prieſt. Lo, Sinon might be ſeene,
Had not the Troians hares fooliſh forthright eyen,
But ſince the time was come that I ſhould die,
Some grace it was to die with wimpled eye.

Nay was this all. For euen at Tower-wharfe,
Neere to thoſe walles within the which I ſtarfe,
Where erſt, in ſorow ſouſt, and deepe diſtreſſe,
I emparted all my pining penſiueneſſe
With *Haſtings*: (ſo my Purſeuant men call)
Euen there, the ſame to meete it did me fall.
Who gan to me moſt dolefully renue,
The wofull conference had erſt in that lieu.

Haſtings (quoth I) according now they fare,
At Pomfret this day dying, who caus'd that care.
My ſelfe haue all the world at my will,

With pleaſures cloyed, engorged with the fill.
God grant it ſo, quoth he: why doubteſt thou tho
Quoth I? and all in chafe, to him gan ſhew
In ample wiſe, our drift with tedious tale:
And entred ſo the Tower to my bale.

What ſhould we thinke of ſignes? They are but haps,
How may they then, be ſignes of afterclaps?
Doth euery chance foreſhew or cauſe ſome other?
Or ending at it ſelfe, extend'th no further?
As th'ouerflowing floud ſome mount doth choake,
But to his aide ſome other floud it yoake:
So, if with ſignes thy ſinnes once ioyne, beware.
Elſe whereto chances tend, do neuer care.

Had not my ſinne deſerued my death as wreake,
What might my mirth haue hurt? or horſes becke?
Or *Hawards* bitter ſcoffe? or *Haſtings* talke?
What meane then foole Aſtrologers to calke?
That twinckling ſtarres fling downe the fixed fate?
And all is guided by the ſtarrie ſtate?
Perdy a certaine charge aſſign'd they haue
To ſhine, and times diuide, not fate to graue.

But grant they ſomewhat giue it at one inſtant
Of euery babe the birth in heauen ſo ſcand,
That they that reſtleſſe roll, and neuer ſtay,
Should in his life beare yet ſo violent ſway:
That, not his actions only next to birth,
But all his life and death he ſwayed therewith?
How may one motion make ſo ſundrie affects?
Or one impreſſion tend to ſuch reſpects?

Some rule there is yet. Elſe, why were defer'd
Till now, theſe plagues, ſo long ere now deſeru'd?
If for they are trifles, they ne ſeeme of care:
But toyes with God the ſtately ſcepters are.
Yet in them too plaine doth appeare foreſet,
The certaine rule and fatall limits ſet,

Yet thinke we not, this ſure foreſetting fate,
But Gods faſt prouidence for each princely ſtate.

And hath he erſt reſtrain'd his prouidence?
Or is he nigard of his free diſpence?
Or is he vncertaine foreſet drifts to driue?
That not dame Chance but he all goods may giue?
A heathen god they hold whom Fortune keepe,
To deale them haps while god they weene aſleepe:
Mocke-gods they are and many gods induce,
Who fortune faine to father their abuſe.

How ſo it be, it might haue warned me,
But, what I could not, that in me ſee ye,
Who run in race, the honor like to win,
Whoſe faireſt forme nought may deforme but ſin,
Alas, when moſt I did defie all dread,
By ſingle haire deaths ſword hung ouer my head,
For hearke the end and liſten now my fall:
This is the laſt, and this the fruit of all.

To Counſell chamber come, a while we ſtaid
For him without whom nought was done or ſaid:
At laſt he came, and courteouſly excuſed,
That he ſo long our patience had abuſed.
And pleaſantly began to paint his cheere,
And ſaid: My Lord of Elie, would we had heere
Some of the ſtrawberries, whereof you haue ſtore:
The laſt delighted me ſo as nothing more.

Would, what ſo you wiſh, I might as well command,
My Lord (quoth he) as thoſe. And out of hand
His ſeruant ſendeth to Ely place for them.
Out goeth from vs the reſtleſſe diuell againe:
Belike (I thinke) ſcarce yet perſwaded full,
To worke the miſchiefe that did mad his ſcull.
At laſt determin'd, of his bloodie thought
And force ordain'd, to worke the wile he ſought:

Frowning he enters, with ſo changed cheare,
As for milde May had chopped foule Ianuere :
And lowring on me with the goggle eye,
The whetted tuske, and fur'wed forehead hie,
His crooked ſhoulder briſtlelike ſet vp,
With frothie iawes, whoſe fome he chaw'd and ſup'd,
With angrie lookes that flamed as the fire :
Thus gan at laſt to grunt the grimmeſt ſire.

What merit they, whom me, the kingdomes ſtay,
Contriued haue counſell trayterouſly to ſlay ?
Abaſhed all ſate. I thought I might be bold,
For conſcience cleareneſſe and acquaintance old,
Their hire is plaine, quoth I. Be death the leaſt
To whoſo ſeeketh your grace ſo to moleſt.
Withouten ſtay : the Queene and the whore *Shores* wife,
By witchcraft (quoth he) ſeeke to waſte my life.

Lo heere the withered and bewitched arme,
That thus is ſpent by thoſe two Sorcereſſe charme :
And bared his arme and ſhewed his ſwiniſh skin.
Such cloakes they vſe, that ſeeke to cloud their ſin.
But out alas, it ſerueth not for the raine,
To all the houſe the colour was too plaine :
Nature had giuen him many a maimed marke
And it amongſt to note her monſtruous warke.

My doubtfull heart diſtracted this replie.
For th'one I cared not. Th'other nipt ſo nie
That whiſt I could not: but forthwith brake forth.
If ſo it be, of death they are doubtleſſe worth.
If, traytour quoth he? plai'ſt thou with ifs and ands?
Ile on thy bodie auow it with theſe hands.
And therewithall he mightly bounced the bord.
In ruſh'd his bil-men, one himſelfe beſtird,

Laying at Lord *Stanley*, whoſe braine he had ſurely cleft,
Had he not downe beneath the table crept.
But *Ely*, *Yorke*, and I were taken ſtraight,

Impriſoned they : I ſhould no longer wait,
But charged was to ſhriue me, and ſhift with haſt.
My Lord muſt dine, and now midday was paſt.
The Bores firſt diſh, not the bores head ſhould be.
But *Haſtings* head the boriſh beaſt would ſee.

VVhy ſtay I his dinner ? vnto the chappel ioineth
A greeniſh hil, that body and ſoule oft twineth.
There on a blocke my head was ſtricken off,
As *Baptiſts* head, for *Herod* bloudy gnoffe.
Thus liu'd I *Baldwine*, thus dide I, thus I fel,
This is the ſumme, which al at large to tel
VVould volumes fil : whence yet theſe leſſons note
Ye noble Lords, to learne and ken by rote.

By filthie riſing feare your names to ſtaine ;
If not for vertues loue, for dread of paine.
VVhom ſo the mindes vnquiet ſtate vpheaues,
Be it for loue or feare : when fancie reaues
Reaſon her right, by mocking of the wit,
If once the cauſe of this affection flit,
Reaſon preuailing on the vnbridled thought :
Downe falth he who by fancie climbe aloft.

So hath the riſer foule no ſtaie from fall,
No not of thoſe that raiſd him firſt of all.
His ſuretie ſtands in mainteining the cauſe
That heau'd him firſt, which reft by reaſons ſawes,
Not onely falth he to his former ſtate,
But liueth for euer in his princes hate.
And marke my Lords, God for adulterie ſleath,
Though ye it thinke too ſweete a ſinne for death.

Serue trulie your Prince and feare not rebels might,
On Princes halues the mightie God doth fight.
O much more then forſweare a forrein foe,
Who ſeeketh your realme and country to vndo.
Murther deteſt, haue hands vnſtaind with bloud.
Aie with your ſuccour do protect the good.

Chace treaſon where truſt ſhould be wed to your frend
Your heart and power, to your liues laſt end.

Flie tickle credit, ſhun alike diſtruſt.
Too true it is, and credit it you muſt:
The iealous nature wanteth no ſtormie ſtrife,
The ſimple ſoule aye leadeth a ſower life.
Beware of flatterers, friends in outward ſhow:
Beſt is of ſuch to make your open foe.
What all men ſeeke, that all men ſeeke to faine,
Some ſuch to be, ſome ſuch to ſeeme, them paine.

Marke Gods iuſt iudgements, puniſhing ſin by ſinne,
And ſlipperie ſtate wherein aloft we ſwimme.
The prouerbe, all day vp if we ne fall,
Agreeth well to vs high heaued worldlings all.
From common ſort vprais'd, in honors weed
We ſhine: while Fortune falſe (whom none erſt feed
To ſtand with ſtay and forſweare tickleneſſe:)
Sowſeth vs in mire of durtie brittleneſſe.

And learne ye Princes by my wronged ſprite,
Not to miſconſter what is meant aright,
The winged words too oft preuent the wit,
When ſilence ceaſeth afore the lips to ſit.
Alas, what may the words yeeld worthie death?
The words worſt is, the ſpeakers ſtinking breath.
Words are but winde, why coſt they then ſo much
The guiltie kicke, when they too ſmartly touch.

Forth irreturnable flieth the ſpoken word,
Be it in ſcoffe, in earneſt, or in bourd.
Without returne, and vnreceiu'd, it hangs,
And at the takers mercie, or rigour ſtands.
Which if he ſowerly wreſt with wrathfull cheare,
The ſhiuering word turnes to the ſpeakers feare.
If friendly courteſie do the word expound,
To the ſpeakers comfort ſweetly it doth redound.

Euen as the vapour which the fire repels,
Turnes not to earth, but in mid aire dwels.
Where while it hangeth, if *Boreas* froſtie flawes
With rigour rattle it: not to raine it thawes,
But thunder, lightnings, ratling haile or ſnow
Sends downe to earth, whence firſt it roſe below;
But if faire *Phœbus* with his countenance ſweete
Reſolue it, downe the dew, or Manna fleete.

(The Manna dew, that in the Eaſterne lands,
Excell'th the labour of the bees ſmall hands.)
Elſe for her Memnon gray *Auroras* teares,
On the earth it ſtilleth, the partener of her feares.
Or ſendeth ſweet ſhowers to glad their mother earth,
Whence firſt they tooke their firſt inconſtant birth.
To ſo great griefes, ill taken words do grow:
Of words well taken, ſuch delights do flow.

This learned, thus be heere at length an end,
What ſince enſued, to thee I will commend.
Now farewell *Baldwine*, ſhield my torne name,
From ſlanderous trumpe of blaſting blacke defame.
But ere I part, hereof thou record beare:
I claime no part of vertues reckoned heere.
My vice my ſelfe, but God my vertues take.
So hence depart I, as I entred nak'd.

Thus ended *Haſtings* both his life and tale,
Containing all his worldly bliſſe and bale.
Happie he liued, too happie but for ſinne,
Happie he died whom right his death did bring.
Thus euer happie. For there is no meane
Twixt bliſſefull liues and mortall deaths extreame.
Yet feared not his foes to ſtaine his name,
And by theſe ſlanders to procure his ſhame.

In ruſtie armour as in extreame ſhift,
They clad themſelues, to cloake their diuelliſh drift,
And forthwith for ſubſtantiall citizens ſent,

Declaring to them, *Haſtings* forged intent
Was to haue ſlaine the Duke: and to haue ſeiſed
The Kings yong perſon, ſlaying whom he had pleas'd.
But God of Iuſtice had withturn'd that fate,
Which where it ought, light on his proper pate.

Then practiſed they by proclamation ſpread,
Nought to forget, that mought defame him dead.
Which was ſo curious, and ſo clerkely peud,
So long withall: that when ſome did attend
His death ſo yong: they ſaw that long before
The ſhroud was ſhaped, then babe to die was bore.
So wonteth God to blind the worldly wiſe,
That not to ſee, that all the world eſpies.

One hearing it cried out: A goodly caſt,
And well contriued, foule caſt away for haſt:
Whereto another gan in ſcoffe replie,
Firſt pend it was by enſpiring prophecie.
So can God rip vp ſecret miſchiefes wrought,
To the confuſion of the workers thought.
My Lords, the tub, that dround the Clarence Duke,
Dround not his death, nor yet his deaths rebuke.

Your politique ſecrets gard with truſtie loyaltie:
So ſhall they lurke in moſt aſſured ſecrecie.
By *Haſtings* death, and after fame ye learne,
The earth for murder crieth out vengeance ſterne.
Flie from his faults, and ſpare to hurt his fame.
The eager hounds forbeare their ſlaine game,
Dead, dead, auaunt Curs from the conquered chaſe.
Ill might he liue who loueth the dead to race.

Thus liued this Lord, thus died he, thus he ſlept.
Mids forward race when firſt to reſt he ſtept,
Enuious death that bounceth as well with mace
At *Keſars* courts, as at the pooreſt gates:
When nature ſeem'd too ſlow, by this ſloape meane,
Conueighed him ſooner to his liues extreame.

Happie in preuenting woes that after happ'd;
In ſlumber ſweete his liuing lights he lapp'd.

Whoſe haſtie death, if it do any grieue:
Know he, he liu'd to die, and dide to liue.
Vntimely neuer comes the liues laſt met.
In cradle death may rightly claime his det.
Straight after birth due is the fatall beere.
By deaths permiſſion the aged linger heere.
Euen in the ſwathbands out commiſſion goeth
To looſe thy breath, that yet but yongly bloweth.

Happie, thrice happie, who ſo loos'th his breath,
That life he gaineth by his godly death.
As *Haſtings* heere. Whom time and truth agree,
To engraue by fame in ſtrong eternitie.
Who ſpareth not ſpeaking, with danger of his blood?
Yet loe this noble Lord did thinke it good
To cleare the innocent not to ſpare to ſpeake,
Although his ſhoulders with his blood ſhould reake.

Worthie to liue, who liu'd not for himſelfe
But priſed his fame more then this worldly pelſe.
Whoſe name and line, if any yet preſerue,
We wiſh they liue like honor to deſerue.
Whether thou ſeeke by martiall proweſſe praiſe,
Or *Pallas* policie high thy name to raiſe,
Or truſtie ſeruice honor to attaine;
Haſtings foreled: tracke heere his bloodie traine.

FINIS. Maſter D.

THE

THE COMPLAINT OF HENRIE DVKE of Buckingham.

WHo truſts too much to honors higheſt throne,
And warily watch not ſlie dame Fortunes ſnares:
Or who in Court will beare the ſwing alone,
And wiſely weigh not how to weild the care,
Behold he me, and by my death beware:
Whom flattering Fortune falſely ſo beguilde,
That loe ſhe ſlew, where erſt full ſmooth ſhee ſmilde.

And *Sackuill* ſith in purpoſe now thou haſt
The wofull fall of Princes to deſcriue,
Whom Fortune both vplift and eke downe caſt,
To ſhew thereby th'vnſuretie in this life,
Marke well my fall, which I ſhall ſhew beliue,
And paint it forth, that all eſtates may know:
Haue they the warning, and be mine the woe.

For noble blood made me both Prince and Peere,
Yea peereleſſe too, had reaſon purchaſt place,
And God with gifts endow'd me largely heere.
But what auailes his gifts where failes his grace?
My mothers ſire ſprung of a kingly race,
And call'd was *Edmund* Duke of Sommerſet,
Bereft of life ere time by nature ſet.

Whoſe faithfull heart to *Henrie* ſixt ſo wrought
That he him nere in weale, or woe forſooke,
Till laſtly he at Tewkesbury field was cought
Where with an axe his violent death he tooke:
He neuer could King *Edwards* partie brooke,
Till by his death he voucht that quarrell good,
In which his Sire, and Grand-ſire ſpilt their blood.

And ſuch was erſt my fathers cruell chance,
Of Stafford Earle by name that *Humfrey* hight
Who euer preſt did *Henries* part aduance,
And neuer ceaſt till at Saint Albones fight
He loſt his life, as then did many a Knight:
Where eke my Grandſire, Duke of Buckingham
Was wounded ſore, and hardly ſcapt vntane.

But what may boote to ſtay the Siſters three,
When *Atropos* perforce will cut the thred?
The dolefull day was come when you might ſee
Northampton field with armed men oreſpred,
VVhere fate would algates haue my Grandſire dead:
So ruſhing forth amids the fierceſt fight,
He liu'd, and di'd there in his Maſters right.

In place of whom as it befell my lot,
Like on a ſtage, ſo ſtept I in ſtraightway,
Enioying there but wofully God wot,
As he that had a ſlender part to play:
To teach thereby, in earth no ſtate may ſtay,
But as our parts abridge, or length our age,
So paſſe we all while others fill the ſtage.

For of my ſelfe the dreerie fate to plaine,
I was ſometime a Prince withouten peere,
VVhen *Edward* fift began his rufull raigne,
Ay me, then I began that hatefull yeare,
To compaſſe that which I haue bought ſo deare:
I bare the ſwinge, I and that wretched wight,
The Duke of Gloceſter that *Richard* hight.

For when the fates had reft that Roiall Prince
Edward the fourth, chiefe mirrour of that name,
The Duke, and I faſt ioined euer ſince,
In faithfull loue, our ſecret driftes to frame:
VVhat he thought beſt, to me ſo ſeem'd the ſame,
My ſelfe not bent ſo much for to aſpire,
As to fulfill that greedy Dukes deſire.

Whoſe reſtleſſe minde ſore thirſting after rule,
When that he ſaw his nephewes both to bin
Through tender yeares as yet vnfit to rule,
And rather ruled by their Mothers kin,
There ſought he firſt his miſchiefe to begin,
  To pluck from them their Mothers friends aſſinde,
  For well he wiſt they would wiſtand his minde.

To follow which he ran ſo headlong ſwift,
With eagre thirſt of his deſired draught,
To ſeeke their deaths that ſought to daſh his drift,
Of whom the chiefe the Queenes allies he thought,
That bent thereto with mounts of miſchiefe fraught,
  He knew their liues would be ſo ſore his let,
  That in their deaths his onely help he ſet.

And I moſt curſed caitiffe that I was,
Seeing the ſtate vnſtedfaſt how it ſtood,
His chiefe complice to bring the ſame to paſſe,
Vnhappie wretch conſented to their blood:
Yee Kings, and Peeres that ſwim in worldly good,
  In ſeeking bloud the end aduert you plaine,
  And ſee if bloud ay aske not bloud againe.

Conſider *Cyrus* in your cruell thought,
A matchleſſe Prince in riches, and in might,
And weigh in minde the bloudy deedes he wrought,
In ſheading which he ſet his whole delight:
But ſee the guerdon lotted to this wight,
  He whoſe huge power no man might ouerthrow,
  Tamiris Queene with great deſpite hath ſlow.

His head diſmembred from his mangled corps,
Her ſelfe ſhe caſt into a veſſell fraught
VVith clottered bloud of them that felt her force.
And with theſe words a iuſt reward ſhe taught:
Drinke now thy fill of thy deſired draught.
  Loe marke the fine that did this Prince befall:
  Marke not this one, but marke the end of all.

Behold *Cambiſes*, and his fatall day,
Where murders miſchiefe mirrour like is left:
While he his brother *Mergus* caſt to ſlay,
A dreadfull thing, his wits were him bereft.
A ſword he caught, wherewith he pierced eft
  His bodie gor'd, which he of life benoomes:
  So iuſt is God in all his dreadfull doomes.

O bloodie *Brutus* rightly didſt thou rue,
And thou O *Caſſius*, iuſtly came thy fall,
That with the ſword wherewith thou *Cæſar* ſlue
Murdredſt thy ſelfe, and reft thy life withall.
A Mirrour let him be vnto you all
  That murdrers be, of murder to your meed:
  For murder cries out vengeance on your ſeed.

Loe *Beſſus* he that arm'd with murdrers knife,
And traytrours heart, againſt his royall King,
With bloodie hands bereft his maſters life,
Aduert the fine his foule offence did bring:
And lothing murder as moſt lothly thing,
  Behold in him the iuſt deſerued fall,
  That euer hath, and ſhall betide them all.

What booted him his falſe vſurped raigne?
Whereto by murder he did ſo aſcend,
When like a wretch led in an iron chaine,
He was preſented by his chiefeſt friend,
Vnto the foes of him whom he had ſlaine:
  That euen they ſhould auenge ſo foule a gilt,
  That rather ſought to haue his blood yſpilt.

Take heed ye Princes and ye Prelats all
Of this outrage, which though it ſleepe a while
And not diſclos'd, as it doth ſeld befall,
Yet God that ſuffereth ſilence to beguile
Such guilts, wherewith both earth and aire ye file,
  At laſt deſcries them to your foule diſgrace,
  You ſee th'examples ſet before your face.

And deeply graue within your ſtony harts,
The dreerie dole that mightie *Macedo*,
With tears vnfolded wrapt in deadly ſmarts,
VVhen he the death of *Clitus* ſorowed ſo,
VVhom erſt he murdred with the deadly blow
  Raught in his rage vpon his friend ſo deare,
  For which behold loe how his pangs appeare.

The launced ſpeare he writhes out of the wound,
From which the purple bloud ſpins in his face:
His heinous guilt when he returned found,
He throwes himſelſe vpon the corps alas,
And in his armes how oft doth he imbrace
  His murdred friend? and kiſſing him in vaine,
  Forth flow the flouds of ſalt repentant raine.

His friends amaz'd at ſuch a murder done,
In fearefull flocks begin to ſhrinke away:
And he therat with heapes of grief fordone,
Hateth himſelfe, wiſhing his latter day.
Now he likewiſe perceiued in like ſtay,
  As is the wilde beaſt in the deſert bred,
  Both dreading others and him ſelfe adred:

He calles for death, and loathing longer life,
Bent to his bane, refuſeth kindly food:
And plung'd in depth of death and dolours ſtrife,
Had queld himſelfe, had not his friends withſtood.
Loe he that thus hath ſhed the guiltleſſe bloud,
  Though he were King and Keſar ouer all,
  Yet choſe he death to guerdon death withall.

This Prince whoſe Peere was neuer vnder ſunne,
Whoſe gliſtening fame the earth did ouerglide,
Which with his power welny the world had wonne,
His bloudy hands himſelfe could not abide,
But folly bent with famine to haue dide:
  The worthy Prince deemed in his regard,
  That death for death could be but iuſt reward.

Yet we that were ſo drowned in the depth
Of deepe deſire, to drinke the guiltleſſe bloud,
Like to the Wolfe, with greedy lookes that lepth
Into the ſnare, to feed on deadly food:
So we delighted in the ſtate we ſtood,
 Blinded ſo far in all our blinded traine,
 That blind we ſaw not our deſtruction plaine.

We ſpared none whoſe life could ought forlet
Our wicked purpoſe to his paſſe to come.
Foure worthy Knights we headed at Pomfret,
Guilteleſſe (God wot) withouten law or dome.
My heart euen bleedes to tell you all and ſome,
 And how Lord *Haſtings* when he feared leaſt,
 Diſpiteouſly was murdred and oppreſt.

Theſe rocks vpraught, that threatned moſt our wreck,
We ſeemd to ſaile much ſurer in the ſtreame:
And Fortune faring as ſhe were at becke
Laid in our lap the rule of all the Realme.
The Nephues ſtraight depoſde were by the Eame.
 And we aduanſt to that we bought full deere,
 He crowned King, and I his chiefeſt Peere.

Thus hauing won our long deſired pray,
To make him King that he might make me chiefe,
Downe throw we ſtraight his ſilly Nephues tway,
From Princes pompe, to wofull priſoners life:
In hope that now ſtint was all further ſtrife.
 Sith he was King, and I chiefe ſtroke did beare,
 Who ioied but we, yet who more cauſe to feare?

The guiltles bloud which we vniuſtly ſhed,
The roiall babes deueſted from their throne,
And we like traytours raigning in their ſtead,
Theſe heauy burdens paſſed vs vpon,
Tormenting vs ſo by our ſelues alone,
 Much like the felon that purſu'd by night,
 Starts at ech buſh, as his foe were in ſight.

Now doubting ſtate, now dreading loſſe of life,
In feare of wrack at euery blaſt of winde,
Now ſtart in dreames through dread of murders knife,
As though euen then reuengement were aſſinde,
With reſtles thought ſo is the guilty minde
Turmoild, and neuer feeleth eaſe or ſtay,
But liues in feare of that which ſollowes aye.

Well gaue that Iudge his doome vpon the death
Of *Titus Celius* that in bed was ſlaine:
When euery wight the cruell murder laieth
To his two ſonnes that in his chamber laine,
The Iudge, that by the proofe perceiueth plaine,
That they were found faſt ſleeping in their bed,
Hath deemd them guiltles of this bloud yſhed.

He thought it could not be, that they which brake
The lawes of God and man in ſuch outrage,
Could ſo forth with themſelues to ſleepe betake:
He rather thought the horrour and the rage
Of ſuch an heinous guilt could neuer ſwage,
Nor neuer ſuffer them to ſleepe or reſt,
Or dreadles breath one breth out of their breſt.

So gnawes the griefe of conſcience euermore,
And in the heart it is ſo deepe ygraue,
That they may neither ſleepe nor reſt therefore,
Ne thinke one thought but on the dread they haue.
Still to the death foretoſſed with the waue
Of reſtles woe, in terrour and deſpeare,
They lead a life continually in feare.

Like to the Deere that ſtricken with the dart,
Withdrawes himſelfe into ſome ſecret place,
And feeling greene the wound about his hart,
Startles with pangs till he fall on the graſſe,
And in great feare lies gaſping there a ſpace,
Forth braying ſighes, as though ech pang had brought
The preſent death, which he doth dread ſo oft:

So we deepe wounded with the bloodie thought,
And gnawing worme that grieu'd our conſcience ſo,
Neuer tooke eaſe, but as our heart out brought
The ſtayned ſighes in witnes of our woe,
Such reſtleſſe cares our fault did well beknow:
  Wherewith of our deſerued fall the feares
  In euery place rang death within our eares.

And as ill graine is neuer well ykept,
So fared it by vs within a while:
That which ſo long with ſuch vnreſt we reapt,
In dread and danger by all wit and wile,
Loe ſee the fine, when once it felt the whele
  Of ſlipper Fortune, ſtay it might no ſtowne,
  The wheele whurles vp, but ſtraight it whurleth downe.

For hauing rule and riches in our hand,
Who durſt gaineſay the thing that we auer'd?
Will was wiſdome, our luſt for law did ſtand,
In ſort ſo ſtrange, that who was not afeard,
When he the ſound but of King *Richard* heard?
  So hatefull waxt the hearing of his name,
  That you may deeme the reſidue of the ſame.

But what auail'd the terrour and the feare,
Wherewith he kept his lieges vnder awe?
It rather wan him hatred euery where,
And fained faces forc'd by feare of law:
That but while Fortune doth with fauour blaw,
  Flatter through feare: for in their heart lurkes aye
  A ſecret hate that hopeth for a day.

Recordeth *Dionyſius* the King,
That with his rigour ſo his Realme oppreſt,
As that he thought by cruell feare to bring
His ſubiects vnder, as him liked beſt:
But loe the dread wherewith himſelfe was ſtreſt,
  And you ſhall ſee the fine of forced feare,
  Moſt Mirrour like in this proud Prince appeare.

All were his head with crowne of gold yſpread,
And in his hand the royall ſcepter ſet,
And he with princely purple richly clad;
Yet was his heart with wretched cares orefret,
And inwardly with deadly feare beſet,
  Of thoſe whom he by rigour kept in awe,
  And ſore oppreſt with might of tyrants law.

Againſt whoſe feare, no heapes of gold and glie,
No ſtrength of guard, nor all his hired powre,
Ne proud high towres that preaſed to the skie,
His cruell heart of ſafetie could aſſure:
But dreading them whom he ſhould deeme moſt ſure,
  Himſelfe his beard with burning brand would ſeare,
  Of death deſeru'd ſo vexed him the feare.

This might ſuffice to repreſent the fine
Of tyrants force, their feares, and their vnreſt:
But heare this one, although my heart repine
To let the ſound once ſinke within my breſt:
Of fell *Phereus* that aboue the reſt,
  Such crueltie vpon his people wrought,
  As (oh alas) I tremble with the thought.

Some he encaſed in the coats of Beares,
Among wilde beaſts deuoured ſo to be:
And ſome for prey vnto the hunters ſpeares,
Like ſauage beaſts withouten ruth to die.
Sometime t'encreaſe his horrid crueltie,
  The quicke with face to face engraued hee,
  Each others death that each might liuing ſee.

Loe what more cruell horror might be found,
To purchaſe feare, if feare could ſtay his raigne?
It booted not, it rather ſtrake the wound
Of feare in him to feare the like againe.
And ſo he did full oft, and not in vaine,
  As in his life his cares could witneſſe well,
  But moſt of all his wretched end doth tell.

His owne deare wife whom as his life he loued,
He durſt not truſt, nor proch vnto her bed,
But cauſing firſt his ſlaue with naked ſword
To go before, himſelfe with trembling dread
Straight followeth faſt, and whurling in his head
His rolling eyne, he ſearched heere and there
The danger deepe that he ſo ſore did feare.

For not in vaine it ran ſtill in his breſt,
Some wretched hap ſhould hale him to his end.
And therefore alway by his pillow preſt
Had he a ſword, and with that ſword he wend,
In vaine (God wot) all perils to defend.
For loe his wife foreirking of his raigne,
Sleeping in bed this cruell wretch hath ſlaine.

What ſhould I more now ſeeke to ſay in this,
Or one iot further linger forth my tale?
With cruell *Nero*, or with *Phalaris*,
Caligula, *Domitian*, and all
The cruell rout? or of their wretched fall?
I can no more, but in my name aduert
All earthly powres beware of tyrants heart.

And as our ſtate endured but a throw,
So, beſt in vs the ſtay of ſuch a ſtate
May beſt appeare to hang on ouerthrow,
And better teach tyrants deſerued hate,
Then any tyrants death tofore or late.
So cruell ſeem'd this *Richard* third to me,
That loe my ſelfe now loth'd his crueltie.

For when alas, I ſaw the tyrant King
Content not only from his nephewes twaine
To riue worlds bliſſe, but alſo all worlds being,
Sauns earthly guilt ycauſing both be ſlaine,
My heart agrieud that ſuch a wretch ſhould raigne,
Whoſe bloodie breaſt ſo ſauag'd out of kind,
That *Phalaris* had nere ſo foule a mind.

Nay could I brooke him once within my breſt,
But with the thought my teeth would gnaſh withall:
For though I erſt were his by ſworne beheſt,
Yet when I ſaw miſchiefe on miſchiefe fall,
So deepe in blood, to murder Prince and all,
Aye then thought I, alas, and welaway,
And to my ſelfe thus mourning would I ſay:

If neither loue, kindred, nay knot of blood,
His owne allegeance to his Prince of due,
Nor yet the ſtate of truſt wherein he ſtood,
The worlds defame, nor nought could forme him true,
Thoſe guiltleſſe babes, could they not make him rue?
Nor could their youth, nor innocence withall
Moue him from reauing them their life and all?

Alas it could not moue him any iot,
Nay make him once to rue or wet his eye,
Stir'd him no more then that that ſtirreth not:
But as the rocke or ſtone that will not plie,
So was his heart made hard with crueltie,
To murder them: alas I weepe in thought,
To thinke on that which this fell wretch hath wrought,

That now when he had done the thing he ſought,
And as he would, compliſht and compaſt all,
And ſaw and knew the treaſon he had wrought
To God and man, to ſlay his Prince and all,
Then ſeem'd he firſt to doubt and dread vs all,
And me in chiefe, whoſe death all meanes he might,
He ſought to worke by malice and by might.

Such heapes of harmes vpharbar'd in his breſt,
With enuious heart my honor to deface,
And knowing he that I which wotted beſt
His wretched drifts, and all his wretched caſe,
If euer ſprang within me ſparke of grace,
Muſt needs abhorre him and his hatefull race:
Now more and more gan caſt me out of grace.

Which ſudden change when I by ſecret chance
Had well perceiu'd, by proofe of enuious frowne,
And ſaw the lot that did me to aduance
Him to a King that ſought to caſt me downe,
Too late it was to linger any ſtowne:
  Sith preſent choice lay caſt before mine eye,
  To worke his death, or I my ſelfe to die.

And as the Knight in field among his foes,
Beſet with ſwords, muſt ſlay or there be ſlaine:
So I alas lapt in a thouſand woes,
Beholding death on euery ſide ſo plaine,
I rather choſe by ſome ſly ſecret traine
  To worke his death, and I to liue therby,
  Then he to liue, and I of force to dye.

Which heauy choice ſo haſtened me to choſe,
That I in part agrieu'd at his diſdaine,
In part to wreake the dolefull death of thoſe
Two tender babes, his ſilly nephewes twaine,
By him, alas, commanded to be ſlaine,
  With painted cheere humbly before his face,
  Straight tooke my leaue, and rode to Brecknocke place.

And there as cloſe and couert as I might,
My purpoſde practiſe to his paſſe to bring,
In ſecret drifts I lingred day and night,
All how I might depoſe this cruell King,
That ſeemd to all ſo much deſirde a thing,
  As therto truſting I empriſde the ſame:
  But too much truſting brought me to my bane.

For while I now had Fortune at my becke,
Miſtruſting I no earthly thing at all,
Vnwares alas, leaſt looking for a checke,
She mated me in turning of a ball:
When leaſt I feard, then neereſt was my fall,
  And when whole Hoſts were preſt to ſtroy my fone,
  She changed her cheare, and left me poſt alone.

I had vprais'd a mightie band of men,
And marched forth in order of array,
Leading my power amid the forreſt Dene,
Againſt the tyrant banner to diſplay:
But loe my ſouldiers baſely ſhranke away.
  For ſuch is Fortune when ſhe liſt to frowne,
  Who ſeemes moſt ſure, him ſooneſt whurles ſhe downe.

O let no Prince put truſt in Commontie,
Nor hope in faith of giddie peoples mind,
But let all noble men take heed by me,
That by the proofe too well the paine do find:
Loe, where is truth or truſt? or what could bind
  The vaine people, but they will ſwerue and ſway,
  As chance brings change, to driue and draw that way.

Rome, thou that once aduanced vp ſo hie,
Thy ſtay, Patron, and flowre of excellence,
Haſt now throwne him to depth of miſerie,
Exiled him that was thy whole defence,
Nay count'ſt it not an horrible offence,
  To reuen him of honor and of fame,
  That wan it thee when thou hadſt loſt the ſame.

Behold *Camillus*, he that erſt reuiued
The ſtate of Rome, that dying he did find,
Of his owne ſtate is now alas depriued,
Baniſht by them whom he did thus debt-bind:
That cruell folke, vnthankfull and vnkind,
  Declared well their falſe vnconſtancie,
  And Fortune eke her mutabilitie.

And thou *Scipio*, a Mirrour maiſt thou be
To all nobles, that they learne not too late,
How they once truſt th'vnſtable Commontie.
Thou that recur'd the torne diſmembred ſtate,
Euen when the Conquerour was at the gate,
  Art now exil'd, as though thou not deſerued
  To reſt in her, whom thou hadſt ſo preſerued.

Ingratefull Rome haſt ſhew'd thy crueltie
On him, by whom thou liueſt yet in fame,
But not thy deed, nor his deſert ſhall die,
But his owne words ſhall witneſſe aye the ſame:
For loe his graue doth thee moſt iuſtly blame.
   And with diſdaine in marble ſaies to thee:
   Vnkind countrey, my bones ſhalt thou not ſee.

What more vnworthie then this his exile?
More iuſt then this the wofull plaint he wrote?
Or who could ſhew a plainer proofe the while,
Of moſt falſe faith, then they that thus forgot
His great deſerts? that ſo deſerued not.
   His cinders yet loe, doth he them denie,
   That him deni'd amongſt them for to die.

Milciades, ô happie hadſt thou ben,
And well rewarded of thy countrey men,
If in the field when thou hadſt forſt to flie,
By thy prowesſe, three hundred thouſand men,
Content they had been to exile thee then:
   And not caſt thee in depth of priſon ſo,
   Laden with gyues, to end thy life in wo.

Alas how hard and ſteelie hearts had they,
That not contented there to haue thee die,
With fettred gyues in priſon where thou lay,
Increaſt ſo far in hatefull crueltie,
That buriall to thy corps, they eke denie:
   Ne will they grant the ſame till thy ſonne haue
   Put on thy gyues, to purchaſe thee a graue.

Loe *Hannibal* as long as fixed fate,
And brittle Fortune had ordained ſo:
Who euermore aduanſt his countrey ſtate
Then thou that liu'dſt for her and for no mo?
But when the ſtormie waues began to grow,
   Without reſpect of thy deſerts erewhile,
   Art by thy countrey throwne into exile,

Vnfriendly Fortune ſhall I thee now blame?
Or ſhall I fault the fates that ſo ordaine?
Or art thou *Ioue* the cauſer of the ſame?
Or crueltie her ſelfe doth ſhe conſtraine?
Or on whom elſe alas ſhall I complaine?
  O truſtleſſe world I can accuſen none,
  But fickle faith of Commontie alone.

The *Polypus* nor the *Cameleon* ſtrange,
That turne themſelues to euery hue they ſee,
Are not ſo full of vaine and fickle change,
As is this falſe vnſtedfaſt Commontie,
Loe I alas with mine aduerſitie
  Haue tri'd it true, for they are fled and gone,
  And of an hoſt there is not left me one.

That I alas in this calamitie
Alone was left, and to my ſelfe might plaine
This treaſon, and this wretched cowardie,
And eke with teares beweepen and complaine
My hatefull hap, ſtill looking to be ſlaine:
  Wandring in woe, and to the heauens on hie
  Cleaping for vengeance of this treacherie.

And as the Turtle that hath loſt her mate,
Whom griping ſorow doth ſo ſore attaint,
With dolefull voice and ſound that ſhe doth make,
Mourning her loſſe, filles all the groue with plaint:
So I alas forſaken, and forfaint,
  With reſtleſſe foot the wood roame vp and downe,
  Which of my dole all ſhiuering doth reſowne.

And being thus alone, and all forſake,
Amid the thicke, forwandred in deſpaire,
As one diſmaid, nay wiſt what way to take,
Vntill at laſt gan to my mind repaire,
A man of mine cal'd *Humfrey Banaſtaire*:
  Wherewith me feeling much recomforted,
  In hope of ſuccour to his houſe I fled.

Who being one whom erſt I had vp brought
Euen from his youth, and lou'd and liked beſt,
To gentrie ſtate aduancing him from nought,
And had in ſecret truſt aboue the reſt,
Of ſpeciall truſt now being thus diſtreſt,
Full ſecretly to him I me conuei'd,
Not doubting there but I ſhould find ſome aide.

But out alas on cruell treacherie,
When that this caytife once an inkling heard,
How that King *Richard* had proclaim'd, that he
Which me deſcri'd ſhould haue for his reward
A thouſand pounds, and farther be prefer'd,
His truth ſo turn'd to treaſon, all diſtain'd,
That faith quite fled, and I by truſt was train'd.

For by this wretch I being ſtraight betrayed,
To one *Iohn Mutton*, Sheriffe of Shropſhire then,
All ſuddenly was taken, and conuayed
To Salisbury, with rout of harneſt men,
Vnto King *Richard* there encamped then,
Faſt by the Citie with a mightie hoſt:
Withouten doome where head and life I loſt.

And with theſe words, as if the axe euen there
Diſmembred had his head and corps apart,
Dead fell he downe: and we in wofull feare
Stood mazed when he would to life reuert:
But deadly griefes ſtill grew about his heart,
That ſtill he lay, ſometime reuiu'd with paine,
And with a ſigh becomming dead againe.

Midnight was come, when euery vitall thing
With ſweet ſound ſleepe their wearie limbes did reſt,
The beaſts were ſtill, the little birds that ſing,
Now ſweetly ſlept, beſides their mothers breſt:
The old and all were ſhrowded in their neſt,
The waters calme, the cruell ſeas did ceaſe,
The woods, the fields, and all things held their peace.

The golden ſtars were whirld amid their race,
And on the earth did laugh with twinkling light,
When each thing neſtled in his reſting place,
Forgat daies paine with pleaſure of the night:
The Hare had not the greedy Hounds in ſight,
  The fearfull Deere, of death ſtood not in doubt,
  The Partridge drept not of the Falcons foote.

The vgly Beare now minded not the ſtake,
Nor how the cruell maſtiues doe him teare,
The Stag lay ſtill vnrouſed from the brake,
The fomy Boare feard not the hunters ſpeare:
All things were ſtill in deſert, buſh and breare.
  With quiet heart now from their trauailes ceaſt,
  Soundly they ſlept in midſt of all their reſt.

When *Buckingham* amid his plaint oppreſt,
With ſurging ſorrowes and with pinching paines
In ſort thus ſown'd, and with a ſigh he ceaſt,
To tellen forth the trechery and the traines
Of *Banaſtaire*, which him ſo ſore diſtraines,
  That from a ſigh he falls into a ſounde,
  And from a ſound li'th raging on the ground.

So twiching were the pangs that he aſſaid,
And he ſo ſore with ruthfull rage diſtraught,
To thinke vpon the wretch that him betraid,
Whom erſt he made a gentleman of naught,
That more and more agrieued with this thought,
  He ſtormes out ſighes, and with redoubled ſore,
  Struck with the furies, rageth more and more.

Whoſo hath ſeene the Bull chaſed with darts,
And with deepe wounds foregald and gored ſo,
Till he oppreſſed with the deadly ſmarts,
Fall in a rage, and run vpon his foe:
Let him I ſay behold the raging woe
  Of *Buckingham*, that in theſe gripes of griefe,
  Rageth gainſt him that hath betraid his life.

With bloud red eine he ſtareth here and there,
Frothing at mouth, with face as pale as clout:
When loe my lims were trembling all for feare,
And I amazde ſtood ſtill in dread and doubt,
While I mought ſee him throw his armes about:
  And gainſt the ground himſelfe plunge with ſuch force,
  As if the life forthwith ſhould leaue the corps.

With ſmoke of ſighs ſometime I might behold
The place all dimd, like to the morning miſt:
And ſtraight againe the teares how they down rold
Alongſt his cheekes, as if the riuers hiſt:
Whoſe flowing ſtreames ne were no ſooner whiſt,
  But to the ſtars ſuch dreadfull ſhouts he ſent,
  As if the throne of mighty *Ioue* ſhould rent.

And I the while with ſprits welny bereft,
Beheld the plight and pangs that did him ſtraine,
And how the bloud his deadly colour left,
And ſtraight returnd with flaming red againe:
When ſuddenly amid his raging paine
  He gaue a ſigh, and with that ſigh hee ſaid,
  Oh *Banaſtaire*, and ſtraight againe he ſtaid.

Dead lay his corps, as dead as any ſtone,
Till ſwelling ſighs ſtorming within his breaſt
Vpraiſd his head, that downeward fell anon,
With lookes vpcaſt, and ſighs that neuer ceaſt:
Forth ſtreamd the teares records of his vnreſt,
  When he with ſhrikes thus groueling on the ground,
  Ybraied theſe words with ſhrill and dolefull ſound:

Heauen and earth, and ye eternall lamps,
That in the heauens wrapt, will vs to reſt,
Thou bright *Phœbe*, that cleareſt the nights damps,
Witneſſe the plaints that in theſe pangs oppreſt,
I wofull wretch vnlade out of my breſt.
  And let me yeeld my laſt words ere I part,
  You, you, I call to record of my ſmart.

And thou *Alecto* feede mee with thy food,
Let fall thy ſerpents from thy ſnaky heare,
For ſuch reliefe well fits mee in this mood,
To feede my plaint with horrour and with feare,
While rage afreſh thy venomd worme areare.
  And thou *Sibylla* when thou ſeeſt mee faint,
  Addreſſe thy ſelfe the guide of my complaint.

And thou O *Ioue*, that with the deepe fordoome
Doſt rule the earth, and raigne aboue the skies,
That wreakeſt wrongs, and giu'ſt the dreadful doome
Againſt the wretch that doth thy name deſpiſe,
Receiue theſe words, and wreake them in ſuch wiſe,
  As heauen and earth may witneſſe and behold,
  Thy heapes of wrath vpon this wretch vnfold.

Thou *Banaſtaire*, gainſt thee I clepe and call
Vnto the Gods, that they iuſt vengeance take
On thee, thy bloud, thy ſtained ſtocke and all.
O *Ioue* to thee aboue the reſt I make
My humble plaint, guide me, that what I ſpeake,
  May be thy will vpon this wretch to fall,
  On thee *Banaſtaire*, wretch of wretches all.

O would to God the cruell diſmal day,
That gaue me light firſt to behold thy face,
With foule eclipſe had reft my ſight away:
Th'vnhappy hower, the time, and eke the day,
The Sunne and Moone, the Stars, and all that was
  In their aſpects helping in ought to thee,
  The earth and aire, and all accurſed be.

And thou caitiffe, that like a monſter ſwarued
From kind and kindnes, haſt thy maſter lorne,
Whom neither trueth, nor truſt wherein thou ſerued,
Ne his deſerts could moue, nor thy faith ſworne,
How ſhall I curſe, but wiſh that thou vnborne
  Had beene, or that the earth had rent in tway,
  And ſwallowed thee in cradle as thou laie.

To

To this did I euen from thy tender youth
Vouchſafe to bring thee vp? did I herefore
Beleeue the oth of thy vndoubted truth?
Aduance thee vp, and truſt thee euermore?
By truſting thee that I ſhould die therfore?
O wretch, and worſe then wretch, what ſhall I ſay?
But clepe and curſe gainſt thee and thine for aye.

Hated be thou, diſdaind of euery wight,
And pointed at where euer that thou goe:
A traiterous wretch, vnworthy of the light
Be thou eſteemd: and to encreaſe thy woe,
The ſound be hatefull of thy name alſo:
And in this ſort with ſhame and ſharp reproch,
Lead thou thy life, till greater griefe approch.

Dole and deſpaire, let thoſe be thy delight,
Wrapped in woes that cannot be vnfold,
To waile the day, and weepe the weary night,
With rainy eine and ſighes cannot be told,
And let no wight thy woe ſeeke to withhold:
But count thee worthy (wretch) of ſorowes ſtore,
That ſuffering much, oughtſt ſtill to ſuffer more.

Deſerue thou death, yea be thou deemd to die
A ſhamefull death, to end thy ſhamefull life,
A ſight longed for, ioifull to euery eye,
When thou ſhalt be arraigned as a theefe,
Standing at bar, and pleading for thy life,
With trembling tongue in dread and dolours rage,
Lade with white lockes, and fourſcore yeares of age.

Yet ſhall not death deliuer thee ſo ſoone
Out of thy woes, ſo happy ſhalt not be:
But to th'eternall *Ioue* this is my boone,
That thou maiſt liue thine eldeſt ſonne to ſee
Reſt of his wits, and in a foule Bores ſtye
To end his daies, in rage and death diſtreſt,
A worthy tombe where one of thine ſhould reſt.

Yet after this yet pray I more, thou may
Thy ſecond ſonne ſee drowned in a dike,
And in ſuch ſort to cloſe his latter day,
As heard or ſeene erſt hath not been the like:
Yſtrangled in a puddle not ſo deepe
  As halfe a foot, that ſuch hard loſſe of life,
  So cruelly chanſt, may be the greater griefe.

And not yet ſhall thy dolefull ſorrowes ceaſe,
Ioue ſhall not ſo withhold his wrath from thee,
But that thy plagues may more and more encreaſe,
Thou ſhalt ſtill liue, that thou thy ſelfe maiſt ſee
Thy daughter ſtrucken with the leproſie:
  That ſhe that erſt was all thy whole delight,
  Thou now maiſt loath to haue her come in ſight.

And after that, let ſhame and ſorrowes griefe
Feed forth thy yeares continually in woe,
That thou maiſt liue in death, and die in life,
And in this ſort forwaild and wearied ſo,
At laſt thy ghoſt to part thy bodie fro:
  This pray I *Ioue*, and with this latter breath,
  Vengeance I aske vpon my cruell death.

This ſaid, he flung his retchleſſe armes abroad,
And groucling flat vpon the ground he lay,
Which with his teeth he all to gnaſht and gnaw'd:
Deepe grones he fet, as he that would away.
But loe in vaine he did the death aſſay,
  Although I thinke was neuer man that knew
  Such deadly paines, where death did not enſue.

So ſtroue he thus a while as with the death,
Now pale as lead, and cold as any ſtone,
Now ſtill as calme, now ſtorming forth a breath
Of ſmokie ſighes, as breath and all were gone.
But euery thing hath end: ſo he anon
  Came to himſelfe, when with a ſigh outbrayed,
  With woefull cheere, theſe woefull words he ſaid.

Ah where am I, what thing, or whence is this?
Who reft my wits? or how do I thus lie?
My limbes do quake, my thought agaſted is.
Why ſigh I ſo? or whereunto do I,
Thus groule on the ground? and by and by
  Vprais'd he ſtood, and with a ſigh hath ſtai'd,
  When to himſelfe returned, thus he ſaid:

Sufficeth now this plaint and this regrete,
Whereof my heart his bottome hath vnfraught:
And of my death let Peeres and Princes wete
The worlds vntruſt, that they thereby be taught.
And in her wealth, ſith that ſuch change is wrought,
  Hope not too much, but in the mids of all
  Thinke on my death, and what may them befall.

So long as Fortune would permit the ſame,
I liu'd in rule and riches with the beſt:
And paſt my time in honor and in fame,
That of miſhap no feare was in my breaſt:
But falſe Fortune whom I ſuſpected leaſt,
  Did turne the wheele, and with a dolefull fall
  Hath me bereft of honor, life, and all.

Loe what auailes in riches flouds that flowes?
Though ſhe ſo ſmil'd, as all the world were his.
Euen Kings and Keſars bidden Fortunes throwes,
And ſimple ſort muſt beare it as it is.
Take heed by me that blith'd in balefull bliſſe:
  My rule, my riches, royall blood and all,
  When Fortune frown'd the feller made my fall.

For hard miſhaps that happens vnto ſuch,
Whoſe wretched ſtate erſt neuer fell no change,
Agreeue them not in any part ſo much,
As their diſtreſſe to whom it is ſo ſtrange,
That all their liues nay paſſed pleaſures range:
  Their ſudden woe that aye weild wealth at will,
  Algates their hearts more piercingly muſt thrill.

For of my birth, my blood was of the beſt,
Firſt borne an Earle, then Duke by due deſcent:
To ſwing the ſway in Court among the reſt,
Dame fortune me her rule moſt largely lent:
And kind with courage ſo my corps had blent,
That loe on whom but me did ſhe moſt ſmile?
And whom but me loe, did ſhe moſt beguile?

Now haſt thou heard the whole of my vnhap,
My chance, my change, the cauſe of all my care:
In wealth and woe, how Fortune did me wrap,
With world at will, to win me to her ſnare.
Bid Kings, bid Keſars, bid all ſtates beware,
And tell them this from me that tri'd it true:
Who reckleſſe rules, right ſoone may hap to rue.

FINIS. *T. Saxuill.*

HOW COLLINGBOVRNE WAS CRVELLY EXECVTED FOR making a Rime.

BEware, take heed, take heed, I ſay, beware,
You Poets you, that purpoſe to rehearce
By any art what tyrants doings are.
Erynnis rage is growne ſo fell and fearce,
That vitious acts may not be toucht in verſe:
The *Muſes* freedome, granted them of eld,
Is bar'd, ſlie reaſons treaſons hie are held.

Be rough in rime, and then they ſay you raile,
As *Iuuenal* was, but that doth make no matter:
With *Ieremie* you ſhall be had to iaile,
Or forc'd with *Martial*, *Cæſars* faults to flatter.
Clerkes muſt be taught to claw, and not to clatter:
Free *Helicon* and franke *Parnaſſus* hilles,
Are hellie haunts, and ranke pernicious illes.

Touch couertly in termes, and then you taunt,
Though praiſed Poets alway did the like,
Controll vs not, elſe traytour vile auaunt,
What paſſe we what the learned do miſlike?
Our ſinnes we ſee, wherein to ſwarme we ſeeke.
We paſſe not what the people ſay or thinke:
Their ſhittle hate makes none but cowards ſhrinke.

We know (ſay they) the courſe of Fortunes wheele,
How conſtantly it whirleth ſtill about,
Arrearing now, while elder headlong reele,
How all the riders alway hang in doubt.
But what for that? we count him but a lout
That ſtickes to mount, and baſely like a beaſt
Liues temperatly, for feare of blockam feaſt.

Indeed we would of all be deemed gods
What ere we do: and therefore partly hate
Rude Preachers, that dare threaten plagues and rods,
And blaſe the blots whereby we ſtaine our ſtate:
But nought we paſſe what any ſuch do prate;
Of courſe and office they muſt ſay their pleaſure,
And we of courſe muſt heare, and mend at leaſure.

But when theſe pelting Poets in their rimes
Shall taunt, or ieſt, or paint our wicked workes,
And cauſe the people know and curſe our crimes,
This vgly fault, no tyrant liues but irkes.
Wherfore we loath ſuch taunters worſe then Turkes,
Whoſe meaning is to make vs know our miſſe,
And ſo to mend: but they but dote in this.

We know our faults as well as any other,
We alſo doubt the dangers from them due:
Yet ſtill we truſt ſo right to rule the rother,
That ſcape we ſhall the ſcourges that enſue.
We thinke we know more ſhifts then other knew.
In vaine therefore for vs are counſels writ:
We know our faults, and will not mend a whit.

Theſe are the feats of the vnhappie ſort,
That preaſe for honors, wealth, and pleaſures vaine.
Ceaſe therefore *Baldwine*, ceaſe I thee exhort,
Withdraw thy pen, for nothing ſhalt thou gaine
Saue hate, with loſſe of paper, inke, and paine.
Few hate their faults, all hate of them to heare,
And faultieſt, from fault would ſeeme moſt cleare.

Th'intent I know is honeſt, plaine, and good,
To warne the wiſe, to fray the fond from ill:
But wicked worldlings are ſo witleſſe wood,
That to the worſt they all things conſtrue ſtill.
With rigour oft they recompence good will:
They racke the words till time their ſinewes burſt,
In dolefull ſenſes ſtrayning ſtill the worſt.

A painfull proofe taught me the truth of this,
Through tyrants rage, and Fortunes cruell tourne:
They murdred me, for meetring things amiſſe.
For wot'ſt thou what? I am that *Collingbourne*
Which made the rime, whereof I may well mourne.
The Cat, the Rat, and Louell our Dog,
Do rule all England vnder a Hog.

Whereof the meaning was ſo plaine and true,
That euery foole peceiued it at firſt:
Moſt liked it, for moſt that moſt things knew,
In hugger mugger muttred what they durſt.
The tyrant Prince of moſt was held accurſt,
Both for his owne, and for his counſels faults,
Of whom were three the naughtieſt of all naughts.

Cateſby was one, whom I did call a Cat,
A craftie Lawyer, catching all he could.
The ſecond *Ratcliffe*, whom I nam'd a Rat,
A cruell beaſt to gnaw on whom he ſhould.
Lord *Louell* barkt and bit whom *Richard* would,
Whom I therefore did rightly tearme our Dog,
Wherewith to rime I call'd the King a Hog.

Till he the Crowne had caught, he gaue the Bore,
In which eſtate would God he had deceaſed,
Then had the Realme not ruined ſo ſore,
His nephewes raigne ſhould not ſo ſoone haue ceaſed,
The noble blood had not been ſo decreaſed.
His Rat, his Cat, and Bloodhound had not noied
Such liegemen true, as after they deſtroyed.

Their lawleſſe acts good ſubiects did lament,
And ſo did I, and therefore made the rimes,
To ſhew my wit how well I could inuent,
To warne withall the careleſſe of their crimes.
I thought the freedome of the ancient times
Stood ſtill in force: *Ridentem dicere verum*
Quis vetat? Nay, nay. *Veritas eſt peſſuma rerum.*

Belike no tyrants were in *Horace* daies,
And therefore Poets freely blamed vice,
Witneſſe their *Satyrs* ſharpe, and tragicke plaies,
With chiefeſt Princes chiefely had in price.
They name no man, they mixe their gall with ſpice,
No more do I, I name no man outright,
But riddlewiſe, I meane them as I might.

When bruite had brought this to their guiltie eares,
Whoſe right ſurnames were noted in the rime,
They all conſpired like moſt greedie Bearcs,
To charge me ſtraight with this moſt grieuous crime:
And damned me the gallow tree to clime,
And ſtrangled then, in quarters to be cut,
Which ſhould on high ore London gates be put.

This iudgement giuen ſo vehement and ſore,
Made me exclame againſt their tyranny:
Wherewith incenſt, to make my paine the more,
They practiſed a ſhamefull villanie:
They cut me downe aliue, and cruellie
Ript vp my panch and bulke, to make me ſmart,
And lingred long ere they tooke out my hart.

Heere tyrant *Richard* plai'd the eager Hog,
His graſhing tuskes my tender griſtles ſhore:
His bloodhound *Louell* plai'd the hungrie Dog,
His woluiſh teeth my guiltleſſe carkaſſe tore:
His Rat and Cat did what they might, and more,
Cat *Cateſby* claw'd my guts to make me ſmart,
The Rat *Ratcliffe* gnawed me to the hatt.

If Iewes had kill'd the iuſteſt King aliue,
If Turkes had burnt vp Churches, gods and all,
What greater paine could cruell hearts contriue,
Then that I ſuffred for this treſpaſſe ſmall?
I was no Prince nor Peere, but yet my fall
Is worthie to be thought vpon for this,
To ſee how cankard tyrants malice is.

To teach alſo all ſubiects to take heed
They meddle not with Magiſtrates affaires,
But pray to God to mend them if it need:
To warne alſo all Poets that be ſtrayers,
To keepe them cloſe in compaſſe of their chayers,
And when they touch that they would wiſh amended,
To ſauce them ſo, that few need be offended.

And ſo to mixe their ſharpe rebukes with mirth,
That they may pierce, not cauſing any paine,
Saue ſuch as followeth euery kindly birth,
Requited ſtraight with gladneſſe of the gaine.
A Poet muſt be pleaſant, not too plaine,
Faults to controule, ne yet to flatter vice,
But ſound and ſweet, in all things ware and wiſe.

The Greekes do paint a Poets office whole
In *Pegaſus*, their fained horſe with wings,
Whom ſhaped ſo *Meduſaes* blood did foale,
Who with his feet ſtrake out the *Muſes* ſprings,
From flintie rockes to *Helicon* that clings.
And then flue vp into the ſtarrie skie,
And there abides among the gods on hie.

For he that ſhall a perfect Poet be,
Muſt firſt be bred out of *Meduſaes* bloud:
He muſt be chaſt and vertuous as was ſhe.
Who to her powre the Ocean God withſtood.
To th'end alſo his doome be iuſt and good,
He muſt (as ſhe) looke rightly with one eye
Truth to regard, and write nothing awrie.

In courage eke he muſt be like a horſe,
He may not feare to regiſter the right.
What though ſome frowne? thereof he may not force,
No bit nor reine his tender iawes may twight,
He muſt be armde with ſtrength of wit and ſprite,
To daſh the rocks, darke cauſes and obſcure,
Till he attaine the ſprings of truth moſt pure.

His hooues alſo muſt pliant be and ſtrong,
To rieue the rocks of luſt and errors blind,
In brainleſſe heads, that alway wander wrong:
Theſe muſt he bruſe with reaſons plaine and kind,
Till ſprings of grace doe guſh out of the mind:
For till affections from the fond be driuen,
In vaine is truth told, or good counſell giuen.

Like *Pegaſus* a Poet muſt haue wings,
To flie to heauen, or where him liketh beſt:
He muſt haue knowledge of eternall things,
Almightie *Ioue* muſt harbour in his breſt:
With worldly cares he may not be oppreſt,
The wings of wit and skill muſt heaue him hier,
With great delight to ſatiſfie deſier.

He muſt alſo be luſty, free, and ſwift,
To trauaile far, to view the trades of men,
Great knowledge oft is gotten by this ſhift:
Things that import he muſt be quicke to pen,
Reprouing vices ſharply now and then.
He muſt be ſwift when touched tyrants chafe,
To gallop thence, to keepe his carkas ſafe.

Iſ I had well theſe qualities conſidered,
Eſpecially that which I touched laſt,
With ſpeedie flight my feet ſhould haue deliuered
My feeble bodie from moſt boiſtrous blaſt,
They ſhould haue caught me, ere I had bin caſt.
  But too much truſting to a tyrants grace,
  I neuer ſhrunke, nor changed port or place.

I thought the Poets ancient liberties
For pleas had been allowed at the bar:
I had forgot how newfound tyrannies
With truth and freedome were at open war,
That luſt was law, that might did make and mar,
  That among tyrants t'is and euer was,
  Sic volo, ſic iubeo, ſtet pro ratione voluntas.

Where luſt is law it booteth not to pleade,
No priuiledge nor liberties auaile.
But with the learn'd, whom law and wiſdome leade,
Although through raſhneſſe Poets hap to raile,
A plea of dotage may all quarels quaile:
  Their old licence their writings to expound,
  Doth quit them cleare from faults by *Momus* found.

This freedome old ought not to be debard
From any wight that ſpeaketh ought, or writeth:
The Authors meaning ſhould of right be heard,
He knoweth beſt to what end he enditeth:
Words ſometime beare more then the heart behiteth.
  Admit therefore the Authors expoſition,
  If plaine, for truth: if forc'd, for his ſubmiſſion.

In caſe of ſlander, lawes require no more,
Saue to amend that ſeemed not well ſaid:
Or to vnſay the ſlanders ſaid afore,
And aske forgiueneſſe for the haſtie braid:
To Heretikes no greater paine is laid,
  Then to recant their errours or retract:
  And worſe then theſe can be no writers act.

Yes (quoth the Cat) thy railing words be treaſon,
And treaſon is far worſe then hereſie.
Then muſt it follow by this awkeward reaſon,
That Kings be more then God in maieſtie,
And ſoules be leſſe then bodies in degree.
  For heretikes both ſoules and God offend,
  Traytours but ſeeke to bring mans life to end.

I ſpeake not this t'abaſe the hainous fault,
Of trayterous acts abhor'd by God and man,
But to make plaine their iudgement to be naught,
That hereſie for leſſer ſinne do ban.
I curſe them both as deepe as any can,
  And alway did: yet through my fooliſh rime,
  They ſtayned me with that moſt hatefull crime.

I neuer meant the King or Counſell harme,
Vnleſſe to wiſh them ſafetie were offence.
Againſt their power I neuer lifted arme,
Nor pen, nor tongue, for any ill pretence.
The rime I made, though rude, was ſound in ſence,
  For they therein whom I ſo fondly named,
  So ruled all, that they were foule defamed.

This was no treaſon, but the very troth,
They ruled all, none could deny the ſame:
What was the cauſe then why they were ſo wroth?
What, is it treaſon in a riming frame
To clip, to ſtretch, to adde, or change a name?
  And this reſeru'd, there is no rime nor reaſon,
  That any craft can clout to ſeeme a treaſon.

For where I meant the King by name of Hog,
I only alluded to his badge the Bore:
To *Louels* name I added more our Dog,
Becauſe moſt dogs haue borne that name of yore.
Theſe metaphors I vs'd with other more,
  As Cat, and Rat, the halfe names of the reſt,
  To hide the ſenſe that they ſo wrongly wreſt.

I

I pray you now what treaſon find you heere ?
Enough : you rub'd the guiltie on the gaule,
Both ſenſe and names do note them very neere.
I grant that was the chiefe cauſe of my faule,
Yet can you find therein no treaſon at all :
There is no word againſt the Prince or State,
No harme to them whom all the Realme did hate.

But ſith the guiltie alwaies are ſuſpicious
And dread the ruine that muſt ſue by reaſon,
They cannot chuſe but count their counſell vicious
That note their faults, and therefore call it treaſon.
All grace and goodneſſe with the leaud is geaſon.
This is the cauſe why they good things do wreſt,
Whereas the good take ill things to the beſt.

And therefore *Baldwine* boldly to the good
Rebuke their fault, ſo ſhalt thou purchaſe thankes :
As for the bad, thou ſhalt but moue their mood,
Though pleaſantly thou touch their naughty prankes.
Warne Poets all, no wiſe to paſſe the bankes
Of *Helicon*, but keepe within the bound :
So ſhall their freedome to no harme redound.

THE WILFVLL FALL
OF THE BLACK-SMITH, AND THE fooliſh end of the Lord *Awdeley*, in Iune, *Anno Dom.* 1496.

WHo is more bold then is the Bayard blind?
Where is more craft then in the clouted ſhone?
Who catch more harme then do the bold in mind?
Where is more guile then where miſtruſt is none?
No plaiſters helpe before the griefe be knowne,
So ſeemes by me who could no wiſdome leare,
Vntill ſuch time I bought my wit too deare.

Who being boyſtrous, ſtout, and brainleſſe bold,
Puft vp with pride, with fire and furies fret,
Incenſt with tales ſo rude and plainly told,
Wherein deceit with double knot was knit,
I trapped was as ſilly fiſh in net,
   Who ſwift in ſwimming, careleſſe of deceit,
   Is caught in gin wherein is laid no bait.

Such force and vertue hath this dolefull plaint,
Set forth with ſighes and teares of Crocodile,
Who ſeemes in ſight as ſimple as a Saint,
Hath laid a baite the wareleſſe to beguile,
And as they weepe they worke deceit the while,
   Whoſe rufull cheere the rulers ſo relent,
   To worke in haſte that they at laſt repent.

Take heed therefore yee Rulers of the Land,
Be blind in ſight, and ſtop your other eare:
In ſentence ſlow, till skill the truth hath ſcand,
In all your doomes both loue and hate forbeare,
So ſhall your iudgement iuſt and right appeare.
   It was a ſouthfaſt ſentence long agoe,
   That haſtie men ſhall neuer lacke much woe.

Is it not truth? *Baldwine* what ſaieſt thou?
Say on thy mind: I pray thee muſe no more:
Me thinke thou ſtar'ſt and look'ſt I wot not how,
As though thou neuer ſaw'ſt a man before:
Belike thou muſeſt why I teach this lore,
   Elſe what I am, that heere ſo boldie dare,
   Among the preaſe of Princes to compare.

Though I be bold I pray thee blame not mee,
Like as men ſow, ſuch corne needs muſt they reape,
And nature planted ſo in each degree,
That Crabs like Crabs will kindly crawle and creepe:
The ſuttle Fox vnlike the ſilly ſheepe.
   It is according to my education,
   Forward to preaſe in rout and congregation.

Behold my coate burnt with the ſparkes of fire,
My leather apron fild with horſe ſhooe nailes,
Behold my hammer and my pinſers here,
Behold my lookes, a marke that ſeldome failes:
My cheekes declare I was not fed with quailes,
  My face, my cloathes, my tooles with all my faſhion,
  Declare full well a Prince of rude creation.

A Prince I ſaid, a Prince I ſay againe,
Though not by birth, by crafty vſurpation.
Who doubts but ſome men princehood do obtaine,
By open force, and wrongfull domination?
Yet while they rule are had in reputation.
  Euen ſo by me, the while I wrought my feate,
  I was a Prince, at leaſt in my conceite.

I dare the bolder take on me the name,
Becauſe of him whom here I leade in hand,
Tychet Lord *Awdley* one of birth and fame,
Which with his ſtrength and power ſeru'd in my band,
I was a Prince while that I was ſo mand:
  His Butterfly ſtill vnderneath my ſhield
  Diſplaied was, from Welles to Blackeheath field.

But now behold he doth bewaile the ſame:
Thus after wits their raſhnes do depraue.
Behold diſmaid he dare not ſpeake for ſhame,
He lookes like one that late came from the graue,
Or one that came forth of *Trophonius* caue,
  For that in wit he had ſo litle pith,
  As he a Lord to ſerue a traytour Smith.

Such is the courage of the noble hart,
Which doth deſpiſe the vile and baſer ſort,
He may not touch that ſauours of the cart,
Him liſteth not with each Iack lout to ſport,
He lets him paſſe for pairing of his port:
  The iolly Eagles catch not litle flees,
  The courtly ſilkes match ſeeld with homely frees.

But ſurely *Baldwine* if I were allow'd
To ſay the troth, I could ſomewhat declare:
But clerkes will ſay, this Smith doth waxe too proud,
Thus in precepts of wiſdome to compare.
But Smiths muſt ſpeake that Clerkes for feare ne dare.
  It is a thing that all men may lament,
  When Clerkes keepe cloſe the truth leſt they be ſhent.

The Hoſtler, Barbar, Miller and the Smith,
Heare of the ſawes of ſuch as wiſdome ken,
And learne ſome wit, although they want the pith,
That Clerkes pretend: and yet both now and then,
The greateſt Clerkes proue not the wiſeſt men:
  It is not right that men forbid ſhould bee
  To ſpeake the truth, all were he bond or free.

And for becauſe I vs'd to fret and fome,
Not paſſing greatly whom I ſhould diſpleaſe,
I dare be bold a while to play the mome,
Out of my ſacke ſome others faults to leaſe,
And let mine owne behind my backe to peaſe.
  For he that hath his owne before his eie,
  Shall not ſo quicke anothers fault eſpie.

I ſay was neuer no ſuch wofull caſe,
As is when honor doth it ſelfe abuſe:
The noble man that vertue doth embrace,
Repreſſeth pride, and humblenes doth vſe,
By wiſdome workes, and raſhneſſe doth refuſe.
  His wanton will and luſt that bridle can,
  Indeed is gentle both to God and man.

But where the Nobles want both wit and grace,
Regard no rede, care not but for their luſt,
Oppreſſe the poore, ſet will in reaſons place,
And in their words and doomes be found vniuſt,
Wealth goeth to wracke till all lie in the duſt:
  There Fortune frownes, and ſpite begins to grow,
  Till high, and low, and all be ouerthrow.

Then ſith that vertue hath ſo good reward,
And after vice ſo duely waiteth ſhame,
How hap'th that Princes haue no more regard,
Their tender youth with vertue to inflame?
For lacke whereof their wit and will is lame,
Infect with folly, prone to luſt and pride,
Not knowing how themſelues or theirs to guide.

Whereby it hapneth to the wanton wight,
As to a ſhip vpon the ſtormie ſeas,
Which lacking ſterne to guide it ſelfe aright,
From ſhore to ſhore the winde and tide to teaſe,
Finding no place to reſt or take his eaſe,
Till at the laſt it ſinke vpon the ſand:
So fare they all that haue no vertues ſcand.

The plowman firſt his land doth dreſſe and tourne,
And makes it apt or ere the ſeed he ſow,
Whereby he is full like to reape good corne,
Where otherwiſe no ſeed but weed would grow:
By which enſample men may eaſely know,
When youth haue wealth before they can well vſe it,
It is no wonder though they do abuſe it.

How can he rule well in a commonwealth,
Which knoweth not himſelfe in rule to frame?
How ſhould he rule himſelfe in ghoſtly health,
Which neuer learn'd one leſſon for the ſame?
If ſuch catch harme their parents are too blame:
For needs muſt they be blind, and blindly led,
Where no good leſſon can be taught or read.

Some thinke their youth diſcreet and wiſely taught,
That brag, and boaſt, and weare their feather braue,
Can roiſt and rout, both loure and looke aloft,
Can ſweare and ſtare, and call their fellowes knaue,
Can pill and poll, and catch before they craue,
Can card and dice, both cog and foiſt at fare,
Play on vnthriftie, till their purſe be bare.

Some teach their youth to pipe, to ſing and dance,
To hauke, to hunt, to chooſe and kill their game,
To wind their horne, and with their horſe to praunce,
To play at tenis, ſet the lute in frame,
Run at the ring, and vſe ſuch other game:
  Which feats although they be not all vnfit,
  Yet cannot they the marke of vertue hit.

For noble youth, there is nothing ſo meete
As learning is, to know the good from ill:
To know the tongues and perfectly endite,
And of the lawes to haue a perfect skill,
Things to reforme as right and iuſtice will:
  For honour is ordeined for no cauſe,
  But to ſee right maintained by the lawes.

It ſpites my heart to heare when noble men
Cannot diſcloſe their ſecrets to their frend,
In ſauegard ſure, with paper, inke, and pen,
But firſt they muſt a ſecretary find,
To whom they ſhew the bottome of their mind:
  And be he falſe or true, a blab or cloſe,
  To him they muſt their counſaile needs diſcloſe.

And where they rule that haue of law no skill,
There is no boote, they needes muſt ſeeke for ayd:
Then rul'd are they, and rule as others will,
As he that on a ſtage his part hath plaid:
But he was taught, nought hath he done or ſaid.
  Such youth therfore ſeek ſcience of the ſage,
  As thinke to rule when that ye come to age.

Where youth is brought vp in feare and obedience,
Kept from ill company, bridled of their luſt,
Do ſerue God duly and know their allegiance,
Learne godly weale which time nor age can ruſt:
There Prince, people, and Peers needes proſper muſt.
  For happy are the folke, and bleſſed is that land,
  Where truth and vertue both haue got the ouer hand.

I ſpeake this *Baldwine* of this rufull Lord,
Whom I perforce do heere preſent to thee,
He faints ſo ſore he may not ſpeake a word:
I pleade his cauſe without reward or fee,
And am enforc'd to ſpeake for him and mee:
  If in his youth he had been wiſely tought,
  He ſhould not now his wit ſo deare haue bought.

For what is he that hath but halfe a wit,
But may well know that rebels cannot ſpeed?
Marke well my tale, and take good heed to it,
Recount it well, and take it for good reed,
Proue it vntrue I will not truſt my creed:
  Was neuer rebell heretofore or ſince,
  That could or ſhall preuaile againſt his Prince.

For ere the ſubiect purpoſe to rebell,
Within himſelfe let him conſider well,
Foreſee the danger, and beare in his braine,
How hard it is his purpoſe to obtaine:
For if he once be entred to the breares,
He hath a raging wolfe faſt by the eares.

And when he entred is to rule the rout,
Although he would, he can no way get out:
He may be ſure none will to him reſort,
But ſuch as are the vile and raſcall ſort:
All honeſt men, as well the moſt as leſt,
To taſte of treaſon vtterly deteſt.

Then let him waigh how long he can be ſure,
Where faith nor friendſhip may no while endure:
He whom he truſteth moſt, to gaine a groate
Will fall him from, and ſeeke to cut his throate:
Among the knaues and ſlaues where vice is rooted,
There is no other friendſhip to be looked.

With fooliſh men ſo falſehood is in price,
That faith is ſinne, and vertue counted vice,
And where the quarell is ſo vile and bad,

What hope of aid then is there to be had?
Thinkes he that men will run at this or that,
To do a thing they know not how or what?

Nor yet what danger may thereof betide,
VVhere wiſdome would they ſhould at home abide,
Rather then ſeeke, and know not what to find.
VViſe men will firſt debate this in their mind:
Full ſure they are if that they go to wrecke,
Without all grace they loſe both head and necke.

They loſe their lands and goods, their child and wife
VVith griefe and ſhame ſhall leade a wofull life:
If he be ſlaine in field he dieth accurſt,
VVhich of all wreckes we ſhould account the worſt:
And he that dieth defending his liege Lord,
Is bleſt and bleſt againe by Gods owne word.

And where the ſouldiers wages is vnpai'd,
There is the Captaine ſlenderly obey'd:
And where the ſouldier's out of feare and dreed,
He will be lacke when that there is moſt need,
And priuately he ſeekes his eaſe and leaſure,
And will be rul'd but at his will and pleaſure.

And where ſome draw forth, other do draw backe,
There in the end muſt needs be woe and wracke:
To hope for aid of Lords it is but vaine,
Whoſe foretaught wit of treaſon knoweth the paine:
They know what powre a Prince hath in his hand,
And what it is with rebels for to ſtand.

They know by treaſon honor is defaced,
Their offspring and their progenie diſgraced.
They know to praiſe is not ſo worthie a thing,
As to be true and faithfull to their King.
Aboue cogniſance or armes, or pedigree a far,
An vnſpotted coat is like a blaſing ſtar:

Therefore the rebell is accurſt and mad,
That hopes for that which rebell neuer had:
Who truſting ſtill to tales doth hang in hope,
Till at the laſt he hang faſt by the rope.
For though that tales be told that hope might feed,
Such fooliſh hope hath ſtill vnhappie ſpeed.

Is is a cuſtome neuer will be broken,
In broiles the bag of lies is euer open:
Such lying newes men daily will inuent,
As can the hearers fancie beſt content:
And as the newes do run and neuer ceaſe,
So more and more they daily do encreaſe.

And as they 'ncreaſe, they multiplie as faſt,
That ten is ten hundred, ten thouſand at the laſt.
And though the rebell had once got the field,
Thinkes he thereby to make his Prince to yeeld?
A Princes power within his owne region,
Is not ſo ſoone brought to confuſion.

For Kings through God are ſtrong and ſtoutly harted,
That they of ſubiects will not be ſubuerted:
If Kings would yeeld, yet God would them reſtraine,
Of whom the Prince hath grace and power to raigne:
Who ſtraitly chargeth vs aboue all thing,
That no man ſhould reſiſt againſt his King.

Who that reſiſteth his dread ſoueraigne Lord,
Doth damne his ſoule, by Gods owne very word,
A Chriſtian ſubiect ſhould with honor due,
Obey his Soueraigne though he were a Iew:
Whereby aſſur'd when ſubiects do rebell,
Gods wrath is kindled, and threatneth fire and hell.

It is ſoone knowne when Gods fierce wrath is kindled,
How they ſhall ſpeed with whom he is offended:
If God giue victorie to whom he liketh beſt,
Why looke they for it whom God doth moſt deteſt?
For treaſon is hatefull, and abhor'd in Gods ſight,
Example of *Iudas* that moſt wicked wight:

Which is the chiefe cauſe no treaſon preuailes,
For ill muſt he ſpeed whom Gods wrath aſſailes.
Let traytours and rebels looke to ſpeed then,
VVhen Gods mightie power is ſubiect to men.
Much might be ſaid that goeth more neere the pith,
But this ſufficeth for a rurall Smith.

Baldwine when thou hear'ſt reaſon in this caſe,
Belike thou think'ſt I was not very wiſe,
And that I was accurſt, or elſe wanted grace,
Which knowing the end of my fond enterpriſe,
VVould thus preſume againſt my Prince to riſe:
But as there is a cauſe that moueth euery woe,
Somewhat there was whereof this ſore did grow:

And to be plaine and ſimple in this caſe,
The cauſe why I ſuch matter tooke in hand,
VVas nothing elſe but pride and lacke of grace,
Vaine hope of helpe, and tales both falſe and fond:
By meane whereof I did my Prince withſtand,
Deni'd the taxe aſſeſt by conuocation,
To maintaine warre againſt the Scottiſh nation.

VVhereat the Corniſh men did much repine,
For they of gold and ſiluer were full bare,
And liued hardly, digging in the mine,
They ſaid they had no money for to ſpare:
Gan firſt to grudge, and then to ſweare and ſtare,
Forgot their due obeyſance, and raſhly fell to rauing,
And ſaid they would not beare ſuch polling and ſuch ſhauing.

They firſt accus'd the King as author of their griefe,
And then the Biſhop *Morton*, and Sir *Reinold Bray*:
For they then were about the King moſt chiefe,
Becauſe they thought the whole fault in them lay:
They did proteſt to rid them of the way.
Such thanke haue they that rule aboue a Prince,
They beare the blame of other mens offence.

When

VVhen I perceiu'd the Commons in a rore,
Then I and *Flamoke* both agreed together,
To whom the people reſorted more and more,
Lamenting and crying, helpe vs now or neuer,
Breake bondage now, then are we free for euer:
VVhereat inflam'd in hope to purchaſe fame,
To be their captaines tooke on vs the name.

Then might you heare the people make a ſhout,
God ſaue the captaines, and ſend vs all good ſpeed:
Then he that fainted counted was a lout,
The ruffians ran to ſow ſeditious ſeed:
To call for company there was no need,
For euery man his brother did entice,
To be partaker of his wicked vice.

Then all ſuch newes as made for our auaile,
Was brought to me, but ſuch as ſounded ill,
VVas none ſo bold to ſpeake or yet bewaile:
Each one ſo wedded was vnto his will,
That forth they cri'd with bowes, with ſword, and bill.
And what the rufler ſpake the lout tooke for a verdite,
For there the beſt was worſt, worſt beſt regarded.

For when men rebell, there ſtill the viler ſort
Conſpire together, and will haue all the ſway:
And be it well or ill, they beare the port,
As they will do, the reſt muſt needs obay.
They prattle and prate as doth the Popingay:
They crie vnto the reſt to keepe th'array,
Whiles they may range and rob for ſpoile and pray.

And when we had prepared euery thing,
VVe went to Tawnton with all our prouiſion,
And there we ſlew the Prouoſt of Penryn,
For that he there did ſit in high Commiſſion:
He was not wiſe, nor yet of great diſcretion,
That durſt approch his enmies in their rage,
VVhen wit nor reaſon could their ire aſſwage.

From thence we went to Wels, and were receiued
Of this Lord *Awdely* as our chiefe captaine,
He had the name, but yet he was deceiued,
For I indeed did rule the clubbiſh traine,
My cartly Knights true honour did diſdaine:
For like doth loue his like, t'will be none other,
A chorle will loue a chorle, before he will his brother.

From Wels and Wincheſter, to Blackheath field,
And there encamped looking for more aid,
But when none came, we thought our ſelues beguild.
Such Corniſhmen as knew they were betraid,
From vs by night away together ſtraid:
There might we learne how vaine it is to truſt
Our fained friends, in quarels ſo vniuſt.

But we that thought our power was ſtrong;
Were bent to try what euer ſhould betide.
We were the bolder, for the King ſo long
Deferred fight: which ſo increaſt our pride,
That ſure we thought the King himſelfe did hide
Within the City, and with courage hault,
We did intend the City to aſſault.

But he contrary to our expectation,
Was fully bent to let vs run our race,
Till we were fartheſt from our habitation,
Where that of aid or ſuccour was no place,
And then be plagu'd as it ſhould pleaſe his grace:
All doubtfull plaints, how euer they did ſound,
To our beſt vaile we alway did expound.

When that the King ſaw time, with courage bold
He ſent a power to circumuent vs all:
Where we encloſd as ſimple ſheepe in folde,
Were ſlaughtered all as beaſts in butchers ſtall:
The King himſelfe, what euer might befall,
VVas ſtrongly arm'd within Saint Georges field,
And there abode till that he heard vs yeeld.

Then downe we kneeld, and cride to ſaue our life,
It was too late our folly to bewaile:
There were we ſpoild of armour, coate, and knife:
And we which thought the City to aſſaile,
Were led as priſners naked as my naile.
Of vs two thouſand they had ſlaine before,
And we of them three hundred and no more.

My Lord and we the Captaines of the Weſt,
Took Inne at Newgate, faſt in fetters tide,
Where after doome we had but litle reſt.
My Lord through London was drawne on a ſlide,
To Tower hill, where with an axe he dide,
Clad in his armour painted all in paper,
Torne and reuers'd in ſpite of his behauer.

With *Flamoke* I and other of our bent,
As traytours at Tiburne our iudgement did obay:
The people lookt I ſhould my fault lament,
To whom I ſpake, that for my fond aſſaie,
I ſhould haue fame that neuer ſhould decay:
Wherby ye may perceiue vaine glory doth enflame
As well the meaner ſort, as men of greater name.

But as the fickle patient, ſometime hath deſire,
To taſt the things that Phyſick hath denide,
And hath both paine and ſorrow for his hire:
The ſame to mee right well may be applide,
Which while I raught for fame on ſhame did ſlide,
And ſeeking fame, brought forth my bitter bane,
As he that fierd the temple of *Diane*.

I tell thee *Baldwine*, I muſe oft, to ſee
How euery man for wealth and honour gapeth,
How euery man would climbe aboue the ſkie,
How euery man th'aſſured meane ſo hateth,
How froward Fortune oft their purpoſe mateth:
And if they hap their purpoſe to obtaine,
Their wealth is woe, their honour care and paine.

VVe ſee the ſeruant happier then his Lord,
VVe ſee him liue when that his Lord is dead,
He ſleepeth ſound, is merry at his bord,
No ſorow in his heart doth vex his head:
Happie is he that pouertie can wed.
 VVhat gaine the mightie men when they be dead,
 By all the ſpoile, and blood that they haue ſhed?

The loftie towre where honor hath his ſeat,
Is high on rockes more ſlipper then the ice,
VVhere ſtill the whirling winde doth roare and beat,
VVhere ſudden qualmes and perils ſtill ariſe,
And is beſet with many ſundrie vice,
 So ſtrange to men when firſt they come thereat,
 They be amas'd, and do they wot not what.

He that preuailes, and to the towre can clime,
VVith toile and care muſt needs abridge his daies:
And he that ſlides may curſe the houre and time
He did attempt to giue ſo fond aſſaies,
And all his life to griefe and ſhame obaies.
 Thus ſlide he downe, or to the top aſcend,
 Aſſure himſelfe repentance is the end.

Baldwine therefore do thou record my name,
For preſident to ſuch as credit lies,
Or thirſt to ſuck the ſugred cup of fame,
Or do attempt againſt their Prince to riſe:
And charge them all to keepe within their ſiſe.
 VVho doth aſſay to wreſt beyond his ſtrength,
 Let him be ſure he ſhall repent at length.

At my requeſt admoniſh thou all men,
To ſpend the talent well which God hath lent,
He that hath one, let him not toile for ten,
For one's too much, vnleſſe it be well ſpent:
I haue had proofe, therefore I now repent,
 Thrice happie are thoſe men, yea bleſt is hee,
 VVho can contented ſerue in his degree.

M. Cauil.

HOW THE VALIANT KNIGHT SIR NICHOLAS *Burdet*, Chiefe Butler of Normandie, was *ſlaine at Pontoiſe, Anno Dom.* 1441.

IF erſt in Kings affaires we counted were of truſt,
To fight in waged warres, as Captaines gainſt the foes,
And might therefore aliue receiue the guerdon iuſt,
Which aye his Maieſtie employ'd on thoſe:
Why ſhould we ſo keepe ſilence now, and not diſcloſe
Our noble acts to thoſe remaine aliue,
T'encourage them the like exploits t'atchiue?

For if when as we warr'd, for Prince and publike weale,
We might to each for both haue time and place to ſpeake,
Then why not now, if we to both appeale?
Sith both well know our dealings were not weake.
We claime as right, in truth our minds to breake,
The rather eke we thinke to ſpeake we franchiz'd are,
Becauſe we ſeru'd for peace and di'd in Princes warre.

VVhich granted ſo, and held deſerued due,
I may full well on ſtage ſupplie the place a while,
Till I haue plainly laid before your view
That I haue cauſe, as theſe, to plaine of Fortunes guile,
VVhich ſmirking though at firſt, ſhe ſeeme to ſmooth and ſmile,
(If Fortune be) who deem'd themſelues in skies to dwell,
She thirleth downe to dread the gulfes of gaſtly hell.

But heere I let a while the Ladie Fortune ſtay,
To tell what time I liu'd, and what our warres were then,
The great exploits we did, and where our armies lay,
Eke of the praiſe of ſome right honorable men,
VVhich things with eyes I ſaw, call'd now to mind agen.
VVhat I performed preſent in the fight,
I will in order and my fall recite.

In youth I ſeru'd that roiall *Henry* fift the King,
Whoſe praiſe for martiall feats eternall fame reteines,
When he the Normanes ſtout did in ſubiection bring,
My ſelfe was vnder then his enſignes taking paines.
With loial hart I fought, purſu'd my Prince his gaines,
  There dealt I ſo that time my fame to raiſe,
  French writers yet my name and manhood praiſe.

And erſt as *Burdets* diuers warlike wights
(In Warwicke ſhire their lands in Arrow ar)
Were for good ſeruice done made worthy Knights,
Whoſe noble acts be yet recounted far:
Euen ſo my ſelfe well fram'd to peace or war,
  Of theſe the heire by due diſcent I came,
  Sir Nicholas Burdet Knight, which had to name.

That time the noble *Iohn* of *Bedford* Duke bare ſway,
And feared was in France for courage ſtout and fell,
He lou'd me for my fight and perſon,(though I ſay)
And with reuenues me rewarded yearely well.
I plaid the faithfull ſubiects part, the truth to tell,
  And was accounted loiall, conſtant ſtill,
  Of ſtomack, worſhip great, and warlike skill.

But then (O greefe to tell) ere long this peereleſſe King,
When he reſtored had his right vnto the Crowne
The Duchie all of Normandy, eke ſubiect bring
The Frenchemen all, and ſet Lieutenants in each towne
High Regent made of France, then Fortune gan to frowne,
  He then departed life, too ſoone alas:
  Some men ſuppoſe his grace empoiſond was.

Thou Fortune ſlie, what meanſt thou thus, theſe prancks to play?
Falſe Fortune blere ey'd blind, vnſteady ſtartling ſtill,
What meanſt thou turning thus thy flattering face away,
Inconſtant where thou beareſt moſt good will?
Is it thy nature then? or iſt thy wonted skill?
  It coſt thee nought, they ſay it comes by kind,
  As thou art biſme, ſo are thine actions blind.

I nothing doubt then thou thy ſelfe ſhalt fall.
I truſt to ſee the time when thou ſhalt be forgot.
For why thy pride, and pompe and power muſt vaniſh all,
Thy name ſhall die for aye, and periſh quite I wot.
And when thou ſhalt be counted but a ſot,
The noble wights which liu'd and dide in worthy fame,
In heauen and earth ſhall find an euerlaſting name.

But words of courſe are theſe of Fortune had,
When vnto Princes haps chance good or ill:
God ſends to euery ſort theſe tempeſts ſad,
VVhen from his word they ſwarue and heauenly will.
Men muſt endeuour then to pleaſe his goodneſſe ſtill,
And then come life or death, come ioy, come ſmart,
No Fortunes frowne can daunt the doughty hart.

The famous King ſo dead, his ſon but nine months old
Henry the ſixt, of England was proclaimed King:
And then the Frenchmen waxt more ſtout and bold,
His youth occaſion gaue them to conſpire the thing,
Which might them all from due ſubiection bring.
On which the Counſell cald a Parliament:
Of French that might the treaſons high preuent.

VTherein the Duke of Bedford my good Lord and frend
VVas Regent made the Prince his deputy in France:
The Duke of Gloceſter Protectour was, to th'end
To rule in caſes ſuch at home might hap to chance:
They choſe to gard the Prince in honour to aduance.
Henry Beuford Biſhop of VVincheſter,
And *Thomas* the noble Duke of Exceſter.

But here before thoſe things could well be ſetled ſure,
(As great affaires of Kingdomes longer time doe take)
The Frenchmen did by treaſon, force, and coine procure
Some townes which Engliſh were in France their faith forſake:
A long diſcourſe it were of all recitall make:
But of my chance that time, recite will I,
VVhich ſeru'd in warres my Prince in Normandy.

Before the Mount S. *Michael* as in ſiege I lay,
In confines of the Normans and the Britons land,
From towneſmen famiſht nigh we vitailes kept away,
And made them oft in danger of diſ-Mounting ſtand:
But it being ſtrong and alſo ſtoutly man'd,
  Euen by our loſſes they gate heart of graſſe,
  And we declining ſaw what Fortune was.

Yet neretheleſſe we thought by famine make them yeeld,
Eke they by fight or ſuccours hopte the ſiege to raiſe,
T'accompliſh which they ruſht on ſudden out to feeld,
As bent to die or win the wanted food with praiſe:
And we as readie were for them at all aſſaies.
  Theſe eager impes whom foodwant feaz'd to fight amaine,
  VVe forc'd them die, fall, flie, to take their fort againe.

VVhere I in chaſe purſu'd them euen to the towne,
Tane priſoner was, a while for ranſome lay:
But then the worthie Duke the Regent of renowne,
Did for me quite disburſe the price requir'd to pay.
The ſiege we rais'd, from thence we went our way,
  And I redeemed bare this blanke in mind,
  Till of requite I might occaſion find.

VVhich thus ere long befell, to this a while giue eare:
VVhen *Arthur* Earle of Richmond to S. *Iaques* came
De Beuuron where my ſelfe and other Captaines were,
VVhich had repared well and fortifi'd the ſame,
VVe made him flie, to his immortall ſhame:
  Euen thus to him and fortie thouſand moe,
  Fiue hundred Engliſh gaue the ouerthroe.

Long while he batterie laid againſt the wall,
Thereby to make a breach for them to enter in:
But well perceiuing ſtill his ſhot to profit ſmall,
And that we weigh'd not of his power a pin,
On euery ſide afreſh he did th'aſſault begin:
  Yet we ſo bare them off, and beate them downe,
  They durſt not ſeaze or enter on the towne.

But wearied with the ſiege and ſault they pauſd a while,
Conſulting what were beſt, and ſo did we likewiſe:
They found the feate, they thought ſhould ſurely vs beguile,
And in an euening came t'accompliſh th'enterpriſe.
A ſharp aſſault they gaue. Alarme my mates we riſe:
On both the ſides they ſcald, the fort to gaine:
But from the ſcales and walkes we flang them downe amaine.

It was my charge that time to keepe a bulwarke bace,
Where Britons came along to enter by a ſtrait:
T'was in a bottome low, a pond was by the place,
By which they needes muſt paſſe vp to a poſterne gate.
I meant to make them fiſh the poole without a bait,
Proteſting ere they there ſhould get the wall
We would as Engliſh die, or giue our foes the fall.

The trumpets ſound tan tara, tan tan tara right,
The guns were ſhot founce-founce-founce, ſomp-ſum, ſow-pow-thow,
The drums went downe-dun downe, the fluits fit-fite-fit-fite,
The weapons cliſh-claſh and the captaines now-now now.
With billes we beat thẽ downe, with ſhafts we ſhot them throw.
The gory ground did groane, the ſmoky ſhot and cries
Dimd all the aire, and thundred through the skies.

S. *Deniſe* cride the French, and Britons *glabe-lahee*,
S. *George* the Engliſh cride, fight-fight-fight, kill-kill-kill:
Fight-fight (quoth I) come on, they flee, they flee, they flee.
And therewithall we vſe a point of warlike skill,
We cauſd the men within to cry vnto vs ſtill,
Fight *Suffolke* now, fight-fight and *Salsbury*:
Fight fight you noble Earles, the Britons flee they flee.

With that amazed all the Britons gan recoile,
Some drowned in the pond, wherin they ran for feare,
And I purſu'd the flight, to wrecke my captiue foile,
We paid them in the chaſe diſordred as they were,
Seuen hundred ſlew, tooke fifty priſners there,
Gaind eighteene ſtanderds, and one banner more:
Yet I and mine not fully were foureſcore,

Of this exploit when th'Earle of Richmond heard,
Which gaue an hot aſſault on th'other ſide the towne,
No leſſe was he diſpleaſde, amazed, then affeard,
To heare the names of thoſe two Earles of high renowne,
His guilty courage quaild, his heart was danted downe,
He cauſde the trumpets ſound retrait away:
To ſcale our walles he durſt no longer ſtay.

At midnight he diſlodgd, from ſiege he made depart
The Conſtable of France (late Earle of Richmond) fled,
And toward Fougiers ſped, with ſuch as tooke his part,
For haſte perhaps with feare leſt he ſhould loſe his head.
They left two hundred pipes of flowre and bisket bread,
Greate gunnes foureteene, three hundred pipes of wine,
Two hundred frailes of figs and raiſons fine.

Fiue hundred barrels they of herring left beſide,
Of pouder for our gunnes full forty barrels more,
They fled without their tents, the daſterds durſt not bide,
For feare they could not ſtay, to take away their ſtore.
Haue you oft heard the like, of cowards ſuch before?
Thoſe forty thouſand, Britons, French, and Scots,
Foure ſcore them foiled, made them flee like ſots.

When this, that noble man, the Duke of Bedford heard,
How I did quit my ſelfe, and ſeru'd my Prince ſo well,
He me procured of the King as great reward
As my deſerts could wiſh, and more the truth to tell,
Chiefe Butlerſhip of Normandy vnto me fell,
Reuenues eke in Normandy of lands,
A thouſand crownes came yearely to my hands.

I after this was ſent to make inrode
Vpon the coaſt of Britaine, for to bate their pride,
A band of horſemen tooke without abode,
The Duke of Sommerſet made me their guide,
To many townes about their bounds we ride:
Set them on fire, or made them ranſom pay,
Tooke ſtore of priſners, wrought them much decay.

Returned victours ſafe to Normandy,
With good ſucceſſe, for why the cauſe was good:
And of our Prince were guerdond gratefully
With laud and gifts, as for our ſeruice ſtood.
This makes the Captaines venture life and blood,
And ſouldiers ſerue with heart in what they may,
Which are aſſur'd of honour, praiſe, and pay.

Yee worthy wights aliue, which loue your Countreis weale,
And for your Princes port ſuch warres doe vndertake,
Learne ſo for Countrey yours with forraine foes to deale,
See that of manhood good, ſo great accounts ye make.
It nothing vailes in peace, to ſweare, ſtur, face or crake:
In warres he winnes the fame of noble wight
Who warlike deales, for Prince and publique right.

Yf you ſo pointed be, to ſerue your Prince in war,
As erſt was I, and muſt before the muſter take,
Retaine ſuch ſouldiers as well made, ſtrong, ſeemely ar,
Brought vp to labour hard, of ſuch account doe make:
Theſe able are at neede to ſtand and keepe the ſtake,
When facing foiſters fit for Tiburne fraies
Are food-ſick faint, or hart-ſicke run their waies.

At home a man may find a number euery day,
Which weare their weapons ſtill, as all the world were war,
And keepe a coile to beare the beſt of blades away,
VVith bucklers braue at backs, to ſhew what men they are.
In peace at home they ſweare, ſtare, foiſt, roiſt, fight, and iar:
But when abroad they feare of warres the ſmart,
Some better ſouldiers proue from driuing cart.

In warres to ſerue (as we) and weapons haue
VVhen warlike ſtormes do rage beſeemes a warlike man:
In pleaſant peace who ſets himſelfe to banding braue,
And facing fares at home, abroad doe nothing can,
(Though nere ſo much he boaſt) fie on him coward than:
For not in gauntlet, ſword, targ, oathes, haire, ſtaring eyes:
But in the breaſt, good courage, vertue lies.

But here perhas (you ſay) I fall a note too low,
Beneath the perſons of theſe worthy Peeres and me.
Tis true indeed, and yet ſuch fruite hereof may grow:
As eke the meane hereby, his iarring out may ſee.
Without good meane, the ſong can neuer ſweetly gree.
  Leaue out the meane, or let him keepe no tune:
  And you ſhall ſing when Eaſter falles in Iune.

Euen ſo, if meaner ſorts doe iangle here and iar
To languiſh vnder *Mars*, but fill good peace with fight,
As diſcord foule in muſicke, fit they for the war:
They neuer can atchieue the victory aright.
Lead ſuch as ſquare or feare, then farewell all, good night.
  A ſheepe is euen as good to ſtarting ſtand and bea:
  As he that iangles, wrangles, rangles, runnes awea.

Then whoſo deales for warre, muſt wiſely make his mart,
And chooſe ſuch ſouldiers ſtout will ſtiffe in warfare ſtand.
If he not recke what ruffian roiſters take his part,
He weeldes vnwiſely then the mace of *Mars* in hand.
He muſt be able eke, to deeme for ſea and land
  What men may ſerue, to beſt aduantage make,
  And them inſtruct fine warlike points to take.

With skilfull knowledge fraight he muſt be void of feare,
Of wiſedom ſo diſcreete, ſo ſober, graue and ſage,
To deeme, perceiue, abide, aduentures both to beare
As may in all exploits of fight with Fortune wage:
He muſt haue art in vre, and vſe not rule by rage:
  Wiſe dealing ſets the ſouldiers ſure in ray,
  Wilde ouer raſhneſſe caſteth all away:

The cauſe, ground, place and time, the order of their fights,
The valour of his foes, and what is their intent,
The weather faire or foule, occaſion of the nights,
What witty wiles and policies may them preuent,
And how the time or ſtore of th'enmies hath been ſpent:
  All theſe (I ſay) muſt well be waide before,
  By him that ſets in warres of credit ſtore.

In all which points that noble Duke his grace did paſſe,
I meane the Regent good, for chuſing, vſing men,
By nature fram'd thereto, he wondrous skilfull was,
And friendly vſed all, inſtructing now and then
Not only Captaines ſtout, that were his countrie men,
But alſo ſundrie ſouldiers as occaſion came,
And taught them how to warres themſelues to frame.

His princely grace and geſture yet me thinkes I ſee,
And how he bare himſelfe, to deale for warre or peace:
In warre full *Mars*-like, hardie, ſterne, and bold was he:
And meek and prudent, merciful, when ſtormes of wars did ceaſe:
Whom pitie mou'd as much inflicted paines to releaſe,
As euer wight in whom the broiles of warre
Or force of fights, had entred in ſo far.

VVhich if againe to rue the loſſe of ſuch a friend,
In ſight with plaints, of teares the fountaines out might flow
So all lamenting Muſes would me wailings lend,
The dolours of my heart in ſight again to ſhow:
I would deplore his death, and Englands cauſe of woe,
With ſuch ſad mourning tunes, and ſuch ſobs, ſighes, and teares
As were not ſeene for one, this ten times twentie yeares.

For why this noble Prince, when we had needed moſt,
To ſet the ſtates of France and England in a ſtay,
That feared was of foes in euery forren coaſt,
Too ſoone (alas) this Duke was taken hence away.
In France he di'd, helaſſe lament his loſſe we may,
That Regent regall, rule of publique right.
Loe how my hurts afreſh beweepe this wanted wight.

" With that his wounds (me thought) gan freſhly bleed,
" And he waxt faint and fell, and my ſalt teares
" Ran downe my rufull cheekes, with trickling ſpeed,
" (For who could chuſe that ſuch cauſe ſees and heares?)
" O worthie Knight (quoth I) whoſe loyall faith appeares:
" Ceaſe wailes, riſe vp, inſtruct my quiuering pen,
" To tell the reſt of Fortunes doublings then.

I haue (quoth he) not Fortunes flatterie to accuſe,
Nor Fate nor Deſtinie, nor any fancie faind:
I haue no cauſe t'affirme that theſe could ought miſuſe
This noble Prince, whoſe life & acts ſuch fame and honour gaind,
But our deſerts, our ſinnes, and our offences ſtaind
  This noble Ile and vs, our ſinnes (I ſay)
  Offending God, he tooke this Prince away.

Helaſſe how loth can I returne, and leaue this pearle in Roane
My Lord *Iohn* Duke of Bedford, there his corps yet lies
Encloſd with coſtly tombe, wrought curiouſly of ſtone,
By North the altar high (delighting many Martiall eyes)
Within our Ladie Church, where fame him lifts to skies,
  By daily view his name renoum'd exalted is,
  And ſoule, I truſt, full ſweetly ſweames in bliſſe.

Needs muſt I enterline my talke a while with this:
And then I will returne to tell you how I ſped.
When once the French men ſaw this noble Duke to miſſe,
Which Engliſh armies all gainſt foes with fortunes led
They liu'd at large, rebeld againſt their ſoueraigne head,
  Forſooke their oathes, allegeance all denide,
  And Engliſh men with all their force defide.

While he did liue, they durſt not ſo to deale,
They durſt not dare with th'Engliſh oft to fraie,
They found it was not for their owne of publique weale,
To riſe againſt their Lord the Regent in arraie.
Soone after he was dead, departed hence away
  Both French and Normanes cloſe to win did cloſe,
  And we diuided were, our rights abroad to loſe.

The feend (I thinke) deuiſde a way to make the breach,
By enuie bred in breaſts of two right noble Peeres,
Which miſchiefe hatcht in England, then may teach
All noble men that liue, hence many hundred yeares,
Beware of Enuie blacke, how far ſhe deares.
  Euen their examples tell, how true our Chriſt doth ſay:
  Each realme, towne, houſe, in ciuil ſtrife, ſhall deſolate decay:

Perdie the Duke of Yorke was Regent made of France,
At which the Duke of Sommerſet did much repine,
He thought they rather ought him ſo t'aduance
King *Henries* kin, for honour of his Princely line:
But marke the grape which grew on this vngracious vine,
 I will not ſay it after ſtroid their lines and houſes nie,
 But this I ſay, we daily ſaw diſhonour came thereby.

For though the hauty Duke were worthy it to haue,
As well for courage good as vertues honour due:
Yet ſith to'th Duke of Yorke th'election firſt it gaue,
And he the ſaddle miſt, what needed he to rue?
When tumults great and ſturres in France yet daily grew,
 He nild the Regent hence diſpatcht in many daies:
 That loſſe might win him hurt, or long diſpraiſe.

Wild wengand on ſuch ire, wherby the realme doth loſe,
What gaine haue they, which heaue at honour ſo?
At home diſdaine and greefe, abroad they friend their foes.
I muſt be plaine in that which wrought my webs of woe,
My webs (quoth I?) would God they had wrought no moe.
 It was the cauſe of many a bleeding Engliſh breſt,
 And to the French, their end of woefull warres addreſt.

I dare auouch if they had firme in friendſhip bode,
And ſoothly as beſeemd ioin'd frendly hand with hands,
They had not felt defame in any forraine rode,
Nor had not ſo beene ſent, with loſſe from Gallia ſtrands:
They might poſſeſſion kept, ſtill of their conquerd lands,
 And able been to tride themſelues ſo true,
 As might haue made their enmies ſtill to rue.

For while the Duke of Sommerſet made here ſo great delaies,
That into France the ſuccours ſmall and ſlackly came,
Not only Paris then was loſt, within few daies,
That famous flowre of France, of far renowned fame,
The French (I ſay) not onely gat and kept the ſame,
 But by this meanes, in France we daily felt ſuch ſmart,
 As might with pitie pierce an adamantine hart,

O great miſhap, the noble Duke of Bedford once being dead,
Our wealth went backe, by diſcords foule deſpite we loſt
Not only townes in France, and Captaines armies led,
But many ſouldiers eke with labour, ſpence and coſt:
And though full oft we made the French men ſmell of the roſt,
  Yet in the end we gaine of fight the fame,
  And they by craft and treaſon gate the game.

What reſteth more, it were, perdie, too long to tell,
Of battels great and broiles which happened daily ſtill,
The ſtories eke declare aduentures which befell:
Although (God wot) the writers wanted points of skill,
Of whom to ſpeake a while, digreſſe againe I will,
  And partly ſhew what one he ought to be,
  Which takes on him to write an Hiſtorie.

A Chronicler ſhould well in diuers tongues be ſeene,
And eke in all the arts he ought to haue a ſight,
Whereby he might the truth of diuers actions deeme,
And both ſupplie the wants, correct that is not right:
He ſhould haue eloquence, and full and fitly write,
  Not mangle ſtories, ſnatching heere and there:
  Nor gloſe to make a volume great appeare.

He ſhould be of ſuch countenance and wit,
As ſhould giue witneſſe to the Hiſtories he writes,
He ſhould be able well his reaſons ſo to knit,
As ſhould continue well the matter he recites:
He ſhould not praiſe, diſpraiſe, for fauour or deſpites,
  But ſhould ſo place each thing in order due,
  As might approue the ſtories to be true.

But this may haps the time may ſeeke at length redreſſe,
And then ſuch ſtories now and noble acts as die,
May come againe to light (at leaſt defaced leſſe)
If from the Britaines firſt antiquities they trie.
In great defects if they the truth ſupplie,
  Then ſhall the readers fuller ſtories find,
  And haue whereby to recreate the mind.

But now returne I muſt, and briefly heere declare
Before my death, what ſundrie haps we had.
In warres right variouſly the ſtates of Captaines fare,
Now well, now woe, now ioyfull, now right ſad.
But who well ends, though all his haps were bad,
Let him erſt ſinke or ſwim, loſe, win, be ſlaine, die, fall,
If he die well, h'is thrice and foure times bleſt of all.

In France eight leagues from Paris, Pontoiſe ſtands,
(Tweene that and Roane) which we had won before:
And ſo we held it Engliſh ſafely in our hands.
For to our Prince the men allegeance ſwore,
And they remain'd obedient euermore,
Till from their neckes to reaue the Engliſh yoke,
They might find meanes by whom to ſtrike the ſtroke.

When theſe ſaw Paris loſt, and cities moe beſide,
And what in France and Normandie reuolts had done,
They thought no longer ſubiect to abide,
But ſought occaſion how they might by French be won.
As of our loſſe reports did daily to them run,
So with King *Charles* th'agreed when to betray the towne,
And force the Engliſh flee, or yeeld, or beate them downe.

For why, the powre of France could not with mightie hoſt
Performe to win by force from vs th'aſſaulted towne,
Them ſcaling often from the walles we toſt.
On euery ſide full faſt we flang the French men downe.
Our noble acts before had gotten ſuch renowne,
And Fortune erſt had paſt with vs ſo farre,
They had ſmall hope to win our forts by warre.

Wherefore King *Charles* aſſai'd the ſecret ſaut,
Not by his force of French, but by his golden fee,
Corrupting diuers Burgeſes to make the ſaut,
Whereby an entrie ſhould to his oppugning bee:
And they (as erſt is ſaid) were willing to agree,
Like periur'd theeues conſpir'd by ſecret fine deuice,
Gaue Pontoiſe vp, and tooke the promiſt price.

But in Nouember next when it was ſharpe and cold,
And daily froſt had dri'd and parched hard the ground,
We were in hope againe to get of Pontoiſe hold,
Which erſt the towneſmen ſold, for gaine of many a pound
The ſnow fell faſt, lay thicke, and couered well the ground,
  And ditches were ſo hard about the towne befrore,
  That on the ice by euery ſide we ſafely might get ore.

The Lord *Iohn Clifford* was chiefe Captaine then,
Which with vs Captaines did this policie deuiſe,
That we in clothing white and ſouldiers euery man,
Should in our armour finely vs diſguiſe:
The next night ſo we ſhould to the aſſault ariſe,
  And paſſe the frozen ditch vnto the wall,
  With ladders ſcale, and kill the watchmen all.

We ſo prepar'd our ſelues as time occaſion gaue,
And dreſt in white coats trim, it ioy'd our hearts to ſee
How fine we paſt the ditch, what good ſucceſſe we haue:
How on the walles we find the watch nigh frozen bee:
As noble Greekes on Troy, on Pontoiſe ſeaſon'd wee,
  We ſlew the watch, we beat the ſouldiers downe,
  Some priſners tooke, and tooke withall the towne.

Of ſtately Captaines French, was *Iohn de Villers* one
Within the taken towne, and *Narrabon* a Knight
Burgunion: yet they fled, away they gate them gone:
They durſt not bide againſt the blanched boyes to fight.
We paid the periur'd knaues the Burgeſſes that night,
  And gat as much of honor and renowne
  As they gat ſhame and loſſe, which bought and ſold the towne.

Marke well the French mens foiles in all our worthie warre
In theſe two regall *Henries* times, and you ſhall ſee
How we ſurpaſt the French in valour farre:
And bend for Prince and Realme ſo valiant for to bee:
Which if ye ſhall, and deale in ſeruice as did wee,
  I nothing doubt renowne and fame ſhall ſay,
  That noble England beares for warres the palme away.

But When King *Charles* had heard how Pontoiſe men had ſped,
His armie ſtraight aſſembled he therefore againe,
Wherewith to win this towne afreſh th'aſſault he led,
He piners ſet to trench and vndermine amaine,
Made baſtiles for defence; yet all this toile was vaine.
For batterie of our walles he ſpent his powder ſtill,
Made freſhly French aſſaults, but did no ill.

The noble Duke of Yorke diſcharged late before,
When now the Earle of Warwicke chanſt at Roane to die,
Being Regent choſen once againe of France, as yore,
(Th'Earle of Warwicke Regent was two yeares perdie)
Arriu'd in France, to rouſe the French King he did hie,
(Which lay beſieging Pontoiſe, as I ſaid)
VVith him to fight, and eke to bring vs aide.

The French King fled, for haſte he left his ſtore behind:
VVhen he was once aſſur'd the Duke of Yorke drue neare,
He durſt not ſtay to bide the time or place aſſign'd
To fight our Regent with, but fled away for feare.
By theſe aſſaies you ſee what men in France they were,
Diſcourag'd oft, ſlaine, put to flight and fall:
By ſight, force, fight, and names of numbers ſmall.

There when the Duke had fortifi'd our Pontoiſe towne,
Then he purſu'd the French King erſt that fled,
To Poyſſy, where he lay with Lords of French renowne.
Before which towne, the Duke his noble armie led:
The French King durſt not out of Poyſſy put his head:
And yet there came to skirmiſh out French gentlemen,
Of which ſome ſlaine, foure tane, the reſt retir'd agen.

The Duke to bid him battell did pretend,
If he could there encounter with him tho:
But forth againe he durſt not come nor ſend,
For feare he ſhould receiue the foile and ouerthro.
On which the Duke diſlodg'd, departing Poyſſy fro,
To Maunt, and Roane, from thence his grace did hie,
T'appeaſe the broiles of ſtrife in Normandie.

But then the French King calling vnto mind his loſſe,
His charges in the ſiege, his baſtiles trenches made,
How erſt we did them thence, ſans bag and bagage toſſe,
Eke how from ſiege he durſt not ſtay the ſtore to lade,
And how their Fortunes oft, in fight went retrograde,
How neighbours ill to Paris, we of Pontoiſe were:
He caſt aſide his French and fainting feare.

The rather yet, for why, Pariſiens aye did raile,
They ſaid he wanted courage good, he durſt not fight,
He lackt no ſouldiers good, his feeble heart did faile:
Le Roy (quoth they) *du France, les Anglois point nennit:*
Le Roy ne oſe pas pour Pontoiſe faire pourſuit:
Le Roy eſt Lourd, ſans cueur: car peu de gens,
Fait noſtre Roy & pais faire grande diſpens.

On this King *Charles* return'd with mightie hoſt,
To vindicate this great reproch and ſhame:
And vnto Pontoiſe gaue aſſault in poſt
Full hotly, when we feared leaſt the ſame.
Whereon, to fight againſt him all our force we frame,
But number great at th'entrie got ſuch hand,
We could not forth againe their force aband.

VVith trumpets ſounding, tan tan-tar'aloud
The larum bell we rung, our ſelues to trie diſpoſe,
To make them pay the price of our diſtreſſe we vow'd,
Before we would poſſeſſion got, of Pontoiſe loſe:
In euery ſtreet we met the ſtrength of all our foes,
And made them paſſe by deadly dint away,
VVhich ventured firſt our Engliſh mates to ſlay.

VVhy now my friends, for England fight, I cri'd:
If euer Engliſh hearts your noble breſts poſſeſt,
I promiſe you to make them flinch, if I may bide:
Mates follow me. Amongſt my foes I ruſht before the reſt:
O heere come on (quoth I) now fight we for the beſt.
And therewithall I vs'd ſuch courage, force and might:
As made my foes to fall, and ſouldiers fitly fight.

If we do leeſe (quoth I) the French men ſhall not gaine :
So if we win, tis worth the while to keepe array.
If ye ſtand ſtifly to't, weele make them peaze the paine,
And leade with loſſe of liuely limbes the laud away.
Although they fiercely fight, in hope vs all to ſlay :
  Loe ſixe to one they fall, and dead they lie :
  We Engliſh men, in triumph fight, and honor die.

With bloodie broiles of warre, the hapleſſe towne did ſmoke,
The children ſaw their fathers deare, to bleed their laſt :
The wiues bewailed much the fatall ſtroke,
Which forſt their husbands bleed, fall, die ſo faſt :
Helas the women cri'd, the wofull ſtreets that paſt :
  (When ſo they ſaw the channels bloodie ſtreame)
  What plague is this, that peſters ſo our Reame?

Is no remorce of life, but kill, kill, kill? (helaſſe)
Kill, kill the Engliſh crie, and valiantly they fight :
What hap had we to ſee theſe miſchiefes come to paſſe?
Helas le ſang de nous amis, la mort helas :
  The maidens crie, the widowes waile, and aged mourne,
  With wringing hands vplift, and wiſh themſelues vnborne.

Of vs one thouſand Engliſh men within the towne,
Suſtain'd the force, the powre and puiſſance of their King :
And of the French that fought, we beate three thouſand downe,
We ſlew no leſſe, for all the number he did bring.
If this vntrue ſhall ſeeme, diſcredit mine to ring,
  A French Hiſtorian writing for themſelues ſhall ſay :
  Three thouſand French men there, were ſlaine that day.

Foure hundred Engliſh men that time were ſlaine in fight,
My ſelfe was one, with loſſe they wan the towne perdie :
But if I might haue liu'd t'haue tri'd our right,
With one for euery ſeuen, by ods as we did die :
I doubt not (ſo the reſt, would done their parts as I.)
  But that King *Charles*, his Lords, nor all his men,
  Should ſcarce haue tane the towne of Pontoiſe then.

What

VVhat need I more debate of theſe things here,
In England was the fault, though we did feele the ſmart.
VVhile they at home, at bate and ſtriſe for honors were,
They loſt abroad of Normandie the greater part.
To thinke on this torments againe my wounded hart,
  That Lords at home, ſhould ſtriue about the name,
  And loſe abroad their countries weale and fame.

Let Engliſh Peeres abandon ſuch contentious ſtrife,
It hurts the publike weale, decayes the State:
It reaues the yeares too ſoone of longer life:
It frets the breſt with ruſt of baend debate:
It giues the checke to him that giues the mate:
  Then thus I end, that wight of all is bleſt
  VVhich liues in loue with God, his Prince and countrie beſt.

So *Higins* if thou write, how this my fall befell;
Place it in *Baldwines* Mirrour with the reſt.
From crazed ſcull ſith heere my mind I tell:
Sith bleeding heart theſe rufull rimes expreſt:
This mangled tale beſeemes my perſon beſt.
  Do ſo (quoth he) and let it paſſe euen thus:
  Viuit (quoth I) *poſt funera virtus.*

Iohn Higins.

HOW SHORES WIFE, KING EDWARD THE FOVRTHS CONCVBINE, WAS by King *Richard* deſpoiled of all her goods, and forced *to doe open penance.*

AMong the reſt, by Fortune ouerthrowne,
  I am not leaſt, that moſt may waile her fate:
  My fame and brute, abroad the world is blowne,
  VVho can forget, a thing thus done ſo late?
My great miſchance, my fall, and heauie ſtate,
  Is ſuch a marke, whereat each tongue doth ſhoot,
  That my good name, is pluckt vp by the root.

This wandring world, bewitched me with wiles,
And won my wits, with wanton ſugred ioyes:
In Fortunes frekes, who truſts her when ſhe ſmiles,
Shall find her falſe, and full of fickle toyes,
Her triumphes all, but fill our eares with noiſe,
Her flattring gifts, are pleaſures mixt with paine,
Yea, all her words, are thunders threatning raine.

The fond deſire, that we in glorie ſet,
Doth thirle our hearts, to hope in ſlipper hap:
A blaſt of pompe, is all the fruit we get,
And vnder that, lies hid a ſudden clap,
In ſeeking reſt, vnwares we fall in trap,
In groping flowres, with nettles ſtung we are,
In labring long, we reape the crop of care.

Oh darke deceit, with painted face for ſho,
Oh poiſned bait, that makes vs eager ſtill,
Oh fained friend, deceiuing people ſo,
Oh world, of thee, we cannot ſpeake too ill:
Yet fooles we are, that bend ſo to thy skill.
The plague and ſcourge, that thouſands daily feele,
Should warne the wiſe, to ſhun thy whirling wheele.

But who can ſtop, the ſtreame that runnes full ſwift?
Or quench the fire, that is crept in the ſtraw?
The thirſtie drinkes, there is no other ſhift,
Perforce is ſuch, that need obeyes no law.
Thus bound we are, in worldly yokes to draw,
And cannot ſtay, nor turne againe in time,
Nor learne of thoſe, that ſought too high to clime.

My ſelfe for proofe, loe heere I now appeare,
In womans weed, with weeping watred eyes,
That bought her youth, and her delights full deare,
Whoſe loud reproch, doth ſound vnto the skies,
And bids my corſe, out of the graue to riſe,
As one that may, no longer hide her face,
But needs muſt come, and ſhew her pitious caſe,

The ſheete of ſhame, wherein I ſhrowded was,
Did moue me oft, to plaine before this day,
And in mine eares did ring the trumpe of braſſe,
Which is defame, that doth each thing bewray.
Yea though full dead, and low in earth I lay,
  I heard the voice, of me what people ſaid,
  But then to ſpeake, alas I was afraid.

And now a time, for me I ſee prepar'd,
I heare the liues, and falles of many wights:
My tale therefore, the better may be har d,
For at the torch, the little candle lights.
Where pageants be, ſmall things fill out the ſights.
  Wherefore giue eare, good *Churchyard* do thy beſt,
  My tragedie, to place among the reſt.

Becauſe the truth, ſhall witnes well with thee,
I will rehearſe, in order as it fell,
My life, my death, my dolefull deſtinie,
My wealth, my woe, my doing euery deale,
My bitter bliſſe, wherein I long did dwell:
  A whole diſcourſe, by me *Shores* wife by name,
  Now ſhalt thou heare, as thou hadſt ſeene the ſame.

Of noble blood, I cannot boaſt my birth,
For I was made out of the meaneſt mold,
Mine heritage, but ſeuen foot of th'earth,
Fortune ne gaue, to me the gifts of gold:
But I could brag, of nature if I wold,
  Who fil'd my face, with fauour freſh and faire,
  Whoſe beautie ſhone, like *Phœbus* in the aire.

My ſhape ſome ſaid, was ſeemely to each ſight,
My countenance, did ſhew a ſober grace,
Mines eyes in lookes, were neuer proued light,
My tongue in words was chaſt in euery caſe.
Mine eares were deafe, and would no louers place,
  Saue that, alas, a Prince did blot my brow,
  Loe, there the ſtrong, did make the weake to bow.

The maieſty, that Kings to people beare,
The ſtately port, the awfull cheere they ſhow,
Doth make the meane, to ſhrink and couch for feare,
Like as the hound, that doth his maſter know:
What then? ſince I, was made vnto the bow,
  There is no cloke, can ſerue to hide my fault:
  For I agreed, the fort he ſhould aſſault.

The Eagles force, ſubdues ech bird that flies,
What metall may, reſiſt the flaming fire?
Doth not the Sun, dazell the cleareſt eies,
And melt the ice, and make the froſt retire?
Who can withſtand, a puiſſant Kings deſire?
  The ſtiffeſt ſtones, are pierced through with tooles,
  The wiſeſt are, with Princes made but fooles.

If kinde had wrought, my forme in common frames,
And ſet me forth, in colours blacke and browne,
Or beautie had, beene percht in *Phœbus* flames,
Or ſhamefaſt waies, had pluckt my fethers downe,
Then had I kept, my fame and good renowne:
  For natures gifts, were cauſe of all my griefe.
  A pleaſant prey, entiſeth many a thiefe.

Thus woe to thee, that wrought my peacocks pride,
By clothing me with natures tapeſtry:
Woe worth the hew, wherein my face was dide,
Which made me thinke, I pleaſed euery eye.
Like as the ſtarres, make men behold the skie,
  So beauties ſhew, doth make the wiſe full fond,
  And brings free harts, full oft to endleſſe bond.

But cleare from blame, my frends can not be found,
Before my time, my youth they did abuſe:
In mariage, a prentiſe was I bound.
Then that meere loue, I knew not how to vſe.
But welaway, that cannot me excuſe,
  The harme is mine, though they deuiſde my care,
  And I muſt ſmart, and ſit in ſlandrous ſnare.

Yet giue me leaue, to plead my cauſe at large:
If that the horſe, do run beyond his race,
Or any thing that keepers haue in charge,
Do breake their courſe, where Rulers may take place:
Or meat be ſet, before the hungries face,
  Who is in fault? th'offender yea or no,
  Or they that are, the cauſe of all this wo.

Note well what ſtrife, this forced mariage makes,
What lothed liues, do come where loue doth lacke,
What ſcratching breers, do grow vpon ſuch brakes,
What common weales, by it are brought to wracke,
What heauie loade, is put on patients backe,
  What ſtrange delights, this branch of vice doth breed,
  And marke what graine, ſprings out of ſuch a ſeed.

Compell the hauke, to ſit that is vnman'd,
Or make the hound, vntaught to draw the Deere,
Or bring the free, againſt his will in band,
Or moue the ſad, a pleaſant tale to heere,
Your time is loſt, and you no whit the neere:
  So loue ne learnes, of force the knot to knit,
  She ſerues but thoſe, that feele ſweet fancies fit.

The leſſe defame, redounds to my diſpraiſe,
I was entiſt, by traines, and trapt by truſt:
Though in my powre, remained yeas and nayes,
Vnto my friends, yet needs conſent I muſt,
In euery thing, yea lawfull or vniuſt.
  They brake the boughes, and ſhakte the tree by ſleight,
  And bent the wand, that might haue growne full ſtreight.

What helpe in this, the pale thus broken downe,
The Deere muſt needs, in danger run aſtray:
At me therefore, why ſhould the world ſo frowne?
My weakneſſe made, my youth a Princes pray.
Though wiſdome ſhould, the courſe of nature ſtay,
  Yet trie my caſe, who liſt, and they ſhall proue,
  The ripeſt wits, are ſooneſt thralles to loue.

What need I more, to cleare my ſelfe ſo much?
A King me wan, and had me at his call,
His royall ſtate, his princely grace was ſuch,
The hope of will, that women ſeeke for all,
The eaſe and wealth, the gifts which were not ſmall,
  Beſieged me, ſo ſtrongly round about,
  My powre was weake, I could not hold him out.

Duke *Hannibal*, in all his conqueſt great,
Or *Cæſar* yet, whoſe triumphs did exceed,
Of all their ſpoiles, which made them toile and ſweat,
Were not ſo glad, to haue ſo rich a meed,
As was this Prince, when I to him agreed,
  And yeelded me, a priſner willingly,
  As one that knew, no way away to flie.

The Nightingale, for all his merry voyce,
Nor yet the Larke, that ſtill delights to ſing,
Did neuer make, the hearers ſo reioyce,
As I with words, haue made this worthie King:
I neuer iar'd, in tune was euery ſtring,
  I tempred ſo, my tongue to pleaſe his eare,
  That what I ſaid, was currant euery where.

I ioyn'd my talke, my geſtures and my grace,
In wittie frames, that long might laſt and ſtand,
So that I brought, the King in ſuch a caſe,
That to his death, I was his chiefeſt hand.
I gouern'd him, that ruled all this Land:
  I bare the ſword, though he did weare the Crowne,
  I ſtrake the ſtroke, that threw the mightie downe.

If iuſtice ſaid, that iudgement was but death,
With my ſweete words, I could the King perſwade,
And make him pauſe, and take therein a breath,
Till I with ſuite, the faultors peace had made:
I knew what way, to vſe him in his trade,
  I had the art, to make the Lion meeke,
  There was no point, wherein I was to ſeeke.

If I did frowne, who then did looke awrie?
If I did ſmile, who would not laugh outright?
If I but ſpeake, who durſt my words denie?
If I purſude, who would forſake the flight?
I meane, my powre, was knowne to euery wight.
On ſuch a height, good hap had built my bowre,
As though my ſweete, ſhould nere haue turnd to ſowre.

My husband then, as one that knew his good,
Refuſde to keepe, a Princes Concubine,
Forſeeing th'end, and miſchiefe as it ſtood,
Againſt the King did neuer much repine:
He ſaw the grape, whereof hee dranke the wine.
Though inward thought, his heart did ſtill torment,
Yet outwardly, he ſeemd he was content.

To purchaſe praiſe, and win the peoples zeale,
Yea rather bent, of kinde to do ſome good,
I euer did, vphold the common weale,
I had delight, to ſaue the guiltleſſe blood:
Each ſuters cauſe, when that I vnderſtood,
I did prefer, as it had bene mine owne,
And help them vp, that might haue been orethrowne.

My powre was preſt, to right the poore mans wrong,
My hands were free, to giue where need required:
To watch for grace, I neuer thought it long,
To do men good, I need not bee deſired.
Nor yet with gifts, my heart was neuer hired.
But when the ball, was at my foote to guide,
I plaid to thoſe, that Fortune did abide.

My want was wealth, my woe was eaſe at will,
Ny robes were rich, and brauer then the ſunne:
My Fortune then, was far aboue my skill,
My ſtate was great, my glaſſe did euer runne.
My fatall threed, ſo happely was ſpunne,
That then I ſate, in earthly pleaſures clad,
And for the time, a Goddeſſe place I had.

But I had not, ſo ſoone this life poſſeſt,
But my good hap, began to ſlip aſide:
And Fortune then, did me ſo ſore moleſt,
That vnto plaints, was turned all my pride.
It booted not, to row againſt the tide:
  Mine oares were weake, my heart and ſtrength did faile,
  The winde was rough, I durſt not beare a ſaile.

What ſteps of ſtrife, belong to high eſtate?
The climing vp, is doubtfull to endure,
The ſeat it ſelfe, doth purchaſe priuie hate,
And honors fame, is fickle and vnſure,
And all ſhe brings, is flowres that be vnpure:
  Which fall as faſt, as they do ſprout and ſpring,
  And cannot laſt, they are ſo vaine a thing.

We count no care, to catch that we do wiſh,
But what we win, is long to vs vnknowen:
Till preſent paine, be ſerued in our diſh,
We ſcarce perceiue, whereon our griefe hath growen:
What graine proues well, that is ſo raſhly ſowen?
  If that a meane, did meaſure all our deeds,
  In ſteed of corne, we ſhould not gather weeds.

The ſetled mind, is free from Fortunes power,
They need not feare, who looke not vp aloft:
But they that climbe, are carefull euery hower,
For when they fall, they light not very ſoft.
Examples haue, the wiſeſt warned oft,
  That where the trees, the ſmalleſt branches bere,
  The ſtormes do blow, and haue moſt rigour there.

Where is it ſtrong, but neere the ground and roote?
Where is it weake, but on the higheſt ſprayes?
Where may a man, ſo ſurely ſet his foote,
But on thoſe bowes, that groweth low alwayes?
The little twigs, are but vnſtedfaſt ſtayes,
  If they breake not, they bend with euery blaſt,
  Who truſts to them, ſhall neuer ſtand full faſt.

The winde is great, vpon the higheſt hilles,
The quiet life, is in the dale below:
Who treads on ice, ſhall ſlide againſt their willes,
They want not cares, that curious arts would know.
VVho liues at eaſe, and can content him ſo,
  Is perfect wiſe, and ſets vs all to ſchoole,
  VVho hates this lore, may well be call'd a foole.

VVhat greater griefe, may come to any life,
Then after ſweete, to taſte the bitter ſowre?
Or after peace, to fall at warre and ſtrife,
Or after mirth, to haue a cauſe to lowre?
Vnder ſuch props, falſe Fortune builds her bowre,
  On ſudden change, her flittering frames be ſet,
  Where is no way, for to eſcape the net.

The haſtie ſmart, that Fortune ſends in ſpite,
Is hard to brooke, where gladneſſe we embrace:
She threatens not, but ſuddenly doth ſmite,
Where ioy is moſt, there doth ſhe ſorow place.
But ſure I thinke, this is too ſtrange a caſe,
  For vs to feele, ſuch griefe amid our game,
  And know not why, vntill we taſte the ſame.

As erſt I ſaid, my bliſſe was turn'd to bale,
I had good cauſe, to weepe and wring my hands,
And ſhew ſad cheare, with countenance full pale:
For I was brought, in ſorowes wofull bands.
A pirrie came, and ſet my ſhip on ſands.
  What ſhould I hide, or colour care and noy?
  King *Edward* di'd, in whom was all my ioy.

And when the earth, receiued had his corſe,
And that in tombe, this worthie Prince was laid,
The world on me, began to ſhew his force,
Of troubles then, my part I long aſſai'd:
For they of whom, I neuer was afrai'd,
  Vndid me moſt, and wrought me ſuch deſpite,
  That they bereft, me from my pleaſure quite.

As long as life, remain'd in *Edwards* breſt,
Who was but I? who had ſuch friends at call?
His bodie was, no ſooner put in cheſt,
But well was he, that could procure my fall:
His brother was, mine enmie moſt of all,
  Protector then, whoſe vice did ſtill abound,
  From ill to worſe, till death did him confound.

He falſely fain'd, that I of counſell was,
To poiſon him, which thing I neuer ment:
But he could ſet, thereon a face of braſſe,
To bring to paſſe, his leaud and falſe intent.
To ſuch miſchiefe, this tyrants heart was bent,
  To God, ne man, he neuer ſtood in awe,
  For in his wrath, he made his will a law.

Lord *Haſtings* blood, for vengeance on him cries,
And many moe, that were too long to name:
But moſt of all, and in moſt wofull wiſe,
I had good cauſe, this wretched man to blame,
Before the world, I ſuffred open ſhame,
  Where people were, as thicke as is the ſand,
  I penance tooke, with taper in my hand.

Each eye did ſtare, and looke me in the face,
As I paſt by, the rumours on me ran,
But patience then, had lent me ſuch a grace,
My quiet lookes, were prais'd of euery man:
The ſhamefaſt blood, brought me ſuch colour than,
  That thouſands ſaid, which ſaw my ſober cheere,
  It is great ruth, to ſee this woman heere.

But what preuail'd, the peoples pitie there?
This raging wolfe, would ſpare no guiltleſſe blood.
Oh wicked wombe, that ſuch ill fruit did beare,
Oh curſed earth, that yeeldeth forth ſuch mud:
The hell conſume, all things that did thee good,
  The heauens ſhut, their gates againſt thy ſpreete,
  The world tread downe, thy glorie vnder feete.

I aske of God, a vengeance on thy bones,
Thy ſtinking corps, corrupts the aire I know:
Thy ſhamefull death, no earthly wight bemones,
For in thy life, thy workes were hated ſo,
That euery man, did wiſh thy ouerthro:
Wherefore I may, though partiall now I am,
Curſe euery cauſe, whereof thy bodie came.

Woe worth the man, that fathered ſuch a child,
Woe worth the houre, wherein thou waſt begate:
Woe worth the breſts, that haue the world beguil'd,
To nouriſh thee, that all the world did hate.
Woe worth the gods, that gaue thee ſuch a fate,
To liue ſo long, that death deſeru'd ſo oft.
Woe worth the chance, that ſet thee vp aloft.

Yee Princes all, and Rulers euery chone,
In puniſhment, beware of hatreds ire.
Before yee ſcourge, take heed, looke well thereon:
In wroths ill will, if malice kindle fire,
Your hearts will burne, in ſuch a hot deſire,
That in thoſe flames, the ſmoke ſhall dim your ſight,
Yee ſhall forget, to ioyne your iuſtice right.

You ſhould not iudge, till things be well diſcerned,
Your charge is ſtill, to maintaine vpright lawes:
In conſcience rules, ye ſhould be throughly learned,
Where clemencie, bids wrath and raſhnes pauſe,
And further ſaith, ſtrike not without a cauſe:
And when ye ſmite, do it for iuſtice ſake,
Then in good part, each man your ſcourge wil take.

If that ſuch zeale, had mou'd this tyrants mind,
To make my plague, a warrant for the reſt,
I had ſmall cauſe, ſuch fault in him to find,
Such puniſhment, is vſed for the beſt:
But by ill will, and powre I was oppreſt,
He ſpoil'd my goods, and left me bare and poore,
And cauſed me, to beg from dore to doore.

What fall was this, to come from Princes fare,
To watch for crums, among the blind and lame?
When almes were delt, I had an hungrie ſhare,
Becauſe I knew not, how to aske for ſhame,
Till force and need, had brought me in ſuch frame,
That ſtarue I muſt, or learne to beg an almes,
With booke in hand, to ſay S. *Dauids* Pſalmes.

Where I was wont, the golden chaines to weare,
A paire of beads, about my necke was wound,
A linnen cloth, was lapt about my heare,
A ragged gowne, that trayled on the ground,
A diſh that clapt, and gaue a heauie ſound,
A ſtaying ſtaffe, and wallet therewithall,
I bare about, as witneſſe of my fall.

I had no houſe, wherein to hide my head,
The open ſtreete, my lodging was perforce:
Full oft I went, all hungrie to my bed,
My fleſh conſum'd, I looked like a corſe.
Yet in that plight, who had on me remorſe?
O God thou know'ſt, my friends forſooke me then,
Not one holpe me, that ſuccred many a man.

They froun'd on me, that faun'd on me before,
And fled from me, that followed me full faſt:
They hated me, by whom I ſet much ſtore,
They knew full well, my fortune did not laſt.
In euery place, I was condemn'd and caſt,
To pleade my cauſe, at barre it was no boote,
For euery man, did tread me vnder foote.

Thus long I liu'd, all wearie of my life,
Till death approcht, and rid me from that woe:
Example take, by me, both maid and wife,
Beware, take heed, fall not to follie ſo.
A mirour make, by my great ouerthro,
Defie the world, and all his wanton waies,
Beware by me, that ſpent ſo ill her daies.

Tho. Churchyard.

HOW

HOW THOMAS WOLSEY DID ARISE VNTO GREAT authoritie and gouernment, his manner of life, pompe and dignitie, and how he fell downe into *great diſgrace, and was arreſted of high treaſon. Anno,* 1530.

SHall I looke on, when States ſtep on the ſtage,
And play their parts before the peoples face?
Some men liue now, ſcarce foureſcore yeares of age,
Who in time paſt, did know the Cardnals Grace.
A gameſome world, when Biſhops run at bace,
Yea, get a fall, in ſtriuing for the gole,
And bodie loſe, and hazard ſilly ſole.

Ambitious mind, a world of wealth would haue,
So ſcrats and ſcrapes, for ſcorſe and ſcornie droſſe:
And till the fleſh and bones be hid in graue,
Wit neuer reſts, to grope for mucke and moſſe.
Fie on proud pompe, and gilded bridles boſſe:
O glorious gold, the gaping after thee,
So blinds mine eyes, they can no danger ſee.

Now note my birth, and marke how I began,
Behold from whence, roſe all this pride of mine,
My father but, a plaine poore honeſt man,
And I his ſonne, of wit and iudgement fine,
Brought vp at ſchoole, and prou'd a good Diuine:
For which great gifts, degree of ſchoole I had,
And Batchler was, and I a little lad.

So, taſting ſome, of Fortunes ſweete concaits,
I clapt the hood, on ſhoulder, braue as Son,
And hopte at length, to bite at better baits,
And fill my mouth, ere banquet halfe were don.
Thus holding on, the courſe I thought to ron:
By many a feaſt, my belly grew ſo big,
That *Wolſey* ſtreight, became a wanton twig.

Loe what it is, to ſeed on daintie meate,
And pamper vp, the gorge, with ſuger plate:
Nay, ſee how lads, in hope of higher ſeate
Riſe early vp, and ſtudie learning late.
But he thriues beſt, that hath a bleſſed fate,
And he ſpeeds worſt, that world will nere aduance,
Nor neuer knowes, what meanes good lucke nor chance.

My chance was great, for from a poore mans ſon,
I roſe aloft, and chopt and chang'd degree:
In Oxford firſt, my famous name begon,
Where many a day the ſcholers honor'd mee.
Then thought I how, I might a courtier bee:
So came to Court, and feathred there my wing,
With *Henrie* th'eight, who was a worthie King.

He did with words, aſſay me once or twice,
To ſee what wit, and readie ſprite I had:
And when he ſaw, I was both graue and wiſe,
For ſome good cauſe, the King was wondrous glad.
Then downe I lookt, with ſober countnance ſad,
But heart was vp, as high as hope could go,
That ſuttle fox, might win ſome fauour ſo.

We worke with wiles, the minds of men like wax,
The fawning whelp, gets many a piece of bred:
We follow Kings, with many cunning knacks,
By ſearching out, how are their humours fed.
He haunts no Court, that hath a doltiſh hed:
For as in gold, the pretious ſtone is ſet,
So fineſt wits, in Court the credit get.

I quickly learn'd to kneele and kiſſe the hand,
To wait at heele, and turne like top about,
To ſtretch out necke, and like an Image ſtand,
To taunt, to ſcoffe, and face the matter out,
To preaſe in place, among the greateſt rout:
Yet like a Prieſt, my ſelfe did well behaue,
In faire long gowne, and goodly garments graue.

Where *Wolſey* went, the world like Bees would ſwarme,
To heare my ſpeech, and note my nature well.
I could with tongue, vſe ſuch a kind of charme,
That voice full cleare, ſhould ſound like ſiluer bell.
When head deuis'd, a long diſcourſe to tell,
  With ſtories ſtrange, my ſpeech ſhould ſpiſed be,
  To make the world, to muſe the more on me.

Each tale was ſweet, each word a ſentence waid,
Each eare I pleas'd, each eye gaue me the view,
Each Iudgement markt, and pauſed what I ſaid,
Each mind I fed, with matter rare and new,
Each day and houre, my grace and credit grew:
  So that the King, in hearing of this newes,
  Deuiſed how, he might my ſeruice vſe.

He made me then, his Chaplaine, to ſay Maſſe
Before his grace, yea twice or thrice a weeke:
Now had I time, to trim my ſelfe by glaſſe,
Now found I meane, ſome liuing for to ſeeke,
Now I became, both humble, milde, and meeke,
  Now I appli'd, my wits and ſenſes throw,
  To reape ſome corne, if God would ſpeed the plow.

Whom moſt I ſaw, in fauour with the King,
I follow'd faſt, to get ſome hap thereby:
But I obſeru'd, another finer thing,
That was, to keepe, me ſtill in Princes eye.
As vnder wing, the hawke in winde doth lie,
  So for a prey, I prowled heere and there,
  And tried friends, and fortune euery where.

The King at length, ſent me beyond the ſeas,
Embaſtour then, with meſſage good and great:
And in that time, I did the King ſo pleas,
By ſhort diſpatch, and wrought ſo fine a feat,
That did aduance my ſelfe to higher ſeat,
  The Deanrie then, of Lincolne he me gaue:
  And bountie ſhew'd, before I gan to craue.

His Amner too, he made me all in haſte,
And threefold gifts, he threw vpon me ſtill:
His counſler ſtraight, likewaies was *Wolſey* plaſte.
Thus in ſhort time, I had the world at will:
VVhich paſſed far, mans reaſon, wit, and skill.
  O hap, thou haſt, great ſecrets in thy might,
  VVhich long lie hid, from wily worldlings ſight.

As ſhewres of raine, fall quickly on the graſſe,
That fading flowres, are ſoone refreſht thereby:
Or as with Sun, the morning dew doth paſſe,
And quiet calme, makes cleare a troubled skie:
So Princes powre, at twinkling of an eye
  Sets vp aloft, a fau'ret on the wheele,
  When giddy braines, about the ſtreets doe reele.

They are but blind, that wake where Fortune ſleepes,
They work in vaine, that ſtriue with ſtreame and tide:
In double gard, they dwell, that deſtny keepes,
In ſimple ſort, they liue that lacke a guide:
They miſſe the marke, that ſhoot their arrowes wide,
  They hit the pricke, that make their flight to glance
  So neere the white, that ſhaft may light on chance.

Such was my lucke, I ſhot no ſhaft in vaine,
My bow ſtood bent, and braſed all the yeere:
I waited hard, but neuer loſt my paine:
Such wealth came in, to beare the charges cleere.
And in the end, I was the greateſt peere
  Among them all, for I ſo rulde the land,
  By Kings conſent, that all was in my hand.

Within on yeare, three Biſhoprickes I had,
And in ſmall ſpace, a Cardnall I was made:
With long red robes, rich *Wolſey* then was clad,
I walkt in Sun, when others ſate in ſhade:
I went abroad, with ſuch a traine and trade,
  With croſſes borne, before me where I paſt,
  That man was thought, to be ſome God at laſt,

With ſonnes of Earles, and Lords I ſerued was,
An hundred chaines, at leaſt were in my traine:
I daile dranke in gold, but not in glas,
My bread mas made, of fineſt flowre and graine:
My dainty mouth, did common meates diſdaine,
I fed like Prince, on fowles moſt deare and ſtrange,
And bankets made, of fine conceits for change.

My hall was full, of Knights, and Squires of name,
And gentlemen, two hundred told by pole:
Tale yeomen too, did hourely ſerue the ſame,
Whoſe names each weeke, I ſaw within check role,
All went to church, when ſeruice bell did knole,
All dinde and ſupt and ſlept, at Cardnals charge,
And all would wait, when *Wolſey* tooke his barge.

My houſehold ſtuffe, my wealth and ſiluer plate,
Might well ſuffice, a Monarke at this day:
I neuer fed, but vnder cloth of ſtate,
Nor walkt abroad, till Vſhars cleard the way.
In houſe I had, muſitions for to play,
In open ſtreete, my trumpets loud did ſound,
Which pearſt the skies, and ſeem'd to ſhake the ground.

My men moſt braue, marcht two and two in ranke,
Who held in length, much more then halfe a mile:
Not one of theſe, but gaue his maſter thanke,
For ſome good turne, or pleaſure got ſome while.
I did not feed, my ſeruants with a ſmile,
Or gloſing words, that neuer bring forth fruite,
But gaue them gold, or els preferd their ſuite.

In ſurety ſo whiles God was pleaſd, I ſtood,
I knew I muſt, leaue all my wealth behinde:
I ſaw they lou'd, me not for birth or blood,
But ſeru'd a ſpace, to try my noble minde.
The more men giue, the more indeed they finde
Of loue, and troth, and ſeruice, euery way:
The more they ſpare, the more doth loue decay.

I ioide to ſee, my ſeruants thriue ſo well,
And go ſo gay, with little that they got:
For as I did in honour ſtill excell,
So would I oft, the want of ſeruants note:
Which made my men, on maſter ſo to dote,
That when I ſaid, let ſuch a thing be done,
They would indeed, through fire and water ronne.

I had in houſe, ſo many officers ſtill,
Which were obaid, and honourd for their place,
That careleſſe I, might ſleepe or walke at will,
Saue that ſometime, I weigh'd a poore mans caſe,
And ſalu'd ſuch ſores, whoſe griefe might breed diſgrace.
Thus men did wait, and wicked world did gaze,
On me and them, that brought vs all in maze.

For world was whiſt, and durſt not ſpeake a word
Of that they ſaw, my credit curbd them ſo:
I waded far, and paſſed ore the foord,
And minded not, for to returne I troe.
The world was wiſe, yet ſcarce it ſelfe did knoe,
When wonder made, of men that roſe by hap:
For Fortune rare, fals not in each mans lap.

I clim'd the clouds, by knowledge and good wit,
My men ſought chance, by ſeruice or good lucke,
The world walkt low, when I aboue did ſit,
Or downe did come, to trample on this mucke:
And I did ſwim, as dainty as a ducke,
When water ſerues, to keepe the body braue,
And to enioy, the gifts that Fortune gaue.

And though my pompe, ſurpaſt all Prelates now,
And like a Prince I liu'd and pleaſure tooke:
That was not ſure, ſo great a blur in brow,
If on my workes, indiffrent eyes doe looke.
I thought great ſcorne, ſuch liuings heere to brooke,
Except I built, ſome houſes for the poore,
And order tooke, to giue great almes at doore.

A Colledge faire, in Oxford I did make,
A ſumptuous houſe, a ſtately work indeede.
I gaue great lands, to that, for learning ſake,
To bring vp youth, and ſuccour ſcholers neede.
That charge of mine, full many a mouth did feede,
When I in Court, was ſeeking ſome good turne,
To mend my torch, or make my candell burne.

More houſes gay, I built, then thouſands do
That haue enough, yet will no goodnes ſhoe:
And where I built, I did maintaine it to,
With ſuch great coſt, as few beſtowes I troe.
Of buildings large, I could rehearſe a roe,
That by miſchance, this day haue loſt my name,
Whereof I do, deſerue the only fame.

And as for ſutes, about the King was none
So apt as I, to ſpeake and purchaſe grace.
Though long before, ſome ſay *Shores* wife was one,
That oft kneeld downe, before the Princes face
For poore mens ſutes, and holpe their woefull caſe,
Yet ſhe had not, ſuch credit as I gate,
Although a King, would heare the parret prate.

My words were graue, and bore an equall poies,
In ballance iuſt, for many a weightie cauſe:
She pleaſd a Prince, with pretty merry toies,
And had no ſight, in ſtate, nor courſe of lawes:
I could perſwade, and make a Prince to pawes,
And take a breath, before he drew the ſword,
And ſpie the time, to rule him with a word.

I will not ſay, but fancy may do much,
Yet world will grant, that wiſdome may do more:
To wanton girls, affection is not ſuch,
That Princes wiſe, wil be abuſde therfore:
One ſute of mine, was ſurely worth a ſcore
Of hers indeed, for ſhe her time muſt watch,
And at all howres, I durſt go draw the latch.

My voice but heard, the dore was open ſtreight,
She might not come, till ſhe were cald or brought:
I rul'd the King, by cuſtome, art and ſleight,
And knew full well, the ſecrets of his thought.
Without my mind, all that was done was nought,
In wars or peace, my counſell ſwaied all,
For ſtill the King, would for the Cardnall call.

I kept a court, my ſelfe, as great as his,
(I not compare, vnto my maſter here)
But looke my Lords, what liuely world was this,
That one poore man, became ſo great a peere?
Yet though this tale, be very ſtrange to here,
Wit wins a world: and who hath hap and wit,
With triumph long, in princely throne may ſit.

What man like me, bare rule in any age,
I ſhone like Sun, more cleare then morning ſtar:
Was neuer part, ſo plaid, in open ſtage
As mine, nor fame, of man flew halfe ſo far.
I ſate on bench, when thowſands at the bar
Did plead for right: for I in publique weale
Lord Chancelor was, and had the great broad ſeale.

Now haue I told, how I did riſe aloft,
And ſate with pride, and pomp, in golden hall,
And ſet my feete, on coſtly carpets ſoft,
And plaid at goale, with goodly golden ball:
But after, Lord, I muſt rehearſe my fall.
O trembling heart, thou canſt not now for teares
Preſent that tale, vnto the hearers eares.

Beſt weepe it out, and ſudden ſilence keepe,
Till priuy pangs, make pinched heart complaine:
Or caſt thy ſelfe, into ſome ſlumbring ſleepe,
Till wakened wits, remembrance bring againe.
When heauy teares, do hollow cheekes diſtaine,
The world will thinke, thy ſprits are growne ſo weake,
The feeble tongue, hath ſure no power to ſpeake.

A tale by ſignes, with ſighes and ſobs ſet out,
Moues peoples mindes, to pity plagued men:
With howling voice, do rather crie and ſhout,
And ſo by arte, ſhew forth thy ſorrow then.
For if thou ſpeake, ſome man will note with pen
What *Wolſey* ſaid, and what threw *Wolſey* downe,
And vnder foote, flings *Wolſeis* great renowne.

What force of that, my fall muſt needs be herd,
Before I fell, I had a time to riſe:
As fatall chance, and Fortune me preferd.
So miſchiefe came, and did my ſtate deſpiſe.
If I might plead, my caſe among the wiſe,
I could excuſe, right much of mine offence:
But leaue a while, ſuch matter in ſuſpence.

The Pope, or pride, or peeuiſh parts of mine,
Made King to frowne, and take the ſeale from me:
Now ſeru'd no words, nor pleaſant ſpeeches fine,
Now *Wolſey*, lo, muſt needes diſgraced be.
Yet had I leaue (as dolefull priſner free)
To keepe a houſe (God wot) with heauy cheere,
Where that I found, no wine, ne bread, nor beere.

My time was come, I could no longer liue,
What ſhould I make, my ſorrow further knowne:
Vpon ſome cauſe, that King that all did giue
Tooke all againe, and ſo poſſeſt his owne.
My goods, my plate, and all was ouerthrowne,
And looke what I, had gathred many a day,
Within one houre, was cleanly ſwept away.

But harken now, how that my Fortune fell,
To Yorke I muſt, where I the Biſhop was:
Where I by right, in grace a while did dwell,
And was in ſtawle, with honour great to paſſe.
The Priors then, and Abbots gan to ſmell,
How Cardnall muſt, be honourd as he ought,
And for that day, was great prouiſion brought.

At Cawood then, where I great buildings made,
And did through cauſe, expect my ſtawling day,
The King deuiſde, a ſecret vnder ſhade,
How Cardnall ſhould, bee reſt and brought away.
One *Wealſh* a Knight, came downe in good aray,
And ſeaſned ſure, becauſe from Court hee came,
On *Wolſey* wolfe, that ſpoiled many a lambe.

Then was I led, toward Court, like dog in ſtring,
And brought as biefe, that Butcher-row muſt ſee:
But ſtill I hopte, to come before the King,
And that repaire, was not denide to me.
But he that kept, the Towre, my guide muſt be.
Ah there I ſaw, what King thereby did meane,
And ſo I ſearcht if conſcience now were cleane.

Some ſpots I found, of pride and popiſh parts,
That might accuſe, a better man then I:
Now Oxford came, to minde, with all their arts,
And Cambridge too, but all not worth a flie:
For ſchoolemen can, no foule defects ſupplie.
My ſauce was ſowre, though meate before was ſweete,
Now *Wolſey* lackt, both cunning, wit, and ſpreete.

A deepe conceit, of that, poſſeſt my head,
So fell I ſicke, conſum'd as ſome did thinke.
So tooke in haſte, my chamber and my bed,
On which deuice, perhaps the world might winke.
But in the heart, ſharpe ſorrow ſo did ſinke,
That gladnes ſweete, (forſooke my ſenſes all)
In thoſe extremes, did yeeld vnto my fall.

O let me curſe, the popiſh Cardnall hat,
Thoſe miters big, beſet with pearle and ſtones,
And all the reſt, of traſh I know not what,
The ſaints in ſhrine, their fleſh and rotten bones,
The maske of Monkes, deuiſed for the nones,
And all the flocke, of Freers, what ere they are,
That brought me vp, and left me there ſo bare.

O curſed prieſts, that prate for profits ſake,
And follow floud, and tide, where ere it floes:
O merchants fine, that do aduantage take
Of euery graine, how euer market goes.
O fie on wolues, that march in masking cloes,
For to deuoure, the lambs, when ſhepherd ſleepes,
And woe to you, that promiſe neuer keepes.

You ſaid I ſhould, be reskude if I need,
And you would curſe, with candell, booke and bell:
But when ye ſhould, now ſerue my turne indeed,
Yee haue no houſe, I know not where ye dwell.
O Freers and Monkes, your harbour is in hell,
For in this world, ye haue no rightfull place,
Nor dare not once, in heauen ſhew your face.

Your fault not halfe, ſo great as was my pride,
For which offence, fell *Lucifer* from skies:
Although I would, that wilfull folly hide,
The thing lies plaine, before the peoples eies,
On which hie heart, a hatefull name doth ries.
It hath been ſaid, of old, and daily will,
Pride goes before, and ſhame comes after ſtill.

Pride is a thing, that God and man abores,
A ſwelling tode, that poiſons euery place,
A ſtinking wound, that breedeth many ſores,
A priuie plague, found out in ſtately face,
A painted bird, that keeps a peacoks pace,
A lothſome lout, that lookes like tinkers dog,
A helliſh hownd, a ſwiniſh hateful hog.

That grunts and groanes, at euery thing it ſees,
And holds vp ſnowt, like pig that coms from draffe.
Why ſhould I make, of pride all theſe degrees,
That firſt tooke roote, from filthy droſſe and chaffe,
And makes men ſtay, vpon a broken ſtaffe?
No weakneſſe more, then thinke to ſtand vpright,
When ſtumbling blocke, makes men to fall downe right.

He needs muſt fall, that lookes not where he goes,
And on the ſtarres, walkes ſtaring gozling like:
On ſudden oft, a bluſtering tempeſt bloes,
Then downe great trees are tumbled in the dike.
Who knowes the time, and houre when God will ſtrike?
 Then looke about, and marke what ſteps ye take,
 Before you pace, the pirgrimage yee make.

Run not on head, as all the world were yours,
Nor thruſt them backe, that cannot bide a ſhocke:
Who ſtriues for place, his owne decay procures:
Who alwaies braules, is ſure to catch a knocke:
Who beards a King, his head is neere the blocke:
 But who doth ſtand, in feare, and worldly dreed,
 Ere miſchiefe comes, had need to take good heed.

I hauing hap, did make account of none,
But ſuch as fed, my humour good or bad.
To fawning dogs, ſometimes I gaue a bone,
And flung ſome ſcraps, to ſuch as nothing had:
But in my hands, ſtill kept the golden gad,
 That ſeru'd my turne, and laught the reſt to ſcorne,
 As for himſelfe was Cardnall *Wolſey* borne.

No, no, good men, we liue not for our ſelues,
Though each one catch, as much as he may get:
We ought to looke, to thoſe that digs and delues,
That alwaies dwell, and liue in endleſſe det.
If in ſuch ſort, we would our compaſſe ſet,
 We ſhould haue loue, where now but hate we find,
 And headſtrong will, with cruell hollow mind.

I thought nothing, of dutie, loue, or feare,
I ſnatcht vp all, and alwaies ſought to clime:
I puniſht all, and would with no man beare,
I ſought for all, and ſo could take the time.
I pli'd the Prince, whiles Fortune was in prime,
 I fill'd the bags, and gold in hoord I heapt,
 Thought not on thoſe, that threſht the corne I reapt.

So all I loſt, and all I gate was nought,
And all my pride, and pompe lay in the duſt:
I aske you all, what man aliue had thought,
That in this world, had been ſo little truſt?
Why, all things heere, with time decline they muſt.
Then all is vaine, ſo all not worth a flie,
If all ſhall thinke, that all are borne to die.

If all be baſe, and of ſo ſmall account,
VVhy do we all, in folly ſo abound?
VVhy do the meane, and mightie ſeeke to mount,
Beyond all hope, where is no ſuretie found,
And where the wheele, is alwaies turning round?
The caſe is plaine, if all be vnderſtood,
VVe are ſo vaine, we know not what is good.

Yet ſome will ſay, when they haue heapes of gold,
VVith flockes of friends, and ſeruants at their call,
They liue like Gods, in pleaſure treble fold,
And haue no cauſe, to find no fault at all.
O blind conceit, theſe glories are but ſmall,
And as for friends, they change their minds ſo mich,
They ſtay not long, with neither poore nor rich.

VVith hope of friends, our ſelues we do deceaue,
VVith feare of foes, we threatned are in ſleepe:
But friends ſpeake faire, yet men alone they leaue
To ſinke or ſwim, to mourne, to laugh, or weepe.
Yet when foe ſmiles, the ſnake begins to creepe,
As world falles out, theſe daies in compaſſe iuſt,
VVe know not how, the friend or foe to truſt.

Both can betray, the trueſt man aliue,
Both are to doubt, in matters of great weight,
Both will ſometime, for goods and honor ſtriue,
Both ſeemeth plaine, yet both can ſhew great ſleight,
Both ſtoopes full low, yet both can looke on height,
And beſt of both, not worth a cracked crowne:
Yet leaſt of both, may loſe a walled towne.

Talke not of friends, the name thereof is nought,
Then truſt no foes, if friends their credit loſe;
If foes and friends, of one bare earth were wrought,
Blame nere of both, though both one nature ſhowes.
Grace paſſeth kind, where grace and vertue flowes,
  But where grace wants, make foes and friends alike,
  The one drawes ſword, the other ſure will ſtrike.

I prou'd that true, by triall twentie times,
When *Wolſey* ſtood, on top of Fortunes wheele,
But ſuch as to the height of ladder climes,
Know not what lead, lies hanging on their heele.
Tell me my mates, that heauie Fortune feele,
  If riſing vp, breed not a giddie braine,
  And falling downe, be not a grieuous paine.

I told you how, from Cawood I was led,
And ſo fell ſicke, when I arreſted was;
VVhat needeth now more words herein be ſed,
I knew full well, I muſt to priſon paſſe,
And ſaw my ſtate, as brittle as a glaſſe:
  So gaue vp ghoſt, and bad the world farewell,
  VVherein, God wot, I could no longer dwell.

Thus vnto duſt, and aſhes I return'd,
VVhen blaze of life, and vitall breath went out,
Like glowing coale, that is to cinders burn'd;
All fleſh and blood, ſo end, you need not doubt.
But when the brute of this was blowne about,
  The world was glad, the Cardnall was in graue,
  This is of world, loe all the hope we haue.

Full many a yeare, the world lookt for my fall,
And when I fell, I made as great a cracke,
As doth an oake, or mightie tottering wall,
That whirling winde, doth bring to ruine and wrack,
Now babling world, will talke behind my backe,
  A thouſand things, to my reproch and ſhame,
  So will it too, of others do the ſame.

But what of that? the beſt is we are gone,
And worſt of all, when we our tales haue told,
Our open plagues will warning be to none,
Men are by hap, and courage made ſo bold:
They thinke all is, their owne they haue in hold.
Well, let them ſay, and thinke what thing they pleas,
This weltring world, both flowes and ebs like ſeas.

Tho. Churchyard.

HOW THE LORD CROMWELL EXALTED FROM MEANE ESTATE,

was after by the enuie of the Biſhop of Wincheſter and *other his complices brought to vntimely end,*

Anno Dom. 1540.

AWak'd, and trembling betwixt rage and dread
With the loud ſlander (by the impious time)
That of my actions euery where is ſpread,
Through which to honor falſely I ſhould clime,
From the ſad dwelling of th'vntimely dead,
To quit me of that execrable crime,
Cromwell appeares his wretched plight to ſhow,
Much that can tell, one much that once did know.

Roughly not made vp in the common mould,
That with the vulgar vilely I ſhould die,
What thing ſo ſtrange of *Cromwell* is not told?
What man more prais'd? who more condemn'd then I?
That with the world when I am waxed old,
Moſt t'were vnfit that fame of me ſhould lie
With fables vaine my hiſtorie to fill,
Forcing my good, excuſing of my ill.

You that but hearing of my hated name,
Your ancient malice inſtantly bewray,
And for my ſake your ill deſerued blame
Vpon my legend publikely ſhall lay;

Would you forbeare to blaſt me with defame,
Might I ſo meane a priuiledge but pray,
He that three ages hath endur'd your wrong,
Heare him a little that hath heard you long.

Since Romes ſad ruine heere by me began,
Who her Religion pluckt vp by the root,
Of the falſe world ſuch hate for which I wan,
Which ſtill at me her poiſned'ſt darts doth ſhoot;
That to excuſe it, do the beſt I can,
Little I feare my labour me will boot:
Yet will I ſpeake my troubled heart to eaſe,
Much to the mind, her ſelfe it is to pleaſe.

O powerfull number, from whoſe ſtricter law
Heart-mouing muſicke did receiue the ground
Which men to faire ciuilitie did draw
With the brute beaſt when lawleſſe he was found:
O if according to the wiſer ſaw
There be a high diuinitie in ſound,
Be now abundant proſp'rouſly to aide
The pen prepar'd my doubtfull caſe to pleade.

Putney the place made bleſſed in my brith,
Whoſe meaneſt cottage ſimplie me did ſhrowd,
To me as deareſt of the Engliſh earth;
So of my bringing that poore village prou'd,
Though in a time when neuer leſſe the dearth
Of happie wits, yet mine ſo well allow'd
That with the beſt ſhe boldly durſt confer
Him that his breath acknowledged from her.

Twice flow'd proud Thames as at my comming wood,
Striking the wondring borderers with feare,
And the pale *Genius* of that aged flood
Vnto my mother labouring did appeare,
And with a countenance much diſtracted ſtood,
Threatning the fruit her pained wombe ſhould beare:
My ſpeedie birth being added thereunto,
Seem'd to foretell that much I came to do.

That was reſerued for thoſe worſer daies,
As the great ebbe vnto ſo long a flow,
VVhen what thoſe ages formerly did raiſe,
This when I liu'd did laſtly ouerthrow,
And that great'ſt labour of the world did ſeaze,
Only for which immedicable blow
  Due to that time me dooming heauen ordain'd,
  VVherein confuſion abſolutely raign'd.

Vainly yet noted this prodigious ſigne,
Often predictions of moſt fearefull things,
As plagues, or warre, or great men to decline,
Riſing of Commons, or the death of Kings;
But ſome ſtrange newes though euer it diuine,
Yet forth them not immediatly it brings,
  Vntill th'effects men afterward did learne,
  To know that me it chiefly did concerne.

VVhil'ſt yet my father by his painfull trade,
VVhoſe laboured Anuile only was his fee,
VVhom my great towardneſſe ſtrongly did perſwade
In knowledge to haue educated mee:
But death did him vnluckily inuade,
Ere he the fruits of his deſire could ſee,
  Leauing me yong, then little that did know
  How me the heauens had purpos'd to beſtow.

Hopeleſſe as helpeleſſe moſt might me ſuppoſe,
Whoſe meanneſſe ſeem'd their abiect breath to draw:
Yet did my breaſt that glorious fire incloſe,
VVhich their dull purblind ignorance not ſaw,
VVhich ſtill is ſetled vpon outward ſhowes,
The vulgars iudgement euer is ſo raw,
  VVhich the vnworthieſt ſottiſhly do loue
  In their owne region properly that moue.

Yet me my fortune ſo could not diſguiſe,
But through this cloud were ſome that did me know,
VVhich then the reſt more happie or more wiſe,
Me did relieue when I was driuen low,

VVhich

Which as the ſtaier by which I firſt did riſe,
When to my height I afterward did grow,
Them to requite my bounties were ſo hie,
As made my fame through euery eare to flie.

That height and Godlike puritie of minde
Reſteth not ſtill, where titles moſt adorne
With any, nor peculiarly confinde
To names, and to be limited doth ſcorne:
Man doth the moſt degenerate from kinde,
Richeſt and pooreſt both alike are borne;
And to be alwaies pertinently good,
Followes not ſtill the greatnes of our blood.

Pitie it is that to one vertuous man
That marke him lent to gentrie to aduance,
Which firſt by noble induſtrie he wan,
His baſer iſſue after ſhould inhance,
And the rude ſlaue not any good that can,
Such ſhould thruſt downe by what is his by chance:
As had not he been firſt that him did raiſe,
Nere had his great heire wrought his grandſires praiſe.

How weake art thou that makeſt it thy end
To heape ſuch worldly dignities on thee,
When vpon Fortune only they depend,
And by her changes gouerned muſt bee?
Beſides the dangers ſtill that ſuch attend,
Liuel'eſt of all men purtraied out in mee,
When that for which I hated was of all,
Soon'ſt from me fled, ſcarſe tarrying for my fall.

You that but boaſt your anceſtors proud ſtile,
And the large ſtem whence your vaine greatnes grew,
When you your ſelues are ignorant and vile,
Nor glorious thing dare actually purſue,
That all good ſpirits would vtterly exile,
Doubting their worth ſhould elſe diſcouer you,
Giuing your ſelues vnto ignoble things;
Baſe I proclaime you though deriu'd from Kings.

Vertue but poore, God in this earth doth place
Gainſt the rude world to ſtand vp in his right,
To ſuffer ſad affliction and diſgrace,
Not ceaſing to purſue her with deſpight:
Yet when of all ſhe is accounted baſe,
And ſeeming in moſt miſerable plight,
Out of her power new life to her doth take,
Leaſt then diſmai'd when all do her forſake.

That is the man of an vndaunted ſpirit,
For her deare ſake that offereth him to dye,
For whom, when him the world doth diſinherit,
Looketh vpon it with a pleaſed eye,
What's done for vertue thinking it doth merit,
Daring the proudeſt menaces defie,
More worth then life, how ere the baſe world rate him,
Belou'd of heauen, although the earth doth hate him.

Iniurious time, vnto the good vniuſt,
O how may weake poſteritie ſuppoſe
Euer to haue their merit from the duſt,
Gainſt them thy partialitie that knowes!
To thy report ô who ſhall euer truſt,
Triumphant arches building vnto thoſe
Allow'd the longeſt memorie to haue,
That were the moſt vnworthie of a graue?

But my cleere mettle had that powerfull heat,
As it not turn'd with all that Fortune could:
Nor when the world me terribleſt did threat,
Could that place win which my hie thoughts did hold,
That waxed ſtill more proſperouſly great,
The more the world me ſtroue to haue control'd,
On my owne Columnes conſtantly to ſtand,
Without the falſe helpe of anothers hand.

My youthfull courſe thus wiſely did I ſteere,
T'auoid thoſe rockes my wracke that elſe did thret:
Yet ſome faire hopes from farre did ſtill appeere,
If that too much my wants me did not let:

Wherefore my ſelfe aboue my ſelfe to beare,
Still as I grew I knowledge ſtroue to get,
To perfect that which in the Embryon was,
Whoſe birth I found time well might bring to paſſe.

But when my meanes to faile me I did finde,
My ſelfe to trauell preſently betooke,
As much diſtaſtfull to my noble minde,
That the vile world into my wants ſhould looke,
And of my ſelfe induſtriouſly inclinde,
To meaſure others actions with my booke,
I might my iudgement rectifie thereby,
In matters that were difficult and hie.

When loe it hapt that fortune as my guide,
Of me did with ſuch prouidence diſpoſe,
That th'Engliſh Merchants then who did reſide
At Antwerpe, me their Secretarie choſe,
(As though in me to manifeſt her pride)
Whence to thoſe principalities I roſe,
To pluck me downe, whence afterward ſhe fear'd
Beyond her power that almoſt ſhe had rear'd.

When firſt the wealthie Netherlauds me traind
In wiſe commerce moſt proper to the place,
And from my countrie carefully me wain'd,
That with the world did chiefly winne me grace,
Where great experience happily I gaind;
Yet here I ſeem'd but tutor'd for a ſpace,
For hie imploiment otherwiſe ordaind,
Till which the time I idely entertaind.

For hauing Boſton buſineſſe in hand,
The charge thereof on Chambers being laid,
Comming to Flanders hapt to vnderſtand
Of me whom he requeſted him to aid;
Of which when I the benefit had ſcand,.
Weighing what time at Antwerpe I had ſtaid,
Quickly me wonne faire Italy to trie,
Vnder a cheerefull and more luckie skie:

For what the meaneſt cleerely makes to ſhine,
Youth, wit, and courage, all in me concurre
In euery proiect, that ſo powerfull trine
By whoſe kind working brauely I did ſturre,
Which to each hie and glorious deſigne
(The time could offer) freely did me ſpurre,
As forcing fate ſome new thing to prepare
(Shewing ſucceſſe) t'attempt that could me dare:

Where now my ſpirit got roomth it ſelfe to ſhow,
To the fair'ſt pitch doth make a gallant flight,
From things that too much earthly were and low,
Strongly attracted by a genuine light,
Where higher ſtill it euery day did grow;
And being in ſo excellent a plight,
Grau'd but occaſion happily to proue
How much it ſate each vulgar ſpirit aboue.

The good ſucceſſe th'affaires of England found,
Much prais'd the choice of me that had been made:
For where moſt men the depth durſt hardly ſound,
I held it nothing boldly through to wade
My ſelfe, and through the ſtrait'ſt waies I woond.
So could I act, ſo well I could perſwade
As meerely Iouiall, me to mirth applie,
Compos'd of freedome and alacritie.

Not long it was ere Rome of me did ring
(Hardly ſhall Rome ſo full daies ſee again)
Of freemens catches to the Pope I ſing,
Which wan much licence to my countrimen,
Thither the which I was the firſt did bring,
That were vnknowne to Italy till then:
Light humours them when iudgement doth direct,
Euen of the wiſe win plauſible reſpect.

And thoſe from whom that penſions were allow'd,
And heere did for intelligence remaine,
Vnder my power themſelues were glad to ſhroud,
Ruſſell and *Pace* yea oftentimes were faine,

When as their names they durſt not haue auow'd,
Me into their ſocietie t'retaine,
Riſing before me mightie as they were,
Great though at home, yet did they need me there.

In forraine parts nere friends I yet forſake
That had before been deeply bound to mee,
And would againe I vſe of them ſhould make,
But ſtill my ſtarres command I ſhould be free,
And all thoſe offers lightly from me ſhake,
Which to requite I fettred elſe might bee,
And though that oft great perils me oppungne,
And meanes were weak, my mind was euer ſtrong.

And thoſe great wants fate to my youth did tie
Me from delights of thoſe rich countries driue,
Thereby inforc'd with painfull induſtrie
Againſt affliction manfully to ſtriue
Vnder her burthen faintly not to lie,
But ſince my good I hardly muſt deriue,
Vnto the ſame to make my ſelfe a way
Through all the power againſt me ſhe could lay.

As a Comedian where my life I led,
For ſo a while my need did me conſtraine,
With other my poore countrimen (that plai'd)
Thither that came in hope of better gaine,
Whereas when Fortune ſeem'd me low to tread
Vnder her feet, ſhe ſet me vp againe,
Vntill the vſe me bad her not to feare
Her good and ill that patiently could beare.

Till *Charles* the fift th'emperiall power did bend
Gainſt Rome, which *Burbon* skilfully did guide,
Which ſore declining Italy did rend;
For th'right that him her holineſſe denide,
Wholly her ſelfe enforced to defend
Gainſt him that iuſtly puniſhed her pride,
To which my ſelfe I laſtly did betake,
Seeing thereof what Fortune ment to make.

And at the ſiege with that great Generall ſeru'd,
When he did girt her ſtubborne waſte with ſteele,
Within her walles who well neer being ſtaru'd,
And that with faintnes ſhe began to reele,
Shewing her ſelfe a little as ſhe ſwaru'd:
Firſt her then noting I began to feele,
   She whoſe great power ſo far abroad did rome,
   What in her ſelfe ſhe truly was at home.

That the great ſchoole of the falſe world was then,
Where her's their ſubtill practiſes did vie,
Amongſt that mightie confluence of men,
French plots propt vp by Engliſh policie,
The German powers, falſe ſhuffling, and agen
All countermin'd by skilfull Italy,
   Each one in poſſibility to win,
   Great reſts were vp and mightie hands were in.

Here firſt to worke my buſie braine was ſet,
(My inclination finding it to pleaſe
This ſtirring world which ſtrongly ſtill did whet)
To temper in ſo dangerous aſſaies,
Which did ſtrange formes of policies beget;
Beſides in times ſo turbulent as theſe,
   Wherein my ſtudies hopefully did bend
   Vnto that point the wiſeſt made their end:

And my experience happily me taught
Into the ſecrets of thoſe times to ſee,
From whence to England afterward I brought
Thoſe ſlights of ſtate deliu'red vnto me,
In t'which were then but very few that ſought,
Nor did with th'umour of that age agree,
   After did great and fearfull things effect,
   Whoſe ſecret working few did then ſuſpect:

When though t'were long it hapned yet at laſt
Some hopes me homeward ſecretly allur'd,
When many perils ſtrangely I had paſt,
As many ſad calamities endur'd

Beyond the Moone, when I began to caſt
By my rare parts what place might be procur'd,
If they at home were to the mightie knowne,
How they would ſeeme compared with their owne.

Or if that there the great ſhould me neglect,
As I the worſt that vainely did not feare,
To my experience how to gaine reſpect
In other countries that doe hold it deare,
And now occaſion ſeemed to reiect,
Whil'ſt ſtill before me other riſing were,
And ſome themſelues had mounted to the skie,
Little before vnlike to thriue as I.

When now in England Bigamie with blood
Lately begot by luxurie and pride,
In their great'ſt fulnes peremptorie ſtood;
Some thereunto that diligently pri'd,
Stillie were fiſhing in that troubled flood
For future changes wiſely to prouide,
Finding the world ſo rankly then to ſwell,
That till it brake it neuer could be well.

But floting long vpon my firſt arriue,
Whil'ſt many doubts me ſeemed to appall,
Like to a barke that with the tide doth driue,
Hauing not left to faſten it withall,
Thus with the time by ſuffring I doe ſtriue
Vnto that harbor doubtfull yet to fall;
Vntill inforc'd to put it to the chance,
Caſting the fair'ſt my fortune to aduance.

Making my ſelfe to mightie *Wolſey* knowne,
That *Atlas* which the gouernment vpſtai'd,
Which from meane place in little time was growne
Vp vnto him, that weight vpon him lai'd,
And being got the neereſt to his throne,
He the more eaſly the great kingdome ſwai'd,
Leaning thereon his wearied ſelfe to breath,
Whil'ſt euen the greateſt farre ſat him beneath.

Where learned *More* and *Gardiner* I met,
Men in thoſe times immatchable for wit,
Able that were the dulleſt ſpirit to whet,
And did my humour excellently fit,
Into their ranke that worthily did get
There as their proud competitor to ſit,
One excellence to many is the mother,
Wit doth as creatures one beget another.

This Founder of the palaces of Kings;
Whoſe veines with more then vſuall ſpirit were fild,
A man ordained to the mighti'ſt things,
In Oxford then determining to build
To Chriſt a Colledge, and together brings
All that thereof the great foundation wills,
There me imploies, whoſe induſtrie he found
Worthie to worke vpon the nobleſt ground;

Yet in the entrance wiſely that did feare
Coyne might fall ſhort, yet with this worke on fire,
Wherefore ſuch houſes as Religious were
Whoſe being no neceſſitie require,
But that the greater very well might beare,
From Rome the Card'nall cunningly did hire,
Winning withall his Soueraigne to conſent,
Both colouring with ſo holy an intent.

This like a ſymptome to a long diſeaſe
Was the forerunner to this mightie fall,
And but too vnaduiſedly did ſeaſe
Vpon the part that ruinated all,
Which had the worke been of ſo many daies
And more againe, recouer hardly ſhall:
But loe it ſunke which time did long vphold,
Where now it lies euen leueld with the mould.

Thus thou great Rome here firſt waſt ouerthrowne,
Thy future harmes that blindly couldſt not ſe,
And in this worke they only were thine owne,
Whoſe knowledge lent that deadly wound to thee,

Which to the world before had they not ſhowne,
Nere had thoſe ſecrets been deſcri'd by mee,
Nor by thy wealth ſo many from the plow
Worne thoſe hie types wherein they floriſh now.

After when as the Cardinall againe
Into hie fauour with the King mee brought,
VVith whom my ſelfe ſo well I did demeane,
As that I ſeem'd to exerciſe his thought,
And his great liking ſtrongly did retaine
With what before my Maſter me had taught,
From whoſe example by thoſe Cels were ſmall
Sprang the ſubuerſion laſtly of them all.

Yet many a let was caſt into the way,
VVherein I ran ſo ſteddily and right,
And many a ſnare my aduerſaries lay,
Much wrought they with their power much with their ſlight,
Wiſely perceiuing that my ſmalleſt ſtay
Fully requir'd the vtmoſt of their might,
To my aſcendant haſting me to clime,
There as the firſt predomining the time,

Knowing what wealth me earneſtly did wooe,
VVhich I through *Wolſey* hapned had to finde,
And could the path moſt perfectly vntoo,
The King thereafter earneſtly inclin'd,
Seeing beſides what after I might doe
If ſo great power mee fully were aſſign'd,
By all their meanes againſt me ſtrongly wrought,
Lab'ring as faſt to bring their Church to nought.

Whil'ſt to the King continually I ſue,
And in this buſineſſe faithfully did ſtirre
Strongly t'approue my iudgement to be true
Gainſt thoſe who moſt ſuppoſed me to erre,
Nor the leaſt meanes which any way I knew
Might grace me, or my purpoſes preferre
Did I omit, till wonne I had his eare,
Moſt that me mark'd when leaſt he ſeem'd to heare.

This wound to them thus violently giuen,
Enuie at me her ſharpeſt darts doth roue,
Affecting the ſupremacie of heauen,
As the firſt Giants warring againſt *Ioue*,
Heap'd hils on hils, the Gods till they had driuen
The meaneſt ſhapes of earthly things to proue:
So muſt I ſhift from them againſt me roſe,
Mortall their hate, as mightie were my foes.

But their great force againſt me wholly bent
Preuail'd vpon my purpoſes ſo farre,
That I my ruine ſcarſely could preuent,
So momentarie worldly fauours are,
That till the vtmoſt of their ſpight was ſpent,
Had not my ſpirit maintain'd a manly warre,
Riſen they had when laid I had been low,
Vpon whoſe ruine after I did grow.

When the great King their ſtrange reports that tooke
That as pernitious as they potent were,
Which at the faire growth of my fortune ſtrooke,
Whoſe deadly malice blame me not to feare,
Me at the firſt ſo violently ſhooke,
That they this frame were likely downe to beare,
If reſolution with a ſetled brow
Had not vpheld my peremptorie vow.

Yet theſe encounters thruſt me not awry,
Nor could my courſes force me to forſake,
After this ſhipwrack I againe muſt trie
Some happier voiage hopefull ſtill to make,
The plots that barren long we ſee did lie,
Some fitting ſeaſon plentifully take,
One fruitfull harueſt frankly doth reſtore
What many winters hindred had before.

That to account I ſtrictly call my wit
How it this while had managed my ſtate,
My ſoule in counſell ſummoning to ſit,
If poſſible to turne the courſe of fate,

For waies there be the greateſt things to hit,
If men could find the peremptorie gate,
And ſince I once was got ſo neere the brinke
More then before, t'would grieue me now to ſinke.

Bedford whoſe life (ſome ſaid) that I had ſau'd
In Italy, one me that fauoured moſt,
And reuerend *Hayles* who but occaſion crau'd
To ſhew his loue, no leſſe that I had coſt,
VVho to the King perceiuing me diſgrac'd,
VVhoſe fauour I vnluckily had loſt,
Both with him great, a foot ſet in withall
If not to ſtay, to qualifie my fall.

High their regard, yet higher was their hap,
Well neere quite ſunke recouer me that could,
And once more get me into Fortunes lap,
VVhich well my ſelfe might teach me there to hold,
Eſcap'd out of ſo dangerous a trap,
VVhoſe praiſe by me to ages ſhall be told,
As the two props by which I only roſe,
VVhen moſt ſuppreſt, moſt trod on by my foes.

This me to vrge the premunire wonne,
Ordain'd in matters dangerous and hie,
In t'which the heedleſſe Prelacie were runne,
That backe vnto the Papacie did flie,
Sworne to that ſea, and what before was done
Due to the King, diſpenſed were thereby,
In t'which firſt entring offred me the meane
That to throw downe alreadie that did leane.

This was to me that ouerflowing ſourſe,
From whence his bounties plentifully ſpring,
VVhoſe ſpeedie current with vnuſuall force
Bare me into the boſome of the King,
By putting him into that readie courſe
VVhich ſoone to paſſe his purpoſes might bring,
Where thoſe which late emperiouſly control'd me
Pale ſtrooke with feare ſtood trembling to behold me.

When ſtate to me thoſe ceremonies ſhow'd
That to ſo great a fauorite were due,
And Fortune ſtill with honors did me load,
As though no meane ſhe in my riſing knew,
Or heauen to me more then to man had ow'd,
(What to the world vnheard of was and new)
And was to other ſparing of her ſtore
Till ſhe could giue, or aske I could no more.

Thoſe high preferments he vpon me laid,
Might make the world me publikely to know
Such as in iudgement rightly being wai'd,
Seemed too great for me to vndergo,
Nor could his hand from powring on be ſtai'd
Vntill I ſo abundantly did flow,
That looking downe whence lately I was cloame,
Danger bid feare if further I ſhould roame.

For firſt from Knighthood riſing in degree,
The office of the Iewell houſe my lot,
After the Roles he frankely gaue to mee,
From whence a priuie Counſeller I got,
Choſe of the Garter: and the Earle to bee
Of Eſſex: yet ſufficient theſe not
But to the great Vicegerencie I grew,
Being a title as ſupreame as new.

So well did me theſe dignities befit,
And honor ſo me euery way became,
As more then man I had been made for it,
Or as from me it had deriu'd the name:
Where was that man whoſe loue I not requit
Beyond his owne imaginarie aime,
Which had me ſuccour'd neerely being driuen
As things to me that idlely were not giuen?

What tongue ſo ſlow the tale ſhall not report
Of hoſpitable *Friſcobald* and mee,
And ſhew in how reciprocall a ſort
My thankes did with his courteſie agree,

When as my meanes in Italy were ſhort
That me relieu'd, leſſe great that would not bee,
When I of England Chancellor was made,
His former bounties librally repai'd?

The maner briefly gentler Muſe relate,
Since oft before it wiſely hath been told,
The ſudden change of vnauoided fate,
That famous Merchant reuerend *Friſcobald*
Grew poore, and the ſmall remnant of his ſtate
Was certaine goods to England he had ſold,
Which in the hands of Creditors but bad,
Small hope to get, yet leſſer meanes he had.

Hither his wants him forciblie conſtrain'd,
Though with long trauell both by land and ſeas,
Led by this hope that only now remain'd,
Whereon his fortune finally he laies,
And if he found that friendſhip heere were fain'd,
Yet at the worſt it better ſhould him pleaſe,
Farre out of ſight to periſh heere vnknowne,
Then vnrelieu'd be pitied of his owne.

It chanc'd as I toward *Weſtmiſter* did ride,
Mongſt the great concourſe paſſing to and fro,
An aged man I happily eſpide,
Whoſe outward looks much inward griefe did ſhow,
Which made me note him, and the more I ey'd
Him, me thought more preciſely I ſhould know,
Reuoluing long it came into my mind,
This was the man to me had been ſo kind:

Was therewithall ſo ioyed with his ſight,
(With the deare ſight of his ſo reuerend face)
That I could ſcarcely keepe me from t'alight,
And in mine armes him openly embrace;
Weighing yet (well) what ſome imagine might,
He being a ſtranger and the publike place
Checkt my affection, till ſome fitter hower
On him my loue effectually might ſhower.

Neuer,quoth I,was Fortune ſo vniuſt
As to do wrong vnto thy noble hart,
VVhat man ſo wicked could betray the truſt
Of one ſo vpright of ſo good deſart?
And though obey neceſſitie thou muſt,
As when the great'ſt the ſame to me thou art,
  Let me alone the laſt be left of all,
  That from the reſt declin'd not with thy fall.

And calling to a Gentleman of mine,
VViſe and diſcreet that well I knew to bee,
Shew'd him that ſtranger, whoſe deiected eyne
Fixt on the earth nere once lookt vp at mee,
Bid yonder man come home to me and dine
(Quoth I) beſpeake him reuerently (you ſee)
  Scorne not his habit, little canſt thou tell
  How rich a mind in thoſe meane rags doth dwell.

He with my name that kindly did him greete,
Slowly caſt vp his deadly-mouing eye,
That long time had been fixed on his feete,
To looke no higher then his miſerie,
Thinking him more calamitie did greete,
Or that I had ſuppoſed him ſome ſpye,
  VVith a deepe ſigh that from his heart he drew,
  Quoth he,his will accompliſht be by you.

My man departed and the meſſage done,
He whoſe ſad heart with ſtrange impreſſions ſtrooke,
To thinke vpon this accident begun,
And on himſelfe ſuſpitiouſly to looke,
Into all doubts he fearefully doth run,
Oft himſelfe cheering, oft himſelfe forſooke:
  Strangely perplext vnto my houſe doth come,
  Not knowing why iudg'd nor dreading yet his doome.

My ſeruants ſet his comming to attend,
That were therein not common for their skill,
VVhoſe vſage yet the former did amend:
He hop'd not good, nor guiltie was of ill,

But as a man whoſe thoughts were at an end,
Fortune (quoth he) then worke on me thy will,
Wiſer then man I thinke he were that knew
Whence this may come, or what thereof enſue.

His honored preſence ſo did me enflame,
That though being then in preſence of my Peeres,
Daine not the leſſe to meet him as he came,
(That very hardly could containe my teares)
Kindly ſalute him, call him by his name,
And oft together aske him how he cheares,
With ſtill along maintaining the extreame;
Yet thought the man he had been in a dreame.

At length t'awake him gently I began
With this demaund, if once he did not know
One *Thomas Cromwell* a poore Engliſh man,
By him relieu'd when he was driuen low:
When I perceiu'd he my remembrance wan,
Yet with his teares it ſilently did ſhow:
I wept for woe to ſee mine hoſt diſtreſt,
But he for ioy to ſee his happie gueſt.

Him to the Lords I publiſht by my praiſe,
And at my table, carefully him ſet,
Recounting them the many ſundrie waies
I was vnto this gentleman in debt,
How great he was in Florence in thoſe daies,
With all that grace or reuerence him might get:
Which all the while yet ſilently he heares,
Moiſting (among) his viands with his teares.

And to lend fulneſſe laſtly to his fate
Great ſummes I gaue him, and what was his due
Made knowne, my ſelfe became his aduocate,
And at my charge his creditors I ſue,
Recouering him vnto his former ſtate:
Thus he the world began by me anew,
That ſhall to all poſteritie expreſſe
His honored bountie, and my thankfulneſſe.

But Muſe recount, before thou further paſſe,
How this great change ſo quickly came about,
And what the cauſe of this ſad downefall was,
In euery part the ſpatious Realme throughout,
Being effected in ſo little ſpace,
Leaue not thereof poſteritie to doubt,
That with the world obſcured elſe may bee,
If in this place reuealed not by thee.

If the whole land did on the Church relie,
Hauing full power Kings to account to call,
That to the world read only policie,
Beſides heauens keyes to ſtop or let in all,
Let me but know from her ſupremacie
How ſhe ſhould come ſo ſuddenly to fall:
T'was more then chance ſure put a hand thereto,
That had the power ſo great a thing to do.

Or ought there were had biding vnder Sunne,
Who would haue thought thoſe edifices great,
Which firſt religion holily begunne,
The Church approu'd, and wiſdome richly ſeate,
Deuotion nouriſh'd, faith allowance wonne,
And all that them might any way compleate,
Should in their ruines laſtly buried lie,
But that begun and ended from the skie?

And the King late obedient to her lawes,
Againſt the Clerke of Germany had writ,
As he that firſt ſtirr'd in the Churches cauſe,
Againſt him greatlieſt that oppugned it,
And wan from her ſo gratefull an applauſe,
Then in her fauour chiefly that did ſit,
That as the prop, whereon ſhe only ſtai'th,
Him ſhe inſtil'd *Defender of the faith*.

But not their power, whoſe wiſdomes them did place
In the firſt ranke, the oracles of ſtate,
Who that opinion ſtrongly did embrace,
Which through the land receiued was of late,

Then ought at all preuailed in this caſe,
O powerfull doome of vnauoided fate,
Whoſe depth not weake mortalitie can know,
Who can vphold what heauen will ouerthrow?

VVhen time now vniuerſally did ſhow
The power to her peculiarly annex'd,
VVith moſt abundance then when ſhe did flow,
Yet euery hower ſtill proſp'rouſly ſhe wex'd,
But the world poore did by looſe riots grow,
VVhich ſerued as an excellent pretext,
And colour gaue to plucke her from her pride,
VVhoſe only greatneſſe ſuffred none beſide.

Likewiſe to that poſteritie did doubt
Thoſe at the firſt not rightly did adore,
Their fathers that too credulous deuout
Vnto the Church contributed their ſtore,
And to recouer only went about
VVhat their great zeale had lauiſhed before,
On her a ſtrong hand violently lai'd,
Preying on that, they gaue for to be prai'd.

And now the King ſet in a courſe ſo right,
VVhich I for him laboriouſly had tract,
(VVho till I learn'd him, did not know his might)
I ſtill to prompt his power with me to act,
Into thoſe ſecrets got ſo deepe a ſight,
That nothing laſtly to his furtherance lackt,
And by example plainly to him ſhowne,
How all might now be eaſly ouerthrowne.

In taking downe yet of this goodly frame
He ſuddenly not brake off euery band,
But tooke the power firſt from the Papall name,
After a while let the Religion ſtand,
When limbe by limbe he daily did it lame,
Firſt tooke a leg, and after tooke a hand,
Till the poore ſemblance of a bodie left,
But all ſhould ſtay it, vtterly bereft.

For if ſome Abbey hapned void to fall
By death of him that the ſuperiour was,
Gaine that did firſt Church libertie enthrall,
Only ſupreame, promoted to the place,
Mongſt many bad the worſt moſt times of all,
Vnder the colour of ſome others grace,
  That by the ſlander from his life ſhould ſpring,
  Into contempt it more and more might bring.

This time from heauen when by the ſecret courſe,
Diſſenſion vniuerſally began,
(Preuailing as a planetarie ſourſe)
I'th Church belieuing, as Mahumitan,
When *Luther* firſt did thoſe opinions nurſe,
Much from great Rome in little ſpace that wan,
  It to this change ſo aptly did diſpoſe,
  From whoſe ſad ruine ours ſo great aroſe.

That heere that fabrique vtterly did faile,
Which powerfull fate had limited to time,
By whoſe ſtrong law it naturally muſt quaile,
From that proud height to which it long did clime,
Letting gainſt it the contrarie preuaile,
Therein to puniſh ſome notorious crime,
  For which at length iuſt dooming heauen decreed,
  That on her buildings ruine heere ſhould feed.

Th'authoritie vpon her ſhe did take,
And vſe thereof in euery little thing,
Finding her ſelfe how oft ſhe did forſake,
In her owne bounds her neuer limiting,
That awfull feare and due obedience brake
Which her reputed holineſſe did bring,
  From ſlight regard ſoone brought her into hate
  With thoſe that much diſliked her eſtate.

And that thoſe parts ſhe cunningly had plai'd,
Beliefe vnto her miracles to win,
Vnto the world were euery day bewrai'd,
From which the doubt did of her power begin,

Damnation yet to queſtion what ſhe ſaid
Made moſt ſuſpect the faith they had been in,
When their ſaluation eaſly might be bought,
Found not this yet the way that they had ſought.

When thoſe ill humours ripened to a head,
Bred by the rankneſſe of the plentious land,
And they not only ſtrangely from her fled,
Bound for her ancient libertie to ſtand,
But what their fathers gaue her being dead,
The ſonnes rap'd from her with a violent hand,
And thoſe her buildings moſt of all abus'd,
That with the waight their fathers coffins bruis'd.

The wiſeſt and moſt prouident but build,
For time againe too waſtfully deſtroy,
The coſtly piles and monuments we guild,
Succeeding time ſhall reckon but a toy,
Viciſſitude impartially wild,
The goodlieſt things be ſubiect to annoy,
And what one age did ſtudiouſly maintaine,
The next againe accounteth vile and vaine.

Yet time doth tell, in ſome things they did erre,
That put their helpe her brauery to deface,
When as the wealth, that taken was from her,
Others ſoone raiſed, that did them diſplace,
Their titles and their offices conferre
On ſuch before, as were obſcure and baſe,
Who would with her they likewiſe downe ſhould go,
And o'rthrew them that her did ouerthrow.

And th'Romiſh rites that with a cleerer ſight
The wiſeſt thought they iuſtly did reiect,
They after ſaw that the receiued light
Not altogether free was from defect,
Myſterious things being not conceiued right,
Thereof bred in the ignorant neglect,
For in opinion ſomething ſhort doth fall,
Wants there haue been and ſhall be ſtill in all.

But negligent ſecuritie and eaſe
Vnbridled ſenſualitie begat,
That only ſought his appetite to pleaſe,
As in the midſt it of abundance ſat,
The Church not willing others ſhould her praiſe
That ſhe was leane, when as her lands were fat,
Her ſelfe to too much libertie did giue,
Which ſome perceiu'd that in thoſe times did liue.

Pierce the wiſe Plowman in his viſion ſaw
Conſcience ſore hurt, yet ſorer was affraid
The ſeuen great ſins to hell him like to draw,
And to wiſe Clergie mainly cri'd for aid;
Falne ere he wiſt (whom perill much did awe)
On vncleane Prieſts whil'ſt faintly he him ſtaid,
Willing good Clergie t'eaſe his wretched caſe,
Whom theſe ſtrong Giants hotly had in chaſe.

Clergie call'd Friers which neere at hand did dwell,
And them requeſts to take in hand the cure,
But for their Leechcraft that they could not well,
He liſted not their dreſſing to endure,
VVhen in his eare Need ſoftly him did tell
(And of his knowledge more did him aſſure)
They came for gain their end which they did make,
For which on them the charge of ſoules they take.

And voluntarie pouertie profeſt,
By food of Angels ſeeming as to liue;
But yet with them th'accounted were the beſt
That moſt to their fraternitie doe giue,
And beyond number that they were increas'd:
If ſo (quoth Conſcience) thee may I beleeue,
Then t'is in vaine more on them to beſtow,
If beyond number like they be to grow.

The Frier ſoone feeling Conſcience had him found,
And hearing how Hypocriſie did thriue,
That many Teachers euery where did wound,
For which Contrition miſerably did grieue:

Now in deceit to ſhew himſelfe profound,
His former hopes yet laſtly to reuiue
    Gets the Popes letters, whereof he doth ſhape
    Him a diſguiſe from Conſcience to eſcape.

And ſo towards goodly Vnitie he goes,
A ſtrong-built Caſtle ſtanding very hie,
VVhere Conſcience liu'd to keepe him from his foes,
VVhom leſt ſome watchfull Centinell ſhould ſpie,
And him vnto the garriſon diſcloſe,
His cowle about him carefully doth tie,
    Creepes to the gate and cloſely thereat beate,
    As one that entrance gladly would intreate.

Peace the good porter readie ſtill at hand
It doth vnpin, and praies him God to ſaue,
And after ſaluing kindly doth demand
VVhat was his will, or who he there would haue?
The Frier low lowting croſſing with his hand,
Speak with Contrition (quoth he) I would craue.
    Father (quoth Peace) your comming is in vaine,
    For him of late Hypocriſie hath ſlaine.

God ſhield (quoth he) and turning vp the eyes,
To former health I hope him to reſtore,
For in my skill his ſound recouerie lies,
Doubt not thereof if ſetting God before.
Are you a ſurgeon, Peace againe replies;
Yea (quoth the Frier) and ſent to heale his ſore:
    Come neere (quoth Peace) and God your comming ſpeed,
    Neuer of help Contrition had more need.

And for more haſte he haleth in the Frier,
And his Lord Conſcience quickly of him told,
VVho entertain'd him with right friendly cheere:
O Sir (quoth he) intreate you that I could
To lend your hand vnto my Coſin deare
Contrition, whom a ſore diſeaſe doth hold,
    That wounded by Hypocriſie of late,
    Now lieth in moſt deſperate eſtate.

Sir (quoth the Frier) I hope him ſoone to cure,
Which to your comfort quickly you ſhall ſee,
Will he a while my dreſſing but endure;
And to contrition therewith commeth hee,
And by faire ſpeech himſelfe of him aſſure,
But firſt of all going thorough for his fee:
 VVhich done (quoth he) if outwardly you ſhow,
 Sound, t'not auailes if inwardly or no.

But ſecretly aſſoiling of his ſin,
No other med'cine will vnto him lay,
Saying that heauen his ſiluer him ſhould win,
And to giue Friers was better then to pray,
So he were ſhrieu'd what need he care a pin.
Thus with his patient he ſo long did play,
 Vntill contrition had forgot to weepe,
 This the wiſe plowman ſhew'd me from his ſleepe.

He ſaw their faults, that looſly liued then,
Others againe our weakneſſes ſhall ſee:
For this is ſure he bideth not with men
That ſhall know all to be what they ſhould bee:
Yet let the faithfull and induſtrious pen
Haue the due merit; but returne to mee,
 Whoſe fall this while blind Fortune did deuiſe,
 To be as ſtrange as ſtrangely I did riſe.

Thoſe ſecret foes yet ſubt'ly to deceiue,
That me maligning lifted at my ſtate,
The King to marry forward ſtill I heaue,
(His former wife being repudiate)
To *Anne* the ſiſter of the Duke of Cleaue,
The German Princes to confederate,
 To backe me ſtill gainſt thoſe againſt me lay,
 Which as their owne retain'd me here in pay.

Which my deſtruction principally wrought,
When afterward abandoning her bed,
Which to his will to paſſe could not be brought,
So long as yet I beare about my head

The only man her ſafetie that had ſought,
Of her againe and only fauoured,
  Which was the cauſe he haſted to my end,
  Vpon whoſe fall hers likewiſe did depend.

For in his high diſtemprature of blood
Who was ſo great whoſe life he did regard?
Or what was it that his deſires withſtood
He not inueſted were it nere ſo hard?
Nor held he me ſo abſolutely good,
That though I croſt him yet I ſhould be ſpar'd,
  But with thoſe things I laſtly was to go,
  Which he to ground did violently throw.

When *Wincheſter* with all thoſe enemies
Whom my much power from audience had debarr'd,
The longer time their miſchiefes to deuiſe,
Feeling with me how laſtly now it far'd,
When I had done the King that did ſuffice,
Laſtly thruſt in againſt me to be heard,
  When all was ill contrarily turn'd good,
  Making amaine to th'ſhedding of my blood.

And that the King his action doth deny,
And on my guilt doth altogether lay,
Hauing his riot ſatisfied thereby,
Seemes not to know how I therein did ſway,
What late was truth conuerted hereſie:
When he in me had purchaſed his pray,
  Himſelfe to cleere and ſatisfie the ſin,
  Leaues me but late his inſtrument therein.

Thoſe lawes I made, my ſelfe alone to pleaſe,
To giue me power more freely to my will,
Euen to my equals hurtfull ſundrie waies,
(Forced to things that moſt do ſay were ill)
Vpon me now as violently ceaze,
By which I laſtly periſht by my skill,
  On mine owne necke returning (as my due)
  That heauie yoke wherein by me they drew

My greatneſſe threatned by ill-boding eyes,
My actions ſtrangely cenſured of all,
Yet in my way my giddines not ſees
The pit wherein I likely was to fall:
O were the ſweets of mans felicities
Often amongſt not temp'red with ſome gall,
He would forget by his ore weening skill,
Iuſt heauen aboue doth cenſure good and ill.

Things ouer rancke do neuer kindly beare,
As in the corne the fluxure, when we ſee
Fill but the ſtraw when it ſhould feed the eare,
Rotting that time in ripening it ſhould bee,
And being once downe it ſelfe can neuer reare:
With vs well doth this ſimilie agree,
(By the wiſe man) due to the great in all,
By their owne weight b'ing broken in their fall.

Selfe-louing man what ſooner doth abuſe,
And more then his proſperitie doth wound?
Into the deepe but fall how can he chuſe
That ouer-ſtrides whereon his foot to ground?
Who ſparingly proſperitie doth vſe,
And to himſelfe doth after-ill propound,
Vnto his height who happily doth clime,
Sits aboue Fortune, and controlleth time.

Not chuſing that vs moſt delight doth bring,
And moſt that by the generall breath is freed,
Wooing that ſuffrage; but the vertuous thing
Which in it ſelfe is excellent indeed,
Of which the depth and perfect managing
Amongſt the moſt, but few there be that heed,
Affecting that agreeing with their blood,
Seldome enduring neuer yet was good.

But whil'ſt we ſtriue too ſuddenly to riſe
By flattring Princes with a ſeruill tong,
And being ſoothers to their tyrannies,
Worke our more woes by what doth many wrong,

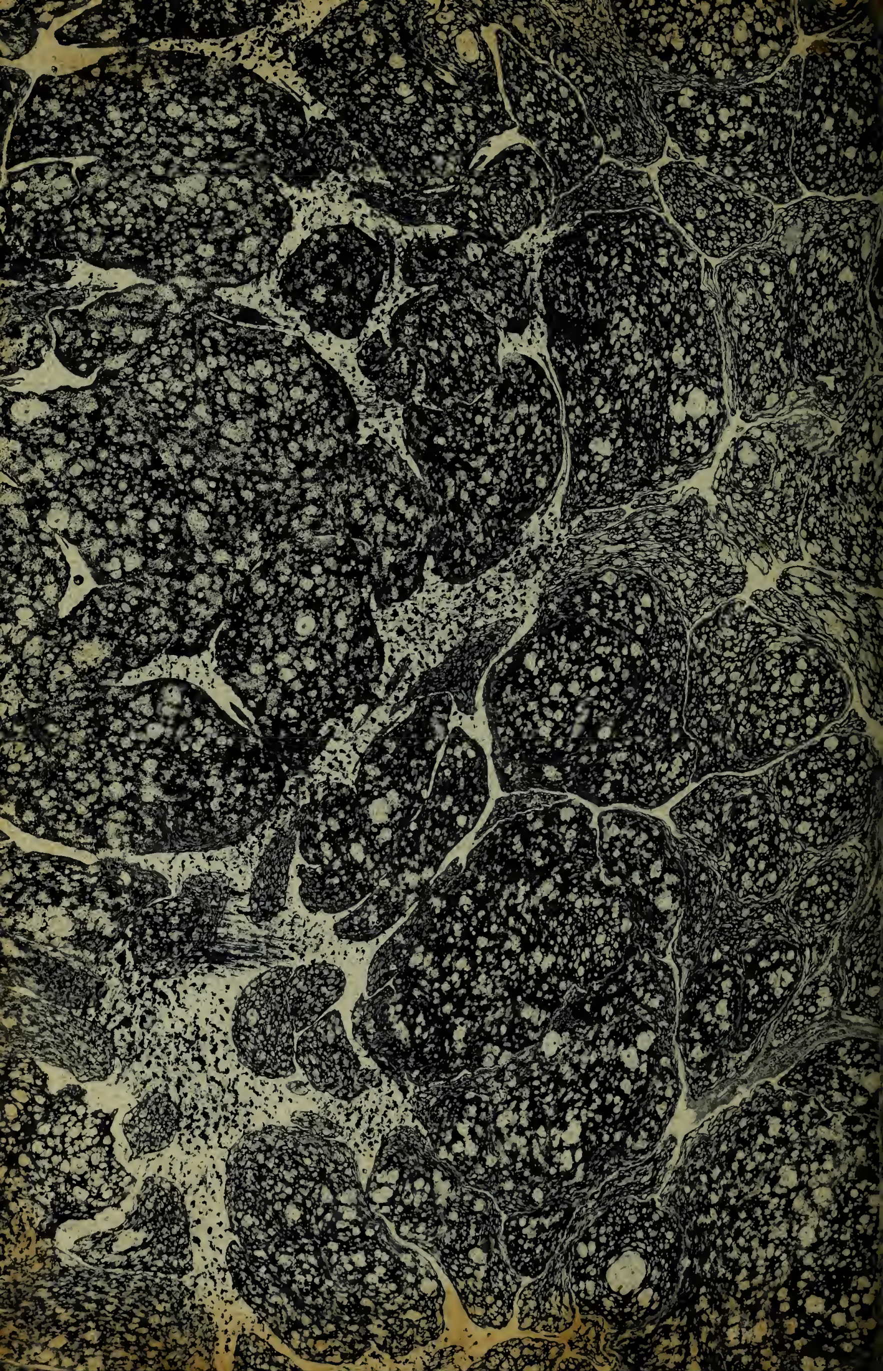
And vnto others tending iniuries,
Vnto our ſelues it hapneth oft among
In our owne ſnares vnluckily are caught,
Whil'ſt our attempts fall inſtantly to naught.

The Counſell Chamber place of my arreſt,
Where chiefe I was, when greateſt was the ſtore,
And had my ſpeeches noted of the beſt,
That did them as hie Oracles adore:
A Parliament was laſtly my enqueſt,
That was my ſelfe a Parliament before,
The Tower hill ſcaffold laſt I did aſcend:
Thus the great'ſt man of England made his end.

Michael Drayton.

FINIS.

T C. 13a49b, John Hopkins



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